THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The clean tang of the winter air
And winter wind in your face and hair,
The glisten of snow where sun-shafts break,
The joyous thrill of the slope you take.

WINTER

By P. D.-B.

Past trees defiant, grim and stark,
With winter's kiss on their frozen bark,
To glide as a bird in downward flight
Swift-winged through a winter world of white.

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ARCHBISHOP KELLY *Prepares* TOMB at ST. MARY'S!

ARCHBISHOP KELLY

Venerable Prelate Calmly Contemplates His End!

In the basement of St. Mary's Basilica, workmen have just completed a beautiful marble mosaic crypt destined to be the last resting place of Archbishop Kelly, the leading Catholic prelate in Australia.

With the same quiet dignity and calm with which he has conducted his life's work, this great Catholic churchman has personally attended to the details of the construction of his sepulchre in the noble Cathedral, which in itself is a monument to his untiring energy.

AN EXCLUSIVE photograph of the beauiful marble mosaic tomb in the vaults of St. Mary's Basilica, which has been prepared for the venerable Archbishop Kelly.

FEW people in their lifetime have a public monument erected to them, yet at the entrance to St. Mary's Basilica a beautiful bronze statue of Archbishop Kelly has already been erected.

And now the venerable prelate is preparing his last resting place—a beautiful marble mosaic crypt—in the noble Cathedral, the completion of which in itself has been his life's work in Australia.

The remains of the pioneer priests of the Catholic Church in Australia and of Cardinal Moran are entombed under the floor of the Cathedral. Suspended above the vaults still hangs the Red Hat of the Cardinal, now almost black with the dust of 24 years.

Many people have thought that on the death of the Archbishop he would be placed to rest beside his predecessor in office.

But Archbishop Kelly has prepared his own tomb in the basement of the Cathedral, the work having been completed a few days ago.

In a specially prepared chapel on the eastern side of the Basilica, Melocco Bros. Ltd., of Annandale, have for months past been working on a beautiful marble crypt.

Built of Vienna marble the tomb represents the finest piece of marble mosaic work in Australia.

Even the inscription is complete, except for the date of death. It reads:

> **"Here Lie, under the patronage of Our Lady of Dolours, in the hope of resurrection to life everlasting, the remains of Michael, Fourth Archbishop of Sydney, died...**
>
> **"Born of Joseph Kelly, Camlin Wood, New Ross, and Mary Grant Glenmore, County Kilkenny, 13th Feb., 1850.**
>
> **"Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Ordained Priest at the Home of Missions, Enniscorthy, in November, 1872, succeeded His Eminence Cardinal Moran as Archbishop of Sydney, 16th August, 1911."**

* * *

IN a materialistic age few people care to contemplate their last days. The things of life are sweet, and even when the allotted span is past we cling to life with just as much zest as in our youth.

The venerable Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Kelly, now in his eighty-fourth year, strong in the faith of his forefathers, looks forward in anticipation of another life beyond the grave.

On many public occasions His Grace has pointed out to his people that the great work of his life is nearing its completion.

Speaking at a public function in his honor, two years ago, Archbishop Kelly referred to the completion of his work in Australia.

His daily prayer, he feelingly told a vast gathering, was "Jesu, Domine, Veni" (Lord Jesus, Come!).

All his people hope that the great churchman, who is still hale and hearty, will live for years to carry on the work among them.

Although over 80 years of age, Archbishop Kelly undertook a trip to Rome a couple of years ago, and may yet make another visit.

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AUSTRALIA'S *Oldest Woman* will *Christen* HISTORIC PLANE

Funds Needed for the Only Australian Competitor in Big Centenary Air Race

The all-Australian aeroplane, the only Australian machine entered for the greatest air race in history, is now within a couple weeks of completion. Australian engineers and mechanics are working at high pressure to ensure that Australia's sole representative in the epic air race will be ready for its test trials by the end of the present month.

Have you done anything to assist this great project to have Australia worthily represented in her own great race?

MONEY is urgently needed to carry out the final work on the machine, which is now at the hangar of the Tugan Aircraft Company at Mascot.

When The Australian Women's Weekly was approached by the committee of public-spirited men who were determined to show the world that Australian engineers and mechanics could turn out an aeroplane equal to that produced in any other country in the world, £1500 was needed to finance the great national undertaking.

We made a cash donation of £500 to the funds, and undertook to organise a campaign to raise the balance of £1000 necessary to complete the equipment of the plane.

Organisation has been going on steadily in every State of the Commonwealth, but the objective of the committee is still some distance from being realised.

This is not a money-making scheme. Its promoters are out to demonstrate to the world that Australia can build its own aircraft in peace time, and that aeroplanes for the defence of our vast coastline can be constructed here in time of national need.

These motives should make an appeal to every true Australian. All are not able to make large donations to the funds, but every one of our readers is in a position to contribute through the medium of the great "Bob-in" fund which has been inaugurated.

Every subscriber of 1/- and upwards to this fund is entitled to receive a certificate autographed by Jean Batten, the New Zealand airwoman, who has herself given substantial support to the project.

Public functions are being arranged in many cities and towns in the Commonwealth, and you can signify your approval of the enterprise by supporting these movements.

All subscriptions to the funds will be duly acknowledged through the columns of this paper. Subscriptions should be sent to the office of The Australian Women's Weekly.

MRS. C. A. SAMUELS, Mayoress of Vaucluse, has formed one of the committee to help the all-Australian plane.

Christening the Plane

AS has been previously announced, a unique ceremony has been arranged in connection with the christening of this Australian plane.

We have decided to ask the oldest woman resident of Australia to perform the christening ceremony. If you know of a centenarian among your friends or relatives who would like the signal honor of conferring a name on the plane, nominate her for this privilege. From whatever part of Australia she hails she will be transported to Sydney in every comfort and entertained for a period of ten days at the palatial Hotel Australia. The management of the hotel has undertaken to provide a suite of rooms for her as a donation to the funds of the Aeroplane Committee.

A fee of 1/- must accompany the nomination of the old lady you are sponsoring.

Mrs. C. A. Samuels, Mayoress of Vaucluse, has formed a committee of ladies in her district who are working hard and have already raised a substantial sum for the funds. Several members of the committee have made arrangements for bridge and afternoon parties in their private homes.

Mrs. Gavin, Mayoress of Willoughby, has also formed a strong committee of ladies in her district, and they are doing good work on the northern side of the harbor.

Mrs. Raith, Mayoress of Petersham, has unfortunately been indisposed, but she is now about again and working with a committee in Petersham district.

Mrs. Kilgour, Mayoress of Newcastle, called a public meeting last week, which was largely attended by ladies and business people in the Coal City.

Mrs. D. Carroll, Mayoress of Mosman, at one swoop filled her "bob in" list by an appeal to the aldermen of the municipality.

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Let's Talk of Interesting P·E·O·P·L·E

—Rey-Nal, Adelaide.

SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

MRS. GWEN BARRINGER is a South Australian artist, whose water-color paintings are represented in both Melbourne and Adelaide Art Galleries. Mrs. Barringer's early artistic education was obtained at the Adelaide School of Arts, and she later studied under Hans Heysen. She has held many exhibitions in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, with generally a two years' interval between.

Before her departure for abroad in 1927 an exhibition of her paintings realised £1000, and, after her return, her pictures were eagerly bought. Lately Mrs. Barringer has been experimenting with a new type of still-life in water colors.

She appears to see her subjects from an unusual and original viewpoint, introducing a decorative quality in landscapes, without affecting topographical sense. At her last showing in May the Adelaide Art Gallery purchased Mt. Keira, a water-color of the South Coast of N.S.W. Very shortly Mrs. Barringer intends leaving for Melbourne to hold an exhibition at the Sedon Galleries.

EMPRESS OF MANCHUKUO

MRS. ELIZABETH PU YI became Empress of Manchukuo when her husband ascended the throne for the third time several months ago. She is the only daughter of Mancho Duke Yung Yueng, and was born in Tientsin in 1905.

The Empress prefers to wear her national dress, though, when politeness seems to demand it, she adopts Western fashions. She is sufficiently modern, however, to ride a bicycle, the Emperor having taught her to master the machine as a special celebration of their marriage.

AIRSHIP MECHANIC

KARIN MANNESMANN is the first woman mechanic to be included in an airship's crew. She is a young Berlin girl, who recently travelled to Germany from South America on board the German airship, Graf Zeppelin, as one of the Zeppelin's crew. She cycled all the way from the landing ground, Friedrichshafen, to Berlin.

WHEN DOCTORS *Differ* LIKE THIS

What Can People Be Expected to Believe?

First doctor: I am convinced that you are wrong about this case.
Second doctor: And I am just as convinced that I am right, sir.
First doctor: Very good, sir! We will wait till the post-mortem—then we shall see!

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent on cancer research, and yet the dread disease still accounts for the deaths of one-seventh of the population. White plague, consumption, still defies the best brains of the medical world to find a means of checking its ravages. As for the common cold, all that doctors seem able to do is to find new names for it.

TRUE it is that surgery has made marvellous strides, and that new anaesthetics have been discovered which make major surgical operations scarcely more dangerous than the extraction of a tooth.

But on simple matters of health affecting everyone in the community doctors still differ. And when doctors differ the poor patient is the sufferer.

Years ago, when we were ill and confined to bed, the windows were invariably kept closed so that we would be sure not to catch a chill. Nowadays the medical man orders the windows of the sick-room to be thrown wide open day and night in all weathers.

Now comes the dictum of Dr. E. M. Cowell, senior surgeon of Croydon General Hospital, an eminent specialist, and ex-president of the service section of the Royal Society of Medicine in England.

"Sleeping with windows shut," says Dr. Cowell, "is not necessarily unhealthy, and may even be beneficial to some people. We are generally told to go to bed with the windows open, but sleep is a process of anaesthesia when the carbon dioxide of the blood is increased. The wildest animals who live in their waking hours in the freshest air seem to appreciate this fact. The fox buries his nose in his fur, and the eagle puts his head under his wing."

Scanty Clothes

ANY medical man will tell you that smoking to excess is injurious to the health, and will enlarge on the numerous dire results that can follow the excessive use of tobacco. Yet almost every doctor you see is a cigarette addict. A report of a recent London inquest showed where the Police Surgeon, Dr. McLelland, attributed the cause of death of a man of 68 to nicotine poisoning, yet admitted that he himself smoked 30 cigarettes a day. The Coroner, a man of 84, went one better, and owned up to 15 to 20 cigars a day, and refused to find a verdict of death from nicotine poisoning, adding that no such disease had ever been proved.

And here is another case where doctors differ—and differ greatly. Scientists are complaining that woman's scanty clothes are dangerous to her health. Massed attacks on modern scanty feminine clothing are being made by medical research workers in many countries.

Writing in an American journal, Doctors Maddock and Colles expressed themselves as greatly concerned about the loss of heat from the extremities when shorts are worn. They stated that the loss is as high as 75 per cent. in some cases, and constitutes a real danger.

Radiation

DR. R. MILNER, a leading German medical man, is convinced that since the war woman's clothing has been insufficient to keep her body up to the required warmth. She denies feeling the cold because of fashion, he says, and because a "hardening" process is supposed to be healthy. As a consequence, Dr. Milner says that two women in every five, as compared with one man in ten, suffer from a partly latent nerve rheumatism.

A prominent London doctor to whom these views were submitted, said that limbs, head, hands, and all exposed parts of the body act as radiators for the dispersal of the body heat. The powerful leg muscles produce an enormous amount of heat when in action, and athletes, therefore, very properly adopt a minimum of clothing, and people who use their legs in tennis, walking, or cycling, should envelop them in as little clothes as possible.

"Shorts," he added, "do not provide a beautiful costume for women by any means, but they are not a source of danger except in the depth of winter. The rheumatism to which women are liable is due to entirely different and functional causes."

How often have you read in your schoolbooks or had it drummed into your head that "exercise is essential to health." Any doctor will tell you that without healthy exercise your digestive organs will refuse to function properly and you will become fat and flabby.

Now Dr. C. H. S. Taylor, of Cambridge, an old rowing blue, who has made a life study of the effects of exercise on health, sends forth his edict.

"People who live sedentary lives and then in middle life take bursts of relatively violent exercise at the week-ends are doing themselves more harm than good."

Rules to govern athletes cannot be applied without the gravest risk to the ordinary individual. Millions of people thrive on a sedentary life. Suitable diet, he adds, linked up with fresh air—that is, deep breathing—would abolish 90 per cent. of the world's ill health.

And here is Dr. Taylor's prescription for perfect health: "Mental poise. Fear and worry definitely breed disease. Hatred and malice are the direct cause of stomach complaints. Eat wisely, and practise deep, rhythmic breathing daily."

* * *

LORD HORDER, the famous English physician, was recently called as a witness in a case in which it was alleged that a man had contracted typhoid fever through eating oysters. The eminent doctor testified that in his opinion oysters were often affected with the typhoid bacillus, and he had little doubt that the disease had been contracted in this case by eating them.

However, in cross-examination Lord Horder admitted that he frequently enjoyed a plate of oysters, and that he was always prepared to take the risk, knowing all he did about the incidence of typhoid in oysters.

Lord Horder's explanation was somewhat modified by his statement that he was practically past the typhoid age. Which reminds one of the patient who asked his medical adviser at what age it was safe to eat cucumbers. "I should say at about 98," replied the medical man; "they won't shorten your life very much then."

It is only in the last half a century or so that men gave up wearing beards and moustaches. Before that, little, if any, had been heard of germs and their dangers, and practically the only objection to a bushy beard and moustache was that they made soup-drinking a bit of a bore.

Scientists then discovered what a repository for dangerous germs the hair-covered face was, and beards went by the board.

Now a well-known Canadian doctor has started a campaign to urge men to grow beards.

He says that men would be much healthier with good bushy beards and moustaches. Nature, he added, intended men to grow beards and he believes that the fashion of being clean shaven is responsible for the prevalence of pneumonia and bronchial troubles.

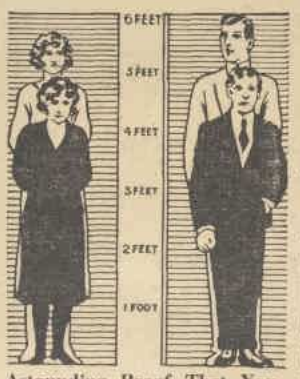
Don't Work

AND last of all comes a pronouncement by Professor Gourvitch, of the Institute of Experimental Medicine in Leningrad, which will be acclaimed by the advocates of shorter working hours.

Cancer has been attributed to all manner of causes without anything very definite having been proved about its origin. Professor Gourvitch has discovered that various chemical processes going on within the body cause radiation by mitogenetic rays. These can be detected by a delicate photographic apparatus and the professor has shown by his experiments that cancer is caused by overwork.

PEOPLE will go to all sorts of extreme measures in search of health. Here is a girl having a mud bath on her doctor's advice. Imagine slipping into the slimy black ooze and wallowing in it. The mud has been specially warmed. It is supposed to have health-producing properties, but other medical men will say that such methods are more or less useless.

Increase Your Height Now!



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WORLD-FAMOUS *Violin* .... for AUSTRALIA

Purchase of Harrison Strad Arranged by Mr. Gerald Walenn!

Australia will shortly be the richer by a wonderful Stradivarius violin. Mr. Gerald Walenn, noted violinist of the Conservatorium staff, who has just returned from a tour of England and America, was instrumental in arranging the purchase of this glorious instrument for a well-known amateur of Melbourne.

THE violin, known as the Harrison Strad., belongs to an early period of that greatest of all violin makers, Antonio Stradivarius.

It is, says Mr. Walenn, in such a remarkable state of preservation that it might be taken to be an instrument of comparatively recent make, whereas it was made nearly two and a half centuries ago—in 1691 to be exact.

Mr. Walenn knows what he is talking about in regard to these valuable violins as he has had a great deal of experience in handling old violins. The Harrison is the second Stradivarius he has arranged to have purchased by Australians. Some years ago he purchased a very beautiful Strad. on behalf of a lady violinist living in Adelaide.

Sometimes he himself plays on a wonderful Strad. which belongs to the Royal Academy of Music, London. It was left in trust to this academy with the proviso that Mr. Walenn should have the use of it.

Immediately on his arrival in London on his present trip he went to Hill's, the world-famous violin firm in New Bond St., where he is well known. There a happy experience befell him, for there were brought forth three beautiful Strads of the three different periods of the master maker, so that he could run his fingers over them and revel in the contrasts in these wonderful instruments.

Needless to say, the price of any Stradivarius in sound condition runs into thousands of pounds.

* * *

THEIR many Sydney admirers will be interested to hear that, during his stay in London, Mr. Walenn met his former pupils, Hugh, Georgina, and Doreas McClean, the children of Mrs. Doreas McClean, formerly of Bellevue Hill. They are at present studying under Isolde Menzies, the well-known violinist, at the Royal College of Music, London. She is delighted with them, and speaks in the highest terms of their talent. Five of Mr. Walenn's former pupils are now continuing their studies in Europe, one, a Brisbane girl, under the famous Karl Flesch.

* * *

ASKED what musical performances had interested him most in London, Mr. Walenn said that Sir Thomas Beecham is the outstanding conductor of London, with a very large following.

He conducted the Philharmonic concerts this year, and is giving his own concerts on Sunday afternoons at the Queen's Hall. Performances conducted by Beecham which he had specially enjoyed included Brahms' Second Concerto and the Elgar Violin Concerto played by Adolph Busch, whose technique was remarkably virile, though the London Press was unanimous in saying that many of the more beautiful points were not realised in the Elgar manner. Other interesting performances were the First Symphony of Bax conducted by Sir Henry Wood.

* * *

NOW that Mr. Walenn has returned, the Conservatorium Quartet will make its first appearance at the Conservatorium Hall on Wednesday, August 15. Other members of the quartet are Lloyd Davies (violin), Willie Krasnick (viola), and Gladstone Bell (violoncello).

MR. GERALD WALENN, well-known violinist of the Sydney Conservatorium, who has just returned from a tour of England and America. During his absence he was instrumental in arranging the purchase, in London, of the famous Harrison Strad for a well-known amateur of Melbourne.

Can't blame her for decking out that neat little foot in a good looking shoe! But people always have considered and always will consider a face more important than a foot.

Yet she mars the attractiveness of her *face* by neglecting her teeth and gums. She allows her teeth to become dingy and her gums are soft and flabby. Soon she'll be *afraid* to smile.

Think this over. Sound teeth are not safe unless gums are hard and healthy. Gums need stimulation—they need work. But the food of this day and age allows them to remain idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of pink on your tooth brush.

Don't let *"pink tooth brush" go on and on. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Ipana is first of all a modern tooth paste and cleans the teeth thoroughly and brightens them.

Each time you clean your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your finger-tip or brush, and rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. The Ipana, with the aid of the massage, quickly brings the gums back to healthy hardness.

Use Ipana with massage regularly—and you won't be bothered with *"pink tooth brush". You'll be through with it. And your smile will still be attractive years from now.

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

★"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"Pink tooth brush" comes from gums that bleed easily, leaving a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush when you clean your teeth. This is nature's warning that your gums are soft and tender . . . that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea, may be on the way. "Pink tooth brush" means that your teeth and gums need Ipana and massage. Now! Before it's too late.

1/-, OR IN A SUPER SIZE 2/-, AT ALL CHEMISTS

New *Woman Divine* in MINISTRY?

Methodists May Set Example

Women will pioneer a new field in Australia soon, if the Methodist Church decides to permit Miss Lilian Scholes to become a minister.

Although her qualifications are higher than those of many male preachers, Miss Lilian Scholes, M.A., B.D., Dip.Ed., will not know until next May, when the Methodist Conference takes place, whether she is to realise her ambition and be ordained a minister with a church and congregation of her own.

MISS SCHOLES, who is the daughter of the late Rev. S. Scholes, is the only woman in Victoria and one of the two women in Australia to receive the Bachelor of Divinity degree with honors. The second is Mrs Winifred Keek, of South Australia.

Miss Scholes is a former Melbourne High School student and for several years was a teacher in secondary schools and taught native children in the mission school at Fiji for two years.

For her honors course she studied comparative religions. She won first-class final honors in English and philosophy subjects. At present she is a tutor at the Home Mission Training College at Kew and is secretary of the Women's Home Mission League, which was formed two years ago and now includes 100 branches.

The question of ordaining women as ministers was discussed at the last general Methodist Conference and a resolution was passed approving of the general principle of unmarried women being ordained with the same status as men. A committee, which has not yet completed its report, was appointed to deal with the matter. Should the conference in May decide to ordain women, the Methodist Church in Australia will be giving a lead to the Church in other parts of the world

MISS LILIAN SCHOLES.
—Brootbora.

Her Views

MISS SCHOLES' own view is that the ministry is a profession and a divine calling, and that because it is a divine calling it is wrong that women should be excluded. A woman, she thinks, can carry out capably all the duties of a minister, but she should retire if and when she marries, because marriage should be a full-time job for her.

"A very high standard of education is necessary for the modern preacher," Miss Scholes continued, "especially for the pioneer woman preacher, because she has to prove her capabilities to an interested and critical world.

"Congregations are far more critical and far more eager for knowledge than they used to be. A preacher must back his or her arguments with facts and knowledge, and considered statement must replace old-fashioned outbursts of fiery rhetoric.

"The Books of the Bible from which my texts are most frequently chosen are Isaiah, Job, and John's Gospel. My aim in preaching is to help people to deepen and enrich their thought of God and their sense of wonder at the possibility of our own fellowship with God, and at the same time to help them to see human life with all its significance and its responsibility against the great background of the purposes of God."

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Honor is Threatened . . . and Love is nearly Lost . . . in this week's gripping instalment of . . . . .

STORM MUSIC

JOHN SPENCER, who tells the story, was on holiday at Lass, Austria, with his cousin, Geoffrey Bohun, when in the woods one day he witnessed the secret burial of a dead man in livery.

He learned the names of the chief men there—Pharaoh and Dewdrop—but they learn of his presence. Now his own life is endangered.

In Lass later, John meets the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, Lady Helena Yorick, whose father, the late Count, had left her in charge of Yorick Castle and of her young brother. The dead man was killed in guarding the castle's treasure of £2,000,000 in golden sovereigns.

John and Geoffrey, at Lady Helena's invitation, install themselves at Plumage Farm, on the Yorick estate, and plan to bring Pharaoh to justice.

One night the young Count comes home, bringing as a guest—Pharaoh, posing as Captain Faring. John and Helena escape and drive off in the Rolls.

They return when Pharaoh has left and find the Count in the dining-room dead drunk. A girl from the village was vainly trying on one of Helena's dresses.

Helena and John smuggle the unconscious Count out of the castle, hand him over to Barley's care, and tell the servants that he has gone away for a few days.

As Helena is bidding John good-night in the library Pharaoh reappears "Don't move, Mr. Spencer," he says, and his pistol was six paces away, and Dewdrop was behind one of the curtains.

Pharaoh orders them to give an oath not to escape during the night. Helena pledges for herself and John, but after Pharaoh has gone she implores John to go by the secret passage, and take a note to Geoffrey, telling him to keep the Count away. Unknown to John, the note really implores Geoffrey to stop his cousin's return to the castle, using violence if necessary.

Geoffrey knocks his cousin unconscious and drives him off in the car. John's recovery is accompanied by the shocked realisation that Helena has deceived him—even though it meant saving his life. He feels that his love for her is now dead. "Nothing on earth would induce me to marry you now," says Helena when he endeavors to explain later.

Angry and bitterly disappointed, John plans to tackle Pharaoh alone, and force a showdown. He gives his cousin and Helena the slip on the return drive to the castle, deciding to walk the remaining distance. He meets Sabre on the way, makes friends, and together man and dog cautiously approach the castle. Pharaoh, John believes, will not go far from the treasure.

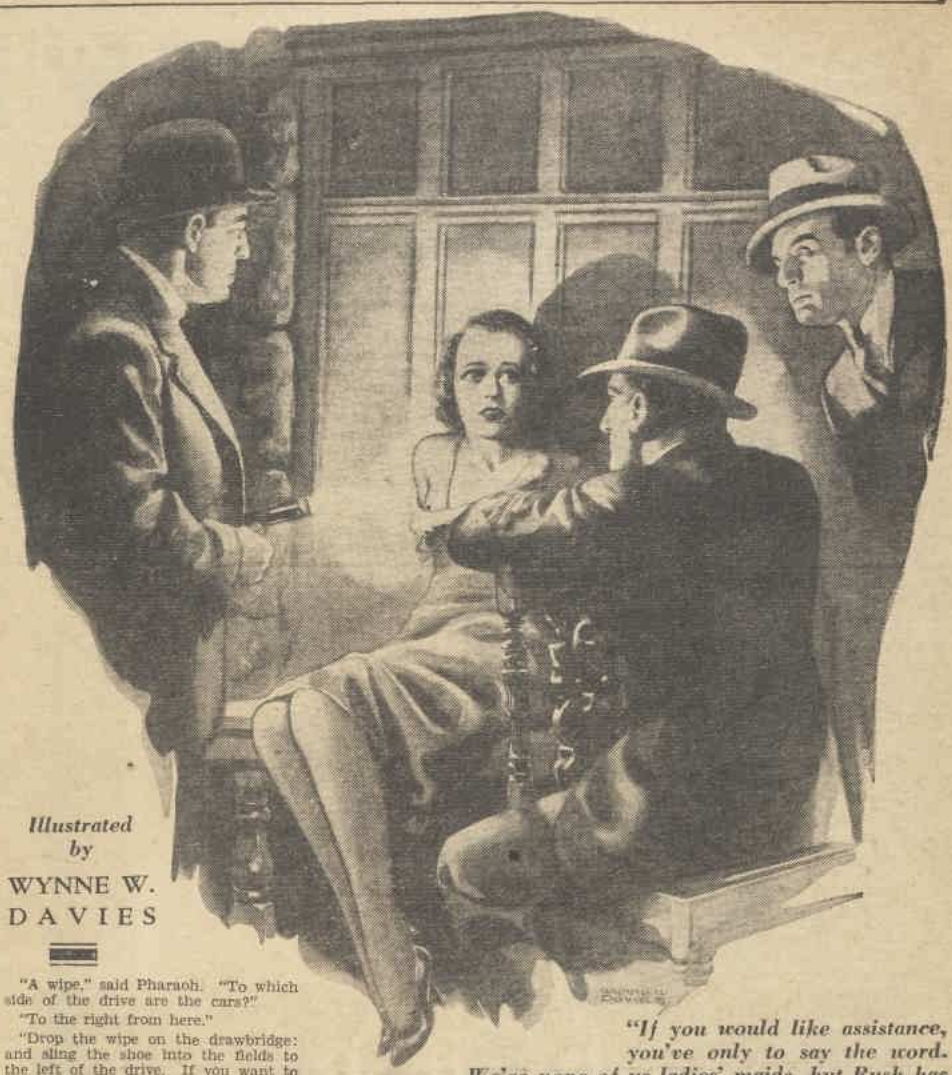
He finds Dewdrop, Bugle, and Rush hidden in the meadows, waiting for a signal from their leader. Then from somewhere in the castle a light stabbed the darkness—a silent luminous stutter spelling out Pharaoh's message. He is about to quench the castle lights. His three confederates rush to enter the building with John and Sabre unobserved at their heels.

My Favorite Poem

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me,
My only books,
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
—THOMAS MOORE.

Sent in by "Maud," Ashfield.

By . . .
Dornford YATES



Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

"If you would like assistance, you've only to say the word. We're none of us ladies' maids, but Rush has the reputation of being a ladies' man," said Pharaoh.

Helena Trapped by Pharaoh

TO this day I cannot decide what I should have done. Had I left them and dashed for the castle to give the alarm, before I found the warden the lights would have failed. Had I attacked, whatever the result of my effort, I think it is clear that I must myself have gone down, but Pharaoh would still have been rampant: and Pharaoh was the head of the corner, supporting his own supporters—each one of whom he could replace.

Wild to exploit the advantage I clearly held, in fear of wasting this by striking too soon, in fear of losing it by holding my hand, I moved ten paces behind the shambling thieves, with one hand on Sabre's collar and the other on Geoffrey's knife.

They never could have heard me, for Rush and Bugle made enough noise for six: and had they looked back, I am sure they would not have seen me, for I could only see them because they moved between me and the lights of the lodge.

So far as I had gathered, they knew no more than I did what Pharaoh was going to do. He was going to cut off the light—disable the main switchboard, without a doubt. Then they were to use the postern—

The vision brought me up with a jerk.

How could they use the postern? The postern was fast. Pharaoh must have opened it somehow. Unknown to the warden, he must have obtained the key. But how on earth had he done this? And how could he know which key would unlock the postern which he had used last night?

A sudden apprehension lifted its ugly head. In Pharaoh's presence Helena had handed the warden a master key. That was the key with which Pharaoh had opened the postern: though no alarm had been raised, because nothing was known. Pharaoh had killed the warden and had taken the master key.

That this was so, I instantly made up my mind. My way at least was clear. The thieves would bring me to Pharaoh and everything was to be gained by my holding my hand.

And here, as though by magic, the lights of Yorick went out.

There was now less need of silence and more of speed, for the three rogues ran for the drawbridge as hard as they could. Sabre and I ran behind them as though we belonged to the crew.

Over the bridge they clattered and up the sweep to the gate, on to the turf that was growing beneath the ramparts and past the spot at which the Count had rested the night before. Ahead I saw something white by the castle wall. The three turned aside to avoid it, and I did the same. As I went by, I saw that it was a sheet. At that moment Sabre left me—he seemed to stop. But I had no time to wrangle . . .

The postern-door was open. The three stumbled in and stood waiting. And I stood waiting without, with a foot on the step and my head close against the wall.

If there were sounds in the castle, they did not reach my ears, for the rogues were not used to running, and all I could hear was a noisy chorus of breathing, heavy and hoarse.

So for less than a minute—and then came Pharaoh's voice.

"Bugle."

"Ere," said Bugle at once.

"Don't talk, you ——. Whisper. Here. Take these goods . . . Have you got them?"

"I've got a shoe," breathed Bugle. "Wot's this?"

"A wipe," said Pharaoh. "To which side of the drive are the cars?"

"To the right from here."

"Drop the wipe on the drawbridge: and sling the shoe into the fields to the left of the drive. If you want to live, make it snappy. They're going to open those gates before you get back."

As Bugle went by me, I saw that here was a chance which would never return. Pharaoh had used no torch. If Bugle's reminiscence were true, the probability was that he would not use one to-night: I was tall and thick-set, very much about Bugle's build—a suit I had left at Plumage was fitting him very well: and Bugle had been told to whisper . . .

In a flash I was running for the drawbridge in Bugle's wake.

The castle was alive with murmurs—sounds of disorder and distress; someone was out on the ramparts, raving "To me!" Men were trampling and shouting: I could hear blows falling upon woodwork and the shiver of breaking glass. But I heard these things as in a dream, for now I knew whose key had opened the postern, whose handkerchief would lie on the drawbridge, whose slipper fall in the fields . . .

What then took place happened more swiftly than I can set it down.

Bugle was on the drawbridge, and I was standing, ready and waiting to kill him, three paces away. I saw the man drop the handkerchief and I saw him draw back his arm to discharge the shoe. It was then that I noticed Sabre—nosing the scrap of linen, white on the bridge . . .

As the shoe left Bugle's hand the Alsatian crouched, and as he turned to come back the great dog sprang.

The shock would have sent a giant flying, for Sabre weighed fully six stone.

As Bugle met the rail of the drawbridge I heard a bone snap, and then the two went over, into the moat.

The splash they made must have been heard, but for the outcry within the castle itself.

AS I ran for the postern I heard a hubbub in the archway and Florin's voice calling on Hubert to open the gates.

As I stumbled into the passage—

"This is the stuff," breathed Rush. "Up the stairs on yer left. I've got to lock this door."

It seemed best to do as he said. Pharaoh and Dewdrop were gone. I needed Rush to bring me to where they were.

Without a word I turned to the steps I knew. . . .

As I came to their head I became aware of a radiance—a faint suggestion of light, enough to outline the doorway that gave to the little hall. Another step, and I heard the drone of a voice.

I entered the hall a-tiptoe.

One of its doors was half open—not that of the staircase which led to Helena's room. Beyond this a light was burning, the light of a torch—and an ice cold voice was teaching a bitter sentence to cut like a whetted knife.

"So you see, there's not much left. To-morrow morning, no doubt, order will be restored. Very likely the police will arrive. They won't arrive to-night, for the telephone isn't working. I'm afraid I'm to blame for that. The search, which is now proceeding in a somewhat haphazard way, will be organised: clues will be sifted: the abduction will be reconstructed. Your sheets are below the ramparts, so they'll know you were taken that way. Your handkerchief lies on the drawbridge: the slipper which you kicked off will be found in the fields. I expect they'll employ your Alsatian—I'm sure I should. But as I carried you here, I don't think that he will come off. One has to think of these things. Be that as it may, no stone will be left unturned to find the beautiful Countess—you really are lovely, you know—the worshipful mistress of Yorick, that carted her drunken brother out of her way. And all the time you'll be here, sharing this somewhat unfriendly chamber, with me and my friends. . . You do see the point, don't you? They won't search the castle, because they'll know for certain we're none of us here. You didn't search it this morning—you knew I was gone. And if they did search the castle, I hardly think Florin would let them look in this room. It's cleverly done, that door. You've got to be curious to find it, and an expert to find its lock. I'm both. I found them on Wednesday evening—with the help of your brother's key. I need hardly say that had I known that the key which you handed the warden was his, and not yours, we should have adjourned to this chamber this morning, instead of to-night. However, all's well that ends well . . ."

A stealthy step behind me remembered Rush.

As I turned, he was locking the door at the head of the curling stair.

For a fraction of a second I hesitated. Rush was at my mercy. Was this the time to unmask? And then I decided to stake my winnings once more.

Rush straightened his back and turned to the half-open door. Then he hung on his heel for an instant, to breathe in my ear.

"Come on, you old ——. I'll give you Pharaoh's a genius. He's got little Sheba cold."

Here, since it bears upon my story, I must describe how you entered that secret room.

This was the way of it.

In the massive door from the hall the keyhole was set to the right, and when you had turned the key, the iron-studded door opened inwards and so to the left. At once you found yourself at the foot of a staircase-turret, the steps of which rose to the right and, after three or four rises, curled out of your view.

Now the door was very heavy and, not being truly hung, had to be held open: if it were not so held, it at once swung back to its frame and, since its lock was a springlock, shut itself fast. A catch was therefore provided, to prevent it from playing this trick—the sort of self-acting catch that is used for an entrance gate: and to bring this catch into action you had but to open the door as wide as you could. But by so doing you were masking another door.

Enter the turret and let the door shut behind you, and there in the wall which the door, when open, had hidden, was another smaller doorway which gave to the secret room. The door which it framed was also of oak and iron, but though it boasted a handle, there was no keyhole at all. It was, in fact, locked by the catch which held open the major door. Turn this catch to one side, and the minor door would swing open without a sound.

From within the room this door, when shut, could neither be opened nor seen, because it was backed with the woodwork which covered the walls.

All this, of course, I learned later. All that I knew at the moment was that the door to the room had been "cleverly done."

Rush whispered over his shoulder:

"Watch out for this door. It's wedged."

Please turn to Page 39

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AIDS *to* PROFICIENCY . .

IN addition to the vast number of instructive books published recently are those by Miss Gough, B.Ec., Miss Newton Russell, and Caroline Haslett, C.B.E.

Miss Gough, who is lecturer-in-charge of the Department of Women's Handicrafts, Technical College, Sydney, and examiner in needlework, Department of Education, has written an extensive treatise on "Processes in Dressmaking" (published by Angus and Robertson, 6/-). Beginning with a chapter on workroom equipment, it continues through every process of needlework, and will be found equally helpful to the professional and amateur dressmaker. The numerous illustrations assist greatly in the task of simplifying instructions.

Miss Newton Russell's system of rainbow pattern arithmetic is developed in a little booklet in which Miss Ethel Cotton has worked out a well-graded scheme of "number" work, which shows the child how to use this system so that he can take an active part in his own education. As companion to this booklet is a further series of Miss Cotton's word-building school games which should make learning an intriguing pastime for the young child. The new series has been published by Angus and Robertson, the prices being 1/- and 1/6 respectively.

Miss Caroline Haslett has edited the "Electrical Handbook for Women" (Hodder and Stoughton, 5/-), an informative book compiled for the Electrical Association for Women (England) by Margaret Partridge. Numerous writers have contributed.

The preface states that the association considers domestic science and household management have reached a stage when they are linked closely with electrical technology. Its aim in the book has been to provide a thorough knowledge of the correct use and control of electricity in the home, with a technical background of its production and transmission.

There is nothing elementary about the book, but it is written in a simple style that makes it acceptable to the layman.

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

The Story of a Topsy-Turvy Household

What a varied collection of people Miss Fannie Hurst has introduced her readers to in "Anitra's Dance," and how skilfully she has portrayed them!

But among them all Anitra is pre-eminent. Her vital and glowing personality is a thing of fire and spirit rather than flesh and blood, but she is none the less a very human person.

BRUNO, Anitra's father, is a musical genius. Miss Hurst invests him with characteristics that have often been attributed to genius—a large appetite (in Bruno's case for goulash and pretzels in particular), a certain sensuality, a disregard for home comforts, a slavish but perhaps unconscious demand for service from friends and intimates, a contempt for money, and all the habits of a dreamer.

His Hungarian wife, Gersta, excessively fat and without any social graces, is his slave in all things. Her love for him and for their children finds its medium of expression in the kitchen.

She is an excellent cook, and while Bruno communed with the Spirit of Music, she composed culinary symphonies, drawing "the juices out of meat and frizzled fats into proper succulency to receive onions for browning."

Bruno was obsessed by the strains of a haunting elusive melody that was to comprise the third movement of his symphony, "Span of Life."

For hours at a stretch he would sit at the piano trying to capture it.

The house was filled with pianos, most of them presented to him at various stages in his career, and he would go to each in turn, often in the middle of the night, ever and always seeking the theme that was to complete his magnum opus.

He had grown tired of appearing before the public, suffered illness if ever he attempted to do so, and had a contempt for making music on the wireless or gramophone. He would teach, too, only those pupils who, he considered, had some musical genius, and as these were invariably poor, he made very little money.

* * *

SEVERAL people lived in the topsy-turvy Bruno household. There was daughter Sophie, stupid, fat, greedy, and her husband, a strange mixture of meanness, vanity, and kindliness; Eugene, the son, weak and indeterminate, a disappointment to his father and a continual drain on the family finances; old Waxman, Bruno's friend; and the Polish maid Tessa.

Friends so closely connected with the household that they might almost be part of it were Mrs. Jovanovic and M. Fadella, the millionaire builder and architect.

Miss Hurst depicts these people with a powerful pen, and makes them, in spite of their weaknesses, rather lovable persons, quite without malice.

* * *

IN the midst of this strange family is Anitra, the youngest daughter. She is with them, yet not of them. She adored her father, and was greatly loved in return. In the dark watches of his nights the name Anitra danced over his consciousness like a play of light.

"Something shy, with quick bright eyes and no weight. Something incredibly quick and slight; something into the pockets of his being, and out of them; into his risibilities, into his delight, into his ache and into his torment."

Yet despite her physical frailty, her deep spiritual understanding, Anitra was a practical person. She took over the financial affairs of the family from the early age of 14. She acted as a protector for her father against the demands of a world that expected money in return for such things as food and clothing.

She succeeded ultimately in securing a subsidy for her father that placed him outside the bounds of all possible material want, but seriously complicated her own life in the doing.

Anitra's own great physical attraction for men threatened her undoing on more than one occasion, but love as she understood it eluded her persistently. It comes to her in the end, with tragedy in its train. The genius pupil that Bruno was for ever seeking comes to him, too, as does also the unfinished theme of his symphony.

* * *

BUT completeness was not for Anitra. She was a shuttle that wove the pattern of fulfilment into other people's lives, but inevitably she must stand alone.

She finds love only to lose it in payment of a moral debt to her father's benefactor. Her frail body collapses under the strain, but her spirit persists.

Until one day on the pillow on which she is lying there was a little red spot beside her mouth. A flower, she thinks, the size and precise color of a crimson poppy. But it was not a poppy. It was the running of the flowing feeling between her shoulder blades, something against which all her life she had been holding back when she coughed, when she laughed, when she mimicked.

Suddenly downstairs it seemed as if the building had hopped forward.

Waxman bent over his trunk, Gersta at her goulash, Sophie beside her cards, Tessa at rocking her child. Every member of the household leaped.

Bruno had gone through.

No pause now in the melody of that last theme that was to depict the loneliness and struggle of man at the end of "The Span of Life."

The house, along with everybody in it, had jumped forward like a hop-toad.

All except Anitra, whose face on the pillow beside the splotch of red poppy was too calm.

"Anitra's Dance." Fannie Hurst. (Jonathan Cape, 7/6. Our copy Swains.)

PANTOUFLE

Frederick Jackson has presented a very amusing, audacious, and altogether amoral young man in Pantoufle, the hero of the book of that name that is just to hand.

THE recital of his eight or more successful love affairs is redeemed from sordidness and monotony by Pantoufle's methods of dealing with delicate situations, his finesse and diplomacy in the chase.

Pantoufle is the illegitimate child of a beautiful pleasure-loving French woman, but a clever one, nevertheless. She laughed her way through life, and taught her son to do the same. He was aware of his illegitimacy, and found it an advantage rather than a handicap. He noted that other boys "less fortunately placed" were bound by all sorts of hampering obligations—to family, to tradition, to class, to convention, to society—whereas he was free to do exactly as he pleased.

His mother, now married to an impecunious French Count, is ultra-hedonistic, and trained Pantoufle in the same school of philosophy. A jealous lover shot her in the end, and she rejoiced in the fact.

"Isn't it dramatic? Isn't it splendid?" she said to Pantoufle, who had been summoned to her bedside. "Ever so much more amusing than living on to grow old and hideous. This way I die only once, but if I had lived I should have died a thousand deaths—when youth began to go, and men no longer flocked about me. For I have had everything. I have been very happy. I have been well loved . . . It has been a gay life, but I have had my share, and it is over. Whatever comes, wherever I am, there will be amusing adventures. Always there have been amusing adventures."

The book is the story of Pantoufle, but the mother perhaps explains the son. He pursued life along the plan she had set down and found in a succession of loves the highest adventure it could offer him.

The book is very frank, and the episodes it recounts occur in France, which is the only possible background, one decides, for such a story.

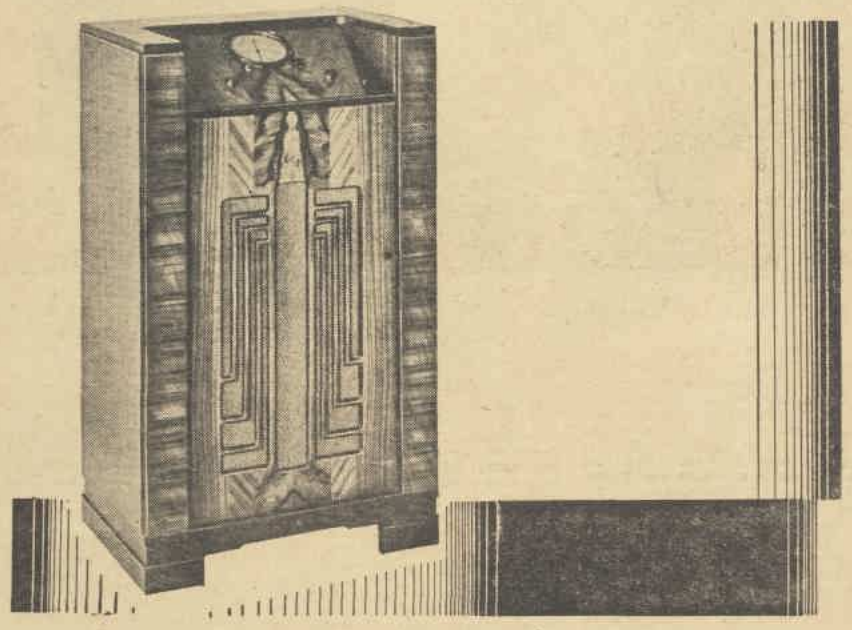
"Pantoufle." Frederick Jackson. (Jarrolds. Our copy Swains.)

HOST HOLBROOK says: For pickling or table use Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar, it is a brew of excellent quality ★★★

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"Than This World Dreams Of." Ruby M. Ayres. A story of the love of two girls for one man, of their contrasting lives and characters—the steadfast, silent love of the one, and the impetuous, youthful love of the other. Parson Peter Cunningham comes to live at the village Vicarage with Norah Garnet and her invalid sister, during the illness of their father. Norah soon learns to love him, and he tries to brighten her dull life, but does not respond to her affection. Against his will and judgment he is attracted to Joy Thresher, young and spoilt, and in love with Hugh Ashton, a ne'er-do-well. Joy, in an impetuous mood, secretly marries Ashton, and it is only after her marriage that she realises her love for Peter. She dies in an accident, and the story closes with the promise of future happiness together for Norah and Peter. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"The Little Gods Laughed." Julie Peters. Thelma B. Gray, and her husband, Roger Gray, an engineer, are happily married in Kenya Colony, when another engineer, Richard Henley, falls in love with Thelma, who fights hard to resist his advances. A child is born to Thelma, and the love of the child assists Thelma to resist the allurements of Henley. The story is full of tragedy in an African setting, and makes interesting reading. (Hurst and Blackett. 7/6).



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Lunch-time ROMANCE

COMPLETE SHORT.. STORY..

By MEG ARNOLD

WHEN a young man begins to reckon up the good qualities of his beloved, it's a rather bad sign.

Richard Finn—twenty-five, chartered accountant, engaged just four months ago to Christine Brett, twenty-four, games mistress at a girls' school—had come to that stage.

With his head bent over a substantial portion of steak pudding, and his whole attitude showing that he was deep in thought, he was busily striking a balance between Christine's nice points and her—well, not quite so nice ones.

THE nice points first: She was such a sport. She was so straightforward, generous and fair. You always knew where you were with her. She was keen on her job, but—so her mother had assured him—very domesticated really. She didn't use lipstick. She liked being out-of-doors. She loved dogs.

And then, the not-so-nice ones. She had a hot temper. She spoke disparagingly, now and again, of men. She argued a lot. She was proud. She was much too given to talking about those kids she taught. And, if she didn't agree with you, she had no hesitation in saying so.

Her last letter to him, reposing at this moment in his note-case, had made him feel thoroughly annoyed. It was written in answer to one of his own, in which he'd referred, quite casually, to "this mad idea of raising the school age, if it ever comes off." Something about unemployment and the difficulty of getting decent office-boys—something quite trivial, really. And she'd written back whole pages on the subject, beginning:

"Darling Boy,—I don't agree with you a bit as to its being a mad idea—raising the school age, I mean. As you know, it doesn't affect me, because ours is a different sort of school. But surely you must realise. . . ."

Pages of it! And all to prove him in the wrong. That was the riling part. All to show her superior knowledge. Well, it wasn't his notion of a love-letter, anyway. Pity they had to leave such a lot to letters; pity her school was down at Bournemouth, instead of their native suburb. . . .

Yes, and even about that she'd argued with him; had said she felt just the same; it was hard luck they couldn't meet except in the holidays, but at the same time it made the job so much more real when it was a boarding-school. In a day-school, you didn't get half the chance of really knowing the girls, entering into their lives, helping them along. . . .

"You know that quaint child Jane Evercreech that I told you about in my last letter? Well, what do you think is her latest escapade?" Things like that she wrote to him. Oh, yes, and other things as well, of course—dear affectionate things; he couldn't complain. But all the same, he couldn't help wondering. . . . And once more he fell to telling himself what a dear girl she was—going over her good qualities, to cheer himself up. A very dangerous amusement.

WHEN he was half-way through his sweet—a light one, all white of egg and raspberries, so that he shouldn't feel too sleepy after the steak pudding—a very pretty girl came and sat down at his table. Richard, after one glance at her, decided that she wasn't his sort. Or, anyway, not Christine's sort.

And he went on thinking hard about Christine.

"I say, excuse me," said the girl, in a very pretty contralto voice, "but I wonder if you'd mind telling me the name of the sweet you're having? It looks so particularly attractive—and I'm not sure what name to tell the waitress."

Richard cleared his throat and said that it was raspberry mousselaine.

"Oh, thank you so much," said the girl. "I couldn't be sure from the menu whether it was that or loganberry fluff, you know. Although, of course, I can see now—they are raspberries; loganberries are larger, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Richard, "and quite a different shape."

He wasn't going to be vamped, not he, at his time of life, and engaged to be married. He dropped his eyes to his plate in a forbidding manner.

The girl, however, was looking round quite unconcernedly for a waitress. "I won't have any first course, if you don't mind," she said to the waitress in a confiding undertone. "Just some raspberry mousselaine and some coffee. And if you could manage to speed it up a little? I'm in rather a hurry."

It was pleasant, Richard reflected, to hear a modern girl giving an order in such a gentle, considerate way. Perhaps she wasn't so modern as at first appearance she had seemed. He took another glance. Make-up—yes, a little, no doubt, but very nicely put on. Hair of a warm, gleaming gold, curling under her small black cap like a well-kept baby's. Eyebrows thoroughly tidied up, but not plucked. Mouth very sweet-tempered. None of that hard look you so often saw. And hands—really lovely hands, not helpless, not disfigured with scarlet pointed nails, but white and supple and carefully groomed . . .

And Richard, still in his balance-casting mood, found himself thinking that Christine might at least give her nails a bit of a polish, even if she was a games mistress. That a shiny nose after tennis wasn't surely necessary. That there were two sorts of fair hair, the sort that looked as though it had been bleached by too much sun (Christine's) and the sort that looked as though the sun had been making it glittering presents.

He thought all the better of this girl because she didn't try to make conversation with him again. But he was unreasonably gratified because, when she got up to go—she certainly did seem in a hurry—she gave him a friendly nod and smile, and a quiet "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Richard, putting up his hand to raise his hat, and then remembering that he hadn't got it on.

WHEN he next went out to lunch the next day, the restaurant was more crowded than ever. It was a matinee afternoon. He became a bit fussed and bewildered, at one table nearly sitting down upon a pile of parcels and women's furs; at the next being told sweetly, "Oh, do you mind—we're trying to keep that chair for a friend."

In the end he came to anchor at a table where two elderly ladies were established. He didn't order steak pudding, because he had had rather a restless night, and wondered if it was not his stomach. He had fish instead. He felt vaguely miserable.

There was a slight commotion behind him. "Look, Auntie, if you sit there and I sit here, we shan't be so far apart. We shall never get a table together, the place is so packed——" And then, "Well, my dear, suppose if we must we must, though it's a pity there isn't time to go to that other place you mentioned, instead——" And then a soothing, quiet contralto: "Won't you both come and sit here? I can easily move to another table. Then you can be together." Then a duet of "Thank you" and "Very kind—such a shame to disturb you. Thank you very much." And then——

He looked up. The golden-haired girl was about to slip gracefully into the chair opposite his.

"Oh," she said, with a little laugh of surprise—or was it put on? Somehow, Richard rather liked to believe that she'd done it on purpose, and, mysteriously enough, he thought none the worse of her—"Oh, we're neighbors again. Isn't the place crowded?"

Richard replied that it was, and further agreed to her remark that the wind wasn't quite so keen to-day as yesterday; and, in the silence that followed, found himself wishing that the two elderly ladies on the other side of the table would hurry up and finish. What were they staring at, anyway?

QUITE soon they went. Richard and Goldilocks (his secret name for her) were able to "talk." And they did talk. He hadn't meant to do it, but somehow she was so easy to get on with. Easy to know. He thought, fleetingly, of how difficult it had been to know Christine—the real Christine—in the days before their engagement; when she was just one of his sister's old schoolfellows, "asked to the house" on various occasions like whist drives and tennis parties. She'd been shy, formal, rather self-conscious, given to blushing all over her freckled face. Were freckles so attractive after all? Couldn't girls do something to get rid of them—if they only took a little trouble? Had Goldilocks ever had freckles?

"It must be rather marvellous in the country just now," said Goldilocks. "Violets, you know, and primroses. I love the country, don't you?" Such a quiet, warm little voice she had. You couldn't imagine her shouting out advice at hockey or bellowing instructions about lost balls at tennis.

"Country and seaside mixed," said Richard stoutly. "That's my idea of bliss."

"Oh, that's exactly what I think!" exclaimed the girl. "Country and seaside. It's like Heaven!"

(So refreshing, so restful, to have somebody who always agreed with you. Christine, now, would have started an argument. No, that wasn't fair, she wouldn't, for she, too, loved "country and seaside mixed," and often bewailed the vanished rural beauties of Bournemouth. A sudden spasm of loyalty to Christine shot across Richard's mind).

He found himself saying abruptly, "My fiancee lives at the seaside. She's games mistress, at least, at a big school there; she doesn't live there all the year round; her real home's not far from mine at Highgate. I don't know whether you know Highgate, it's rather——"

"Oh, yes. I've often been to Highgate," said his pretty neighbor. She seemed amused; was it because he'd stammered a little, because he'd brought that out about Christine rather with a jump? Anyhow, he evidently hadn't made her jump; for she went on quite smoothly. "Do tell me about your fiancee. I expect she's marvellous at games. And she'll make you a splendid wife, because nowadays games mistresses have to know all about hygiene and first aid and physiology, don't they, as well as games and gym? I think you've chosen jolly well."

"Ye-es," said Richard, slowly. "Oh, yes, rather. She's a——" He paused; he couldn't start gushing about his girl, especially to another girl. "She's a great sport, you'd like her," he said lamely.

"I'm sure I should," Goldilocks agreed with enthusiasm. "I expect she's tall and athletic looking, with a lovely figure."

"Yes, she's very tall," said Richard. It was one of his private regrets that Chris was an inch taller than he was himself.

"I've always adored open-air girls," said Goldilocks. "I'd give anything to be good at games. Dancing is all I'm any use at. I'm studying eurythmics, you know."

Christine had said something about eurythmics, Richard remembered and he'd been bored, because he wanted to tell her about a little house he'd seen at Edgware; and he'd interrupted her and never really found out what the wretched things were. But now he felt he would like to hear more about them; he'd like to picture Goldilocks doing them. It would be easier to listen to her talking than to answer her questions about Christine.

But Goldilocks wanted to know about Christine, she said. She wanted to see her photograph. Richard promised to bring one up the following day. When he looked at it that night, he wished it didn't give Chris the appearance of having such large feet; they weren't terrifically large really, it was only because she'd put them too near the camera. It would never have occurred to her to draw them back. She was such a natural, unaffected girl. He'd adored her for that.

But Goldilocks was natural and unaffected, too. Evidently you could be "that type" of girl (the Goldilocks type) and still not be a little overdressed, over-made-up doll. He hadn't realised that before. There were only two girls in his uncle's office, but both were really "old-fashioned," and his work had not brought him much into contact with the more modern product.

"It doesn't do to be narrow-minded," thought Richard. "Though I daresay if I told Chris about this girl, she'd imagine all the most awful things in the world. Chris would never pick up a man at lunch-time or any other time. Chris—well, it would be no use telling her, she simply wouldn't understand."

After all, why should he tell? There was no harm in it. He was merely enlarging his mind, getting a bit more experience. Women loved to be understood; and surely the more types you met the better you were likely to understand the girl you'd asked to be your wife. So, really, Christine ought to be jolly grateful.

AND so the days went on. For more than a fortnight, Richard "enlarged his mind" over the luncheon table. They gave up the crowded restaurant, however, with its excellently varied menu, and went to a "little" shop where, so Richard inwardly phrased it, there was no choice of grub whatever, but where you could talk.

It would be hard to say what they talked about. Indeed, the conversation was rather one-sided; Richard narrated, described, laid down the law, voiced his pet grievances, and so forth, and Goldilocks listened sweetly and agreed. It was soothing to have your point of view openly admired and even respected. She wasn't as intellectual as Chris, of course, but wasn't intellect in women a little lower rated? Richard began to wonder.

Mind, he never discussed Christine. That would have been, he felt, a low-down thing to do. Because, of course, they were engaged. They wrote to each other twice a week. They were awfully fond of each other.

Anyway, she was awfully fond of him.

Poor Richard! He was entirely bewildered. His mind wasn't being enlarged, it was simply being muddled. He wrote affectionate letters to Chris, and Chris wrote affectionate letters back to him. And he wished furiously that he could see her and have a good talk with her and find out whether he really did love her still, or not. Absence didn't always make the heart grow fonder. No, it confused your memories of the absent one. Even her face seemed blurred, with freckles standing out like stars in a misty sky

Please turn to Page 32

Illustrated by WEP

"I daresay if I told Chris about this girl, she'd imagine all the most awful things in the world," thought Richard.

A Girl Makes Up a Man's Mind

Miser's Catalogue

I have loved silver in a hundred things:
Windows where frost has left a silver feather;
The silver skies in cool and windy weather
When silver rains descend; the shining wings
Of silver ships that beat across the blue;
The evanescent grace of silver petals
Lost by a plum tree at whose feet the nettles
On silver mornings drip with silver dew;
The silver sands beside a silver sea
Of evenings when a silver crescent moon
Silvers the grass that tufts a silver dune,
And dapples sails with silver filigree.
My heart mints them in pence the while I stand
And count the coins into my eager hand.

—J.M.

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This WAY OUT

Complete STORY!

"I meant to have her, and I got her, thinking love would follow, but she can't hide the fact that she is terrified..."

By *Dorothy E. Norman SMITH...*

DR. MARSH raised his glass to the level of his strange eyes, and bowed in turn to Garrick and his wife.

"Many happy returns of the day!" he toasted.

Blanche rose with an abrupt movement and pushed back her chair.

"Thank you, Dr. Marsh," she said wearily. "Bernard, I think I will leave you now. You will want to talk, and I am very tired. Good night." She bowed coldly and with equal formality to each man, and passed slowly through the door her husband opened, without a backward glance.

Garrick watched her ascend the wide staircase; then he closed the door gently, took up the three wineglasses and sent them smashing into the empty grate.

"Are you a blind idiot, or a devil, Marsh?" he asked bitterly.

The doctor looked thoughtfully at his friend's grey face, noting, for the thousandth time, the almost startling contrast of soft eyes and hard mouth; at his friend's hands, that twitched so frequently of late; at the grey thatch of hair that had been black two years ago to-day.

"Perhaps I am merely an optimist," he suggested.

He followed his host to the study, where deep chairs were drawn up to the fire, and drinks set out in pleasant juxtaposition to cigar-boxes. His eyes fell appreciatively upon the books lining the walls, and he readjusted his rimless pince-nez, preparatory to making a selection.

"Not to-night, Marsh," Garrick ejaculated; "I want to talk."

Dr. Marsh disposed his lean length over a mammoth armchair, and accepted the drink his host offered.

"Talking never does any good," he observed disconsolately, "only actions count."

"Then take heart," said Garrick grimly, "for I am resolved to act at last, and you must help me."

He sank heavily into the opposite chair and drained his glass at a gulp; replenished, and once again set it down empty.

"You see how it is with Blanche and me?" he broke out, after a short pause.

The doctor silently acquiesced.

"Yes. It's fairly obvious, isn't it? Though I will say she tries hard, poor Blanche. I never told you how I got her, did I? Well, I think I'd better do so, now, because—it all leads up to the thing I want you to do later on."

"I shouldn't have any more whisky," said the doctor quietly.

"What?—oh, all right! Though it's of very little consequence." His hands left the bottle and fell to picking his cigar to pieces with nervous movements.

"I met Blanche just over two years ago, at her father's house," Garrick resumed presently. "I astounded myself by falling in love then and there. As you know, I had never meant to marry. My life seemed full. Business, books, friends, sport . . . women had never meant much to me; that sort of woman at any rate. But, I fell for her. She turned me down without an instant's hesitation. There was some pretty cub trailing around after her and I suppose she preferred him. Anyhow, I meant to have her, and I got her. Her father was up to the eyes in a fool's debts. I paid those debts—and he handed his daughter over to me, bag and baggage."

He paused, regarding his friend furtively; but Dr. Marsh's eyes were upon the fire.

"I suppose you think it was a pretty filthy trick," Garrick suggested.

"I am here to help, not to pass judgment," answered the doctor, carefully removing the ash from his cigar.

"Well, it was a filthy trick, in a way, though I swear I meant to make up for it afterwards. And I've tried to—with what result you have seen! Anyway, her life wasn't all roses with that father of hers; and as for the youngster she was so keen on, well!—does Blanche strike you as being a suitable wife for a backwoodsman?"

IT was almost as though Blanche Garrick stood between them, a tangible presence, wreathed in blue smoke and leaping firelight, so sudden and intense was the picture in each man's mind.

"Well, so I got her; and I took her to Italy. Venice! That was the stuff I guessed she'd like. Gondolas. Moonlight on the water. Banjos twanging, and so on." Out of his pity Dr. Marsh forebore to smile. "And I tell you, man, I laid myself out to win her forgiveness. Love, I thought, would follow. It was her forgiveness I wanted. Her trust. I suppose not many men would believe me if I said that not once, from that first day to this, have I asked my wife for so much as a kiss. . . . Well, believe it or not, it's true! She was frightened of me, do you see"—his heavy-jowled face quivered slightly—"terrified to death at the thought of belonging to me. It was in her eyes, and her little, shrinking hands. Her voice couldn't hide it. By God! Marsh, if ever a man was punished for his folly, I have been."

Marsh rose, and with his own hands poured another drink for Bernard Garrick.

"Let's drop it," he suggested quietly. "It doesn't help at all. What you want is a long rest. Get away. Look at things from another angle. It's got on top of you."

Garrick laughed harshly.

"Yes, I'll get away. But let me finish. I want you to understand. I want you with me in this. . . ."

HE drank the strong spirit and leant forward in his chair, his twitching hands clasped between his knees.

"Yes, she was frightened of me, and I had to stop that at any price. I think it did stop to some extent, after we came home; after she saw that I didn't . . . But her utter unhappiness was all too patent. You never saw Blanche as she used to look two years ago. She was like a white rose; fine and delicate, with a sort of inward glow—well, at any rate, you know how she's looked these last three months." He leant nearer to his friend, clenching his square, strong hands till the knuckles shone.

"Marsh, she's dying! Freeman told me yesterday. Of course he knows nothing and he put it down to some obscure, hereditary taint. Used long words to cover his ignorance. But I knew! Blanche is dying of unhappiness. You know it's possible, as well as I do. If I don't set her free she won't live another six months."

"Unhappiness may kill, but it's a slow process," objected the doctor.

Garrick dismissed generalities with a sweep of the hand.

"She'll die—and I shall have killed her. Her heart's out in some Canadian backwoods, and her body's here, in prison. I've got to let her go."

"Divorce?"

Garrick laughed drearily.

"No. Blanche is one of your good, old-fashioned women. Her dress may be modern, but her mind's mediaeval. If I were unfaithful, she'd forgive me—and there's not the slightest chance of her running off on her own account."

"Then am I to understand that your very excellent brains are to adorn the seamless Axminster?" said the doctor dryly.

Garrick did not smile.

"No. She must avoid any sort of shock. Freeman was emphatic on that point. Shock, he said, might easily be fatal. No. I've thought this all out, Marsh, and I've decided to go out—but not in the limelight. And this is where you come in, my friend."

"Indeed!" said the doctor blandly. "Am I to murder you?"

"With your peculiar notions, you will hardly call it that," answered Garrick.

Marsh never turned a hair, but in truth he was startled. Over the jointed tips of his delicate fingers his eyes met and held the eyes of Bernard Garrick in a keen scrutiny.

"Explain," he said curtly.

Garrick stirred the fire with his foot, speaking slowly and carefully.

"We have often discussed the theory that a man's life should be his own affair, to be disposed of at will. Hitherto, we have invariably disagreed; you being for and I against that theory. I have now come over to your point of view." He paused. "Marsh, you and I have been friends for many years. It's been a rum sort of friendship but, in its way, strong; absence has never interfered with it; other friendships have never come between. . . . As a doctor, you must know of some poison that would practically defy detection. As a profound believer in the liberty of the individual, you will help me to atone by giving me that poison—and by promising me the necessary certificate, after death."

Dr. Marsh readjusted his pince-nez and got slowly to his feet.

"My professional prestige appears to have escaped your notice."

"As my friend, you will be prepared to risk your prestige," said Garrick heavily.

A deep silence fell upon the room.

The two men stood by the fireplace, each occupied with his own thoughts. Garrick's centred around the frail, unhappy woman upstairs. Those of the doctor were all of the man beside him, his friend whom, in his own peculiar way, he loved. Neither of those men had one thought for himself.

THE silence was broken by the deep chimes of a clock. Nine strokes. Garrick roused himself and stooped to mend the fire.

"Have you decided?" he asked.

"It is quite true that I believe in the liberty of the individual," Dr. Marsh answered slowly. "But you will remember, Garrick, that I have always admitted it to be a counsel of perfection. My theories do not necessarily accord with my practices. In this case, most decidedly not. As a thinker, and a medical man, I cannot be blind to the consequences to the nation if every man did what he wished with his own life. On the other hand, I assert that there are cases in which a man should use his own judgment, and I believe yours to be one." He paused, pushing the tobacco into his pipe with a meditative finger. "Are you certain, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that it is the only way?"

"Quite certain," was the emphatic reply.

"Then—I will do as you wish," said the doctor.

"Thank you!" exclaimed Garrick quietly. He experienced a sudden deep sense of emotion as he gripped the hand of his friend. "Nothing has ever interfered with our friendship, old man," he repeated fervently, "and I feel—I know!—that this won't, either."

Marsh dismissed sentiment with a nod and an answering pressure. His pale, unwinking eyes were occupied with the pipe he had just filled. He turned it over and over in his hands, regarding it from every angle, occasionally giving it a slight polish with his thumb. Then he stooped and knocked it out upon the bar of the grate and placed it in his pocket.

He readjusted his pince-nez and jerked his shoulders.

Please turn to Page 34

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are economical and tasty.***

—a traditional English blend

ROTTEN ROW, HYDE PARK, LONDON.
Who has not heard of Rotten Row, the famous track for saddle horses only, on the south side of Hyde Park. In the London Season it is crowded with hundreds of equestrians, and the footpaths are the chief rendezvous for Church Parade on Sunday mornings. The privilege of driving along Rotten Row is confined to the King.

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"Kind to Your Throat
—and
Soothing to Your Nerves"

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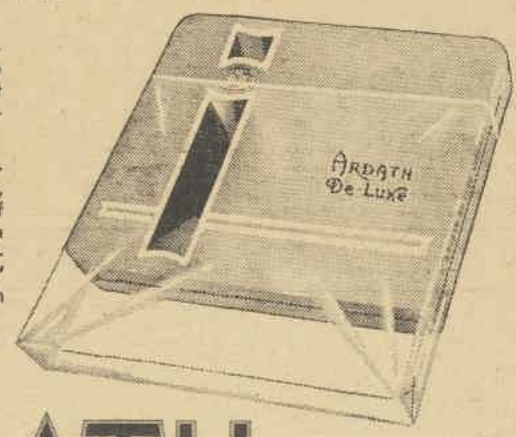

ARDATH
DE-LUXE
"SOCIETY'S CIGARETTE"

Tins of 20-1/6
Tins of 10-9d
AND FLAT FIFTIES

QUAVERS that cause QUIVERS

Lower Warbles in Vain for Operatic Fame .... He's Good at the Classics!

Now that you've come to the most interesting part of the paper, I'm going to tell you about music.

"Music," someone said, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." This is quite true. Hand any savage a crack on the brain with a banjo and if you bash him hard enough he stays soothed for good.

And that is not all I know on the subject.

L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist gives Advice on Music

Illustrated by WEP

Vocal music is something I am hot stuff on.

MUSIC goes in bars, but, after all, can you blame it? I do the same thing myself frequently. Although it's a long time since I've had the quavers, which seem to be pretty chronic with music.

There are various kinds of it. In New South Wales they're having an Easterfood—I can't spell it. It's a sort of annual gathering where everybody gets together and rids themselves of all their vocal and instrumental inhibitions, and you're lucky to be spending your holidays on the Barrier Reef.

Classical music has a meaning. It's got to be understood to be understood. I mean to say, you've got to comprehend its meaning before you can know what it's about.

Take your pick. Brahms' concerto in B flat. Op. 1. You've got to know that a concerto is a concharto, a B flat is not a punctured tyre, and the whole thing was composed after Brahms' first operation.

Lots of really musical people have told me that they get carried away by good classical music. I've often wished I could be carried away, but I've always had to sneak out by myself.

* * *

JAZZ is supposed to come from the jungles of Africa. It would seem that the people in the jungles of Africa are extremely fond of their mothers and frequently threaten to walk a million miles for one of her smiles; and they also have an inordinate yearning to go right back to Dixie, Alabama, Carolina, Kentucky, Ohio, and other places, where they were born. Personally I'm in favor of them going there.

Vocal music is something I am hot stuff on. Give me a decent bathroom, the door locked, and a bath-heater crooning in the corner, and I'm set.

People rush out of my place in the mornings and sneak back inquiring of the neighbors on the way, "Has he finished his bath?" Not that I haven't got a good voice, but I think the bath-heater is a bit off the key. I go rather well with the whistling kettle, too.

It all depends on what type of voice you've got. Some people's voices go good with an organ, others sound swell with a pneumatic riveter. There are tenors, sopranos, mezzo sopranos, contraltos, altos, bassos, chokos, adenoids, tonsilitis—all sorts of voices. And of course there's me.

* * *

I READ somewhere that it takes years of hard work to become a famous singer. Galli-Curci spent three years swinging a pick on the Burrinjuck dam job before she could throw a note. So you can see that without previous track work you can't just dash on to a concert platform and peel off a song and expect to get away with it. Why, girl, you might get stoned to death! And what would Daddy say when he came home and saw you stretched out looking like a mosaic pavement?

You stick to your music lessons and one of these days your publicity manager will tell the world how, despite the agonies you were suffering from a freckle on the neck, you staggered on to the stage so as not to disappoint your dear, dear public, and brought the house down. And if you're the right weight for a prima donna, you can quite easily bring the house down, even if you've got to lean on it.

CO-OPERATE ... *for* SUCCESS in *Contract* BRIDGE

Ely Culbertson, world's contract bridge champion, and Dr. F. V. McAdam, Australia's well-known authority, tell how to make forcing bids in this week's article.

By Dr. F. V. McADAM

THE exchange of information between partners, at a low bidding level, by means of minimum suit calls in preference to no-trumps, results in a gradual approach to the optimum final contract.

This approach idea of bidding is now almost universally adopted.

Certain types of hand, however, are sufficiently powerful to guarantee game, even though partner has very little—so little that, in ordinary circumstances, he would say nothing but "pass."

To ensure a response from partner, the bid of 2 in a suit, under the Culbertson system, is a "Forcing" bid, to which a response must be made, and the obligation is upon both partners to keep the bidding open until a game contract at least has been reached.

The appropriate responses are quite simple, and are detailed at the end of this article.

The hand on which a forcing 2 bid is made, must, as a general rule, possess the following qualifications:

(1) 5½ honor tricks.

(2) 8 playing tricks.

(3) A sound rebid of the suit already called, or an alternative suit to bid, in case partner makes the "bust" response of 2 no-trumps.

This will result in the responding hand having a choice of at least three final game-going declarations.

The above requirements may be slightly modified according to distribution, and players should note that the 5½ H.T. requirement is the least important of the three.

Not every hand containing 5½ H.T. is a "Forcing" bid.

When the distribution is flat, such hands will contain but 6½ or 7 playing tricks, and so will fall short of the standard we have indicated.

Such hands should be opened with a bid of "One," and, as a rule, they will not produce game unless partner can make some voluntary response.

A jump bid in a different suit—a forcing take-out—can then be made and a game contract arrived at.

A flat hand with 5 or 5½ H.T. can often with advantage be opened with a bid of 3 N.T.—a bid which partner will not disturb unless holding a very unbalanced distribution.

By ELY CULBERTSON: No. XXIX

THE forcing principle is the second most important principle in the Culbertson system. Of course, the most important is the approach principle.

The forcing principle provides that certain bids made by a player can never be passed by his partner until a game or an equivalent penalty score has been reached, and that other bids are forcing for one round. Once one of these bids has been made, the penalty for passing prematurely is little short of death.

There are eight types of forcing bids in all, as follow:

1. **The opening bid of two in a suit.**
2. **The forcing take-out.**
3. **The forcing rebid.**
4. **Inferential forcing bids.**
5. **The overcall in opponents' bid suit.**
6. **The no-trump overcall of a pre-emptive bid.**
7. **The four no-trump slam convention.**
8. **The five no-trump slam convention.**

The most spectacular of these is undoubtedly the opening bid of two in a suit, and so this will be taken up first.

This bid is forcing to game. The player making an opening two-bid is insisting on a game without any bid from partner. For this reason tremendous strength is required. This great strength ranges from 4½ to 6 honor tricks, depending on the distribution of the hand.

With any 4 3 3 3 or 4 4 3 2 distribution, 6 honor tricks are required, or 5½ honor tricks with very strong intermediates. For instance, the following hands are sound opening bids of two spades and two clubs respectively:

S—A K 8 6. H—A K 4. D—A K 3. C—8 7 6.

S—A K 2. H—Q 3 2. D—A Q J. C—A K Q J.

However, the following hand is a much better bid of one spade:

S—K Q 10 2. H—A Q 7 3. D—A K 5. C—K 2.

It will be noticed that the last hand cannot absolutely guarantee a game and will, in all probability, fail to produce a game if partner cannot respond to one spade.

With any five-card biddable suit, only 5½ honor tricks are required. For instance, the following hand should be opened with two clubs:

S—K 3. H—A K 6. D—A 7 3. C—A K J 9 5.

With a strong six-card suit, or with a two-suiter hand, the requirements may be reduced to 5 honor tricks. For example, two hearts should be bid, holding:

S—6 3. H—A K J 9 7 4. D—A K 3. C—A 2.

S—A. H—A K Q 6 4. D—A K 10 9 5. C—6 3.

Hands on which a two-bid on only 4½ honor tricks is justified are very rare. However, they do occur occasionally when a freak or some exceptionally eccentric two-suiter is held. For instance, two spades may be bid on the following hands:

S—A K Q 8 6 4 3. H—A K 9 5. D—K 2. C—

S—A K J 7 6 3. H—A Q J 9 4. D—A. C—3.

Opening two-bids are the only bids in contract which should never be shaded. Unless a hand measures up to the above requirements, the bid of one should be preferred, as once the two-bid has been made there is no way in which either partner can stop the bidding short of game. The bid is a necessary evil, and attempting to stretch a point and open with one of these bids on a weaker hand than necessary is bound to lead to disaster.

The Response

PARTNER'S responses are quite simple.

Lacking 1-plus honor trick, he should always respond with two no-trumps, regardless of the distributional strength of his hand, and regardless of the strength of his trump support.

These factors can be shown later, but the most important thing is first to warn partner about the lack of honor strength in the hand.

Holding one-plus honor tricks he should raise once if he holds adequate trump support, provided his hand contains no other biddable suit.

A double raise can be given on adequate trump support plus 2 honor tricks outside, or on 1½ honor tricks outside and a doubleton, or on 1 honor trick outside and a singleton.

When holding a biddable suit he should show this suit even when holding adequate trump support, and should never jump the bidding, as the bidding cannot die short of game anyway.

Holding 1½ honor tricks or better, and lacking either a biddable suit of his own, or adequate trump support for partner, he should respond with three no-trumps.

With 2½ honor tricks he should bid four no-trumps, and with 3 honor tricks, including one ace, he should bid five no-trumps.

Every one of these responses clarifies the situation for the opening bidder, and helps him to decide how high a contract can be made. The following examples show the proper responses with various holdings to an opening bid of two diamonds:

S—6. H—8 7 4 3. D—Q J 10 7 5 3. C—K 4.

Bid two no-trumps.

S—A 7 6. H—5 4 3. D—Q J 8 5. C—9 4 3.

Bid three diamonds.

S—A 6 4 3. H—J 8 6 3. D—Q 8 7 5. C—5.

Bid four diamonds.

S—A Q 7 3. H—8 3. D—J 10 8 7 4. C—8 6.

Bid two spades.

S—6 3. H—A K Q 5 4 3. D—7 6. C—K 5 4.

Bid two hearts.

S—K Q 4. H—K 7 6. D—J 8 3. C—8 7 5 2.

Bid three no-trumps.

S—A 3 2. H—K J 5. D—8 7 6. C—K 8 6 4.

Bid four no-trumps.

S—K Q J. H—A 8 5. D—6 4 3. C—K 8 5.

Bid five no-trumps.

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"Children HEALTHY and NEVER SICK"

"For Twelve Years I Have Used LAXETTES"

How many thankful mothers say the same thing!—Once a user of genuine Laxettes, always a user! Here is Mrs. A. W.....'s experience:—

To The Laxette Co.

"I have used your Laxettes for my three children for 12 years. I found they were so easy for the children to take. They are so nice I have to hide the tin or they would eat more than their dose. My children are healthy and never sick. They will take no other medicine than Laxettes. They are a great boon after disagreeable tasting medicines and I would never be without them."

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. W.....
Canterbury, Vic.

(Original of this letter may be seen at our office).

Gently and safely, genuine Laxettes carry children—even extremely delicate cases—through their most troublesome years. Genuine Laxettes are easy in action, and contain great health-giving properties. They are infinitely preferable to old fashioned oils, salts and purgatives, which are so unpleasant to take. Use gentle Laxettes and give *your* children health and happiness, too! Every Laxette is a prescription compounded by chemists of the highest degree of skill. Always make certain you get the genuine—square tablets sold in tins only (never loose), with the name on every tin and tablet; containing far greater purifying action than any other medicine so reasonably priced—1/6, at chemists everywhere.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 11, 1934.

LANDMARK

IT is not always possible to see at once the full significance of a given event.

Mostly we have to move along some distance and then look back to get a proper perspective. Especially is this so in the case of individual achievement.

Brian Penton is a genius whose achievement is so great that we do not need to let the years go by before we get the proper perspective. He is a peak far higher than any other in Australian literature.

It is not easy to measure these things. All literature which warrants the description of great might be said to be on the same general plane. Penton's book, "Landtakers," is on this plane. Penton himself is among the masters.

This book has been praised by all the critics; but it is doubtful if any one of them has realised the real significance of it. It is Australia's greatest artistic triumph since Melba.

There have been complaints that the book is sombre in tone. This is probably the first impression of people who have had in mind Penton's journalistic work. Moreover the light-heartedness of the Australian pioneer and back-country type was always rather a "Banjo" Paterson fiction. Henry Lawson, an authentic but careless genius, was essentially grim. To a sensitive soul, Steele Rudd's background is macabre rather than comic. There is a suggestion of this sardonic but not over-intellectual type of Australian in the Currency Lad who figures in "Landtakers."

"Landtakers" pictures an epoch of Australian development with an ability equal to the Forsyte Saga. (Not that the literary style of Galsworthy and Penton are anything alike, of course.) It is sincerely to be hoped that in future volumes Brian Penton will give us histories of old Cabell's children and grandchildren.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Home-coming

Men coming homewards in the dusk,
With evening papers
Underneath their arms.

Some there are
With eager footsteps, hastening
To the welcoming of arms and lips . . .
Some to the secure content
Of steaming dinners, slippers,
And growing families gathered round the fire.
And some walk slow with dragging feet
To cheerless homes, and sharp-tongued womenfolk,
To aged regrets of disillusioned years.

And I, watching,
Wonder when my man will come
Which of these men he'll be.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Doctors and Religion

HOW puzzling is the decision of the General Medical Council of England to drop religious education from the training of doctors! Researches of modern psychologists into the subconscious, are daily emphasising the close relationship between bodily and mental or spiritual welfare.

Surely it is imperative that a doctor, above all men, should make a close study of religion as part of his training for his work. A sympathetic understanding of a patient's religion must be always advisable, and very often necessary, before a correct diagnosis can be made.

Worry is, for example, admittedly the cause of many bodily ills. The doctor probing the cause of worry must often find himself in the realm of theology.

For its part, theology has often paid tribute to medicine. "Honor a physician with the honor due unto him for the uses ye have of him," says Ecclesiasticus.

The classic instance of a theologian who was also a doctor is, of course, St. Luke, "The beloved physician."

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A Blow at Bayard

WHEN the heary bones of Bayard, the "Perfect Knight," of France, were re-examined by an anatomist the other day, historians were provided with a new bone of contention. For the anatomist declared that sundry jawbones unearthed were those of a girl.

Certainly Joan of Arc has received her meed of praise, but this sudden entry of "the other woman" into the historical picture will prove humiliating to many young Frenchmen who make a practice of attending the tomb of the famous Bayard on the eve of their marriage in the hope that they will achieve his virtues and strength.

The Ministry of Fine Arts has been asked to assist in proving Bayard was true to legend by permitting the reopening of another alleged tomb at Grenoble. All of which suggests that it might be interesting if Caesar, Alexander the Great, and sundry other old shades could be exhumed.

Anyway, it would help tourist business!—M.B.

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A Single Primrose

ADDRESSING a meeting called to evolve a plan to safeguard the wild flowers of Britain, the assistant director of Kew Gardens, Mr. John Gilmour, aptly remarked that flowers are a national heritage which should be preserved for the benefit not of one particular country, but for the whole world.

Australia figured in the discussion when Lady Rockley declared that during a recent visit to Australia she "was presented, not with a bouquet of native blooms, but with a single primrose which had been grown there." Such is the pride overseas in the simple flowers of our countryside.

That "single primrose" haunts me. English primroses are so far from being scarce in Australia that one lone primrose in a bouquet seems an inhospitable scarcity to offer a distinguished visitor. I hope that, before she left this country, Lady Rockley was presented with a bouquet of Australian wild flowers, so that she could testify on occasions to the beauty of wattle, boronia, the desert pea, and others of the lovely company.

It is sad to hear that in Britain, as well as in Australia, vandalism prevails to the detriment of wild flowers. Three hundred species of British wild flowers and plants are, it was officially stated, in danger of becoming extinct owing to vandalism.—J.N.

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Dobbin Holding Own

DESPITE the steady increase in motor vehicular traffic, Old Dobbin still can hold up his head. In Brisbane, at all events, he continues to get a fair share of carrier and cartage work.

At the last official tally of horse-drawn traffic over Victoria Bridge it was disclosed that 700 horses passed over the bridge during the period of working hours. Horse-drawn lorries are almost as numerous as motor trucks on the wharves, while there is a fair percentage of horses still used for tradesmen's carts.

An innovation which to some extent may have helped Old Dobbin to hold his place on the city streets is the rubber horseshoe.

Smoking in Bed!

DO you smoke in bed? If so, you're a menace to the other members of your household.

The dangers of the practice were strongly emphasised in last month's report by the Chief Officer of the Brisbane Fire Brigade, where it was stated that one of the recent fires at which the brigade attended was directly attributed to a person smoking in bed. The culprit, the report stated, was still in bed when the brigade arrived on the scene!

While it is not always possible for the fire experts to definitely trace the outbreak to someone smoking in bed, time and again their suspicions are aroused that Lady Nicotine was the originator. Fire authorities deplore the habit and regard it as one of the most careless and inconsiderate weaknesses any citizen can indulge.

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Sunday Observance

WHEN the other day at Rockhampton (Qld.) Mr. Justice Brennan, in condemning people who had engaged themselves at work on a Sunday erecting a sideshow, asked if the Sunday Observance Act was applying in Queensland, he referred to a statute which was formulated in 1841. Since that date, however, many clauses have been repealed by later legislation.

The original Act debarred anyone from opening any form of shop premises on the Sabbath, not even a fruit shop or stand. It was, in fact, illegal to display for sale or sell any commodity whatsoever. Moreover, in those "bold, bad old days," it was against the law to carry or use a firearm for pleasure or profit. Certain aspects of the latter clause still hold good, but chiefly to keep mischievous lads from playing round backyards with pea rifles when good citizens are passing along to Church!

The subject of how, in her opinion, the Sabbath is observed in Queensland, was discussed by The Australian Women's Weekly with Miss Dorothy Rae, general secretary of the Y.W.C.A. (Q.), who said: "Sunday is certainly being observed in a very different way to that which obtained in the times of our parents, but that is inevitable in this fast-changing world. The way in which we spend our leisure time is always most expressive of our true desires and sense of values, and we all know that much which was considered valuable by our parents is being weighed in the balance and found wanting in its usefulness to meet the demands of this highly complex world of 1934."

THOUSANDS OF pigeons when released beneath the Eiffel Tower, in Paris, recently, to inaugurate the bird fanciers' season. One can get some idea, from this picture, what it will look like when 50,000 pigeons are released in Melbourne during the ceremony at the Shrine of Remembrance during the Duke's visit.

They Eat Horse and Don't Go to Church in Paris

If you want a description of Paris, do not go to a Frenchman for it. The best person would be an Australian, who had just visited that famous city, and, if possible, an Australian woman.

It takes a woman to write a letter, such as the one we publish below, cramming detail after detail into a breathless gossip of those small things which do not matter much, but which do so tickle the palate of interest... It arrived last week.

I WAS very taken with Paris, and would have liked to spend at least six months there instead of four weeks. My cousin has an apartment just out of the city in a very cheap shopping centre. I used to set forth every day and purchase 1lb. of strawberries for 1 franc, or about 3d., a large paper carton of cream for 3d., and a huge bundle of asparagus for 4½d. Meat, as in London, is very expensive; but who wants meat when you can get such nice, fresh vegetables.

The boucher cheval, or horse butcher, had a shop near our home, and although I looked at the chops, sausages, and the large side of a horse every day, I could not bring myself to buy it.

They will not wrap the bread in paper, not even when you offer to pay for the paper, and this must be a strain, for if there is anything they like in this world it is money.

I learned to find my way in and out the Metro. or Tubes very well. There, as in Australia, the men never give their seat to a woman; it doesn't matter if she is tottering with age, she has to stand; nor is there any raising of the hats in lifts. Both these habits have disappeared.

Women Laborers

THE countryside is lovely—beautiful green fields and those lovely trees. There's something so different about them.

A friend of mine who was in Paris recently was horrified at the women working in the fields. She is an Australian. But I said I thought working in the open was preferable to working in the city for the lowest possible wages and ten and eleven hours a day, including Saturday.

All the women in Paris go to work—they have to. Even if the husband is working he does not earn enough to keep the two of them; but in some cases he just won't do any work. Out of 12,000,000 adult workers, 4,000,000 of them are women.

There is not much real vice in the average French man or woman; they put on a lot of their wickedness for the tourist. As a matter of fact, in the families I met, the daughters, though only middle-class people, were very closely guarded against the men until they were safely married off.

I had my hair permanently waved, but, really, I think we can do it equally as well in Australia, and you know my hair is not hard to handle.

Clothes are cheap in Paris, but tourists are not buying, owing to the exchange. For £25 Australian I got £12/10/-, which is a considerable loss.

Every woman in Paris had a lace clock on her stocking. It doesn't matter if they are lisle, cotton, vegetable silk, or the finest pure silk, they must have a clock. But not so in London. I thought I should find them here, but they haven't arrived.

Fascination of "Weeds"

IN Paris there are women ticket-collectors in the tubes, women guards on the motor buses, women in the lifts, women in the fields; in fact they are almost everywhere, and yet they haven't got the vote, and as far as I can see they never will get it.

They still stick to the widow's weeds—you know, the black crepe that was fashionable about 1900. I thought there must be a tremendous number of widows here, but I afterwards learned they consider it fascinating, and wear it years after the demise, and not always for the husband. Any old relative will do, even a brother-in-law. I even saw children with it on their hats.

There's practically no religion in Paris. They are kept at Church till they have made their first Communion, and then they don't go near it until they are old men and women.

FROM SUE TO LOU — A Bright Girl's Letters.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605116

The *Lady* PASSENGER

By WILL LAWSON

Complete Short Story

Illustrated by Wynne W. DAVIES

IT was a drizzling morning in Newcastle. To the man looking out of the window of the hotel lounge the outlook was dreary, even though the trams which rolled past had their lights burning, as though to brighten the dull scene. A tram stopped at the hotel, and a girl climbed the high step, her skirt clinging to her knees. As she settled into her seat, the man turned from the window with a shrug of his shoulders.

"What it is to be a woman," he muttered, "with all those skirts and things."

As he turned back to the fire, perhaps it was a delicate thought about women's clothes which brought a dreamy look into his eyes. But this vanished when he caught sight of an almanac on the wall with the date outlined in a metal square.

"Curse that strike!" he said aloud. "But for it I would be well on my way to New Zealand. Only six days left to be in time."

As he spoke he glanced at his watch. He had an appointment at 10 o'clock with the master of the City of Willochra, an overseas cargo steamer. Influence had been used to secure him a passage across the Tasman in this ship. He was to sign on as a greaser, or some such humble rating. The strike was confined to steamers on Australian or New Zealand articles. Whether it would spread to overseas ships nobody knew. He had been warned that he might yet have to return to Sydney and wait till the trouble was over. And his business was very urgent.

From a casual glance it was difficult to tell John Blue's age. He was small, with a smooth, chubby face. Black hair gave him a gipsy look. His parents' first decision to make him a clergyman, on the face of it, was not a bad idea, but Fate had played a grim joke, and made him what he was, one of a profession which he kept secret from all save those concerned. Not that he had any real friends in whom he might confide. At the moment he had little money. When he thought of what he would miss if he did not get away to New Zealand he paled, or felt that he did.

At 10 o'clock the rain had ceased, and Blue stepped across the street and walked round the corner to the shipping office where he was to be signed on. He wore no hat or overcoat, the distance was so short. A girl passing in a raincoat, and carrying an umbrella, half-smiled at the serious little man, but he did not notice her. Outside the office he paused, uncertain whether to wait or go in. From this uncertainty he was roused by a deep voice behind him.

"Is your name Blue?"

TURNING quickly he saw a huge man. He was over six feet in height, burly, and with a short beard, a seaman obviously. And he wore a long overcoat with a high collar.

"Yes, sir!" Blue said, respectfully.

"Come on then. I got a letter about you. Urgent case it seems!"

The captain's big hand pressed Blue through the doorway.

"Now, what are we to sign you on as?" he went on cheerily.

"Anything you like!" Blue said nervously, in his soft, low-toned voice. But as he spoke he suddenly hated the thought of getting down to the coal or oil work of a ship.

They were at the counter, and a smart clerk was saying:

"Morning, Captain Duncan. Getting out to-day?"

"Yes," the captain said curtly. "Want to sign this man on."

"Discharge?" The clerk rapped out the word and held out his hand as for a document.

"What?" asked Blue.

"He wants your last discharge," the captain explained in his big, rough voice.

"I haven't a discharge," Blue said.

The clerk appealed with his eyes to the captain, a look of boredom on his face. And the captain turned impatiently.

"No discharge! How in Cain do you expect to sign on?"

Blue shook his head and said:

"They told me in Sydney I could go—shilling a month, or something, they told me."

"Oh! is that it?" The captain turned to the clerk. "Can you fix that? Sign him on as a trimmer. The company wants him to go."

"What about the strikers?"

The captain's eyes clouded. The last thing he wanted was trouble with the strikers.

"Oh! I don't know," he said impatiently, and strode across the office to the window. The clerk looked at Blue, and something about the gentle little man made him human.

"What's up?" he said. "Tell me who you are and I'll do what I can."

Blue hesitated. But he must get to New Zealand. So, with a cautious look at the captain's broad back, he leaned over the counter and whispered. The clerk's eyes opened. Then he smiled.

"All right. I'll sign you on as purser. She doesn't carry one. How much baggage have you? You don't want to look like a tourist."

The captain must have caught the word "baggage," for he turned to them and said:

"Baggage won't matter. I've told them on board we're taking two lady passengers. So that'll get over the baggage trouble. But what about his rating?"

The clerk explained.

"Good," the captain said, glancing at his watch, which looked like a small mushroom on his hairy wrist. "I'm busy. Let's be off!"

BLUE and he walked into the street together, leaving the clerk still wondering at what he had been told. The captain removed his overcoat, and, handing it to Blue, said:

"Now, me lad, you've got to do as I tell you to get across to New Zealand."

"Yes, sir," said Blue, humbly.

"Put on this coat, go and get your duds at the hotel, and take a taxi to the ship. Don't wear a hat," he glanced at Blue's short, black hair, "women get Eton crops nowadays, like yours. Now, when you get on board, tell Mr. Hooks, the mate, that you are the lady passenger. Get that?"

Blue stared at him.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Just that. Say 'I'm the lady passenger,' no more. Go straight to your cabin and stay there till I tell you to come out."

"All right. I'll do it. But how can a lady carry two suitcases up the gangway?"

"Tell the taxi-driver to do it. Now, mind, you either do as I tell you or stay ashore. There are pickets watching. One slip and the row will start and probably involve every ocean liner in port in Australia. You must have a big pull to get this far," he added. But he was too polite to ask Blue his business.

In the hotel hall there was luggage waiting to be put in taxis with outgoing guests. Blue paid his bill, tipped the porter and told him to get a taxi and put his luggage in it. He ran upstairs to get his hat, which he folded and pushed into the pocket of the big overcoat. In his room he looked at the reflection in the long mirror, and laughed. The long coat reached to his toes. Its high collar almost hid his face, making him look small and girlish. He made a prim little bow to himself in the glass, and was astonished at the result.

"I'll pass," he murmured, and went to his taxi. The driver was reading the labels on the brown smaller suitcase.

"Carrington Docks," Blue said, speaking softly.

"Yes, miss," the man replied. Blue looked straight ahead, his bright, black eyes shining with excitement. During the drive not a word was said. The taxi stopped well away from the water, as the railway tracks on the wharf prevented its close approach to the ship. It looked a big ship, with a tall funnel, but old-fashioned decks, just an old cargo boat of a good line.

"All right, miss," the taxi-driver said. "I'll take the suitcases."

"Thank you," Blue said, in what he hoped might pass as a girl's contralto.

Approaching the City of Willochra, Blue felt that he was running the gauntlet.

Every man of the crew was lined up at the rail watching for anything which might turn up. Two men on the wharf, who evidently were the picket, lounged under cover from the rain, which was just a drizzle. But nobody said a word. They only stared at the girl in the huge overcoat and spoke among themselves of her Eton crop.

As Blue reached the deck, the taxi driver was giving the suitcases to the steward. Blue had paid him already.

"Thank you," he said to the man who touched his cap and went off.

Mr. Hooks, the mate, knew that no lady passenger was expected. He did expect a man, but this was not a man. The captain had said the new man would say he was the lady passenger. Yet here was a lady, wearing the captain's overcoat, or one very like it. He rubbed his eyes. Blue smiled at him, and he touched his cap.

"I'm the lady passenger," Blue said very softly. "The captain sent me. This is his coat."

"Yes, Miss" . . . . The mate paused for the name, then looking at the brown bag, got his cue, "Miss Simpson."

The name startled Blue. But he recovered.

"Oh! yes," he smiled. He had a nice smile, when he used it, and here seemed to be a chance to use it.

"Come with me," said Mr. Hooks, and they went down a companion through the saloon and into the "owner's cabin." This was a two-berth room with a bathroom. It was the only accommodation outside of that of the officers and crew.

"We're expecting a man, too, one of the crew," Mr. Hooks said. "That bigger bag will be his, I suppose."

Blue's heart missed a beat. He had forgotten to alter the name on his bag, the captain had overlooked that in his instructions.

"Yes," he said vaguely, getting between the mate and the brown bag, "yes, I suppose so." He would have to see the captain about this later.

"You'll be comfortable here," the mate said. He seemed to wish to linger.

"Yes, I think I'll go to bed and stay there till this evening. I'm a bad sailor, and the smell of a steamer upsets me."

"I'm sorry," the mate said. He was keen on girls, and he liked the sound of this one. "I'll have your lunch sent in."

"Do you carry a stewardess?"

"No, I'm sorry. But the second steward is a smart lad. He will look after you."

"Thank you. Tell him not to come in without knocking."

Blue felt this was a good touch. It was.

Blue snatched the weapon and fired two shots rapidly at a white shark that had broken water in the calm sea.

"Of course not," the mate said in some confusion. He met the full force of Blue's smile and went out hurriedly.

Blue locked the door and sat on the bed. He laughed silently, till a thought came to him. He looked at the brown suitcase and the last of the smile froze on his face.

ON the label were the words, "Miss V. Simpson, Grand Hotel, Cessnock."

Miss Simpson? That was the girl the pretty, dark girl who sat opposite to him at breakfast and tried to be friendly. The hotel porter must have given his taxi driver her bag, or else Blue had taken her taxi. He remembered the man examining the label in the taxi.

Well, he was in for it now until the captain came back. Then it could be put right, after the ship had got to sea. In the meantime there was no harm in examining the suitcase's contents. He found it was locked, but one of his keys opened it.

The bag held a blue evening dress, flimsy and voluminous, a bit old-fashioned, Blue thought. There was a black dress, too, evidently for day use, not too low in the neck. And there were all the other articles of wear needed by a bright, modern girl, including two pairs of shoes, a suit of pyjamas, and some cheap jewellery.

Blue tried on the pyjamas. Deep down in this silent little man was a vein of humor. We all have it somewhere within us. Perhaps the relief at being on board the ship and almost at sea, gave him a feeling of exhilaration. The pyjamas were just a trifle short. As he looked at himself in the glass a big idea came to him. It was born of a deep-seated repugnance of dirty work, such as firing or greasing on a ship. Here was a chance. He would be, in truth, the lady passenger. But to-day he would stay in bed and get all the information he could of the personnel of the ship. Stewards often talked. He would pump his man. Of course, he could hardly hoodwink the captain, but the skipper could hardly give him away. No doubt he would wish his identity to remain hidden till they reached New Zealand. Anyway, it was worth trying, even if he had to stay in his cabin all the way.

He undressed, having first locked the door of the cabin, and put on the lady's pyjamas. Then he took one of the dresses, on its hanger, and hung it on the peg by the wash basin. His own clothes he threw into the locker which did duty as a wardrobe.

He was hardly in bed when the steward knocked.

Blue had to jump out of bed and unlock the door and bounce back before the man could enter. But the steward was a young man, and a bit shy. He took his time. And Blue was lying in bed with the clothes up to his chin, looking very small and pathetic, when the steward came in with a tray, and set it on the table by the bed.

"Thank you, steward," Blue said softly in a sweet voice.

"You're welcome, miss."

The steward lingered. Evidently he had something on his mind.

"What is it, steward?" the dulcet tones invited his confidence.

"I was going to say, miss, we heard there was two lady passengers coming on board, not one lady. If you understand, miss. This is a ship, and sailors is men, miss. Don't say I told you, miss, but **lock your door!**"

The last words were a hissing whisper.

Blue nodded.

"You understand," the lad went on. "The old man, he's a bit of a oner, and the mate . . ."

"I liked the first officer," Blue said.

"Oh! he's all right. But he's a man, miss, like all of us."

"Thank you, I won't tell," Blue said, letting the beam from his black eyes shine right on the steward. The steward muttered and suddenly went out.

From this confidence Blue judged that the lady passenger was already being talked about. It would be impossible for him to draw back now. He got out of bed, locked his door, and devoured his lunch. He was very hungry, probably from nervousness. He recalled that condemned men often ate a big breakfast. He wished he had some beer. He liked a drink.

Blue could hear the voices of the officers at lunch in the saloon. But the words were indistinct, till an argument arose. Evidently the captain had not arrived on board, to judge by the freedom of the talk. The argument appeared to be between the mate and another whose voice had a Scotch accent. He afterwards found it was Mac, the chief engineer's voice. He was railing at the way women cut their hair.

Please turn to Page 35

A Strange Masquerade—and the Reason

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605117

Happy Frocks for "Going Places"

SPRING in the air ... and somewhere a hostess's voice is calling, calling! To the woman whose wardrobe is equipped with frocks such as are pictured here, the call of hospitality sounds very joyously in the ear!

● *THE NEWEST bias cut is a notable feature of this evening gown of coral satin. The corsage is softly shirred into a yoke of ring velvet in a deeper shade of coral and ties into a sash bow at the back. This frock achieves the newest decolletage line which is high at the front and extends to the waist in a "V" at the back. The "V" shape is comparatively narrow and broken, usually, at the shoulder-line, so that the great wide open spaces of bare back which the vogue featured of yore have now been very definitely modified.*

● *HOSTESS GOWN of black delustred satin in a pretty field-flower design. The coat, with which it goes places, is of the new black shadow-check sheer and of finger-tip length.*

● *FOR SPECTATOR sports, heavy white Canton crepe makes an ideal ensemble. Yoke, collar, and hem are outlined with rouleax of the same material and the neck is caught with a vivid red bone safety pin which matches the narrow leather belt. These little splashes of color are typical of the vivacious note running through the whole of the spring mode. Simplicity is always the leading theme, but the introduction of such "grace" notes charmingly embellishes the fashion song of spring.*

● *COCKTAIL FROCK in two tones. The slim-fitting skirt is of heavy black Sandara crepe, and the top of off-white corded moire. The bateau neckline is simple and striking, and the star-shaped sleeves are matched by the brilliant star-shaped glass buttons of the blouse. The clever use of glass, diamente, and mirror clips in accessories is a significant note in the new mode. They give sharp, clear accents to frocks in sober self-tonings, and are especially good with navy and white, both of which are so popular.*

SO ATTRACTIVE..
such a sunny disposition!

You take great care with your appearance. Don't let the most attractive quality anyone can have—a sunny disposition—be dulled by the effects of common constipation.

Keep yourself healthily, *naturally* regular by this simple, pleasant means. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of a delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN corrects most types of constipation. It *exercises* the intestines, tones them up and purifies the blood. Ask your Grocer for Kellogg's.

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ALL-BRAN
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Made in Australia by
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Never Has Fashion Seemed So Artless ... Nor Been So Artful

By *ALICE JACKSON*

FINE and subtle is the charm of the new spring mode as revealed by collections which have now arrived in Australia. Each year, it seems, fashion becomes more artful—and looks more artless.

YEARS of experiments in line, color and design have reached a rich fruition, and, this year, Madame la Mode de Spring ravishes us with new harmonies of color, with challenging contrasts so courageously handled that they are always vital and arresting, never flamboyant or bizarre. In company with modern art, modern furniture, modern thought, the Columbuses of fashion have gone exploring, and many are the treasures they have brought from newly-discovered realms.

For sheer intelligence, the mode of to-day has never been equalled. Fashion knows what she wants, and knows also how to get it.

☼ ☼ ☼

WHAT, then, is her aim? First, simplicity. But not in the milkmaid manner. No, the simplicity of the spring mode is the ultimate in sophistication.

Secondly, and as part of this polished simplicity, she has inaugurated a back-to-the-woman movement. Back to the ideal woman, that is. Curves less taut. Kindlier coiffures. And this she is accomplishing with one sweeping "wind-swept" gesture. Very graciously fall all the gentle touches with which she softens the silhouette line. Graciously, but nevertheless with a backward, wind-blown sweep which makes a child of art seem a child of Nature!

☼ ☼ ☼

NOTE but some of her guileful touches. A fine new sheer, which sometimes has a shadow check, is cut on the bias to cascade down a simple frock of navy and white sandara. She takes new printed nets of a rural charm and candor, and beneath them sets taffeta slips that whisper enchantingly.

She fashions an evening gown of black taffeta, delustred and demure, scatters lily of the valley petals over it, pins a fabric posy to the corsage, and then cunningly contrives a winged seraph triumph at the back of the shoulders. What could sound more prudish than a hat of all black delustred taffeta? But Dame Fashion places this seeming simpleton of a hat over a foundation of summer felt, stitches it all over, gives it a large square brim and a shallow square crown, adjusts it over one eye and, believe me, it becomes wicked to an enchanting degree!

The tranquil kilting of grandma's day she has surcharged with dangerous charm. She uses it, for instance, in inspired sleeve, collar, and back motifs on a coat of sheer wool in modest quaker grey, and that coat at once takes on a lively versatility in provocative contrast to its aloof tonings.

Novel and interesting hooks and eyes in diamente, colored glass buttons in wide-awake shapes, mirror clips, and dozens of other delicious details are part of her infinite variety.

And when she really wants to be the life of the party, watch what she can do with barber-pole stripes, and you'll know that, to-day, you have only touched the surface of her skill and her artistry. To-morrow, she will turn over a new page and write another triumphant chapter in her fascinating story.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4605118

THE FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT.
SKETCHED BY PETROV.

ABOVE: A Breton sailor model in navy summer felt. The brim is rolled up all round and the hat dips over right eye. It is simply trimmed with grosgrain.

BELOW: A square sailor model from Jean Patou, in pale blue panama, trimmed with a navy grosgrain band and a navy silk carnation.

ABOVE: Suzanne Talbot model, of soft black straw, trimmed with a black cire ribbon. The coarse wide mesh veil is black.

AT RIGHT: Shallow crowned hat in natural colored straw. The bandeau and hatband are of brown grosgrain and the other ribbon is empire green.

ABOVE: From Rose Valois comes this big black straw Breton sailor model. There is a bandeau to keep it in place, made of coarse white straw.

TOP RIGHT: Marie-Alphonsine cap in navy blue stitched taffeta.
TOP LEFT: An Agnes cap in pink crepe with white dots, trimmed with black satin ribbon.

From Spring's Hat-Box

Take Your Choice—To Suit Your Type

EVERY woman will be elated when she sees the new spring hats. There are shapes for—and becoming to—all faces. Brims can be of immense proportions; medium size, or not there at all. They can shadow your face, or expose your forehead. Almost always the crown is very shallow.

FOR summer there are the huge cartwheel shapes with tiny crowns and straight, wide brims, made of natural, white and pink panama, natural and black and navy blue leghorn straw, black and navy shiny straw and the fine straws.

These hats are invariably trimmed with colored ribbons or a few flowers.

For Spring

Before we come to the sunny days there are other shapes to wear. First in popularity is the Breton sailor, whose brim is rolled up all round—it is worn over one eye, and a tiny elastic slipped under the hair at the back keeps it in place. Its brim may be very wide or quite narrow, and the crown is shallow.

Trimmings are usually just a grosgrain ribbon with perhaps a quill. Materials used are fine straws, thin felts, satin and stitched taffeta. Colors are black, navy blue, natural, and the pastel shades.

* * *

THEN there is the hat with the brim turned down in front and up at the back. These, too, generally show very shallow crowns, and are kept on either by elastic or a small bandeau. Small bunches of flowers are often placed centre front or two or three shades of grosgrain or velvet ribbon form the trimming.

For morning and sports wear panama and summer felts are used extensively. The crowns for these are a little deeper, and the brims turn either up or down in front.

Caroline Reboux, the world's most famous milliner, makes all her spring hats to turn up in front, but unevenly, with waves, cuttings, sharp angles, points. She uses panama, felt, and fine straws, in natural, black and navy blue. For trimmings, a few flowers and ribbons.

Madame Agnes shows three different movements; some rolled brims dip towards the nape of the neck, some tricornes fashioned in irregular triangles, some Napoleonic bicornes. Some of her sailors are worn on the back of the head, giving a halo effect from the front.

* * *

THERE are many little fabric caps—they are of the dress material, of pieces of ribbon stitched together, taffeta, straw materials. Some are made well off the face, but the majority come down over the right eye and show the hairline on the left.

Unusual Shapes

For summer, there is the square brim shown by Molyneux. The original model had a huge square brim of black straw lined with white. This style has been adapted to smaller hats; the brim is not exactly square, but it comes to definite points and is more or less straight in between.

* * *

ABROAD this spring, there was a great vogue for pastel felts. They are very light, and the colors are so pale that there is no suggestion of winter about them—turquoise and powder blue, dusty pink, pale leaf green, banana yellow, honey-beige, pearl grey and white. They are particularly smart when worn with sports suits or sheer wool dresses, with navy blue, black or brown grosgrain ribbon hatbands matching the shoes and bag.

* * *

THE beret is still seen in the spring, and is made of grosgrain ribbon, satin, taffeta or velvet. The crown is full and flops well down over one side.

The Wind-swept ...Coiffure

HAVING chosen your hat, consider your coiffure. Curls have gone the wind-swept way, but that allows plenty of scope for the intelligent woman to coax them into joyous harmony with the new hat mood. Curls you must have, however short your hair, and "wind-swept" you must appear, however sedate your nature. So comb your curls to the front and round the ears. Mass them; bunch them or brush them with an upward sweep into line with the backward movement.

OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

FOR the south of France and Palm Beach Paris advises a turquoise blue Panama straw with a super shallow round crown and a wide brim crimped like a cake tin. Leghorn straw, refined and thinned down in pastel colors; a Spanish sailor of cartwheel proportions, with a flat crown, trimmed with crimson flowers and a crimson bandeau.

o o o

SUZANNE TALBOT makes a tiny Spanish gipsy tambourine turban tied on by a ribbon fillet that passes through slots in the crown and which holds a bunch of back curls in place.

o o o

WORTH shows a Chinese coolie hat—like a large, rather flat, cone.

o o o

THE fascinating style of Louis XVI. period are being copied by some milliners this spring. They are silly little taffeta hats and bonnets perching on the top of the head. Pile your curls up into the space between the neck and the high peak of the hat. Narrow ribbons that bind the hair and encircle the throat hold them in place. In color they combine blue and pink, russet brown, and old rose, straw with flame color, or blue and green. They are worn with quaint frocks of organdie or taffeta.

o o o

LOTS of the small hats have fluttering eyevells, and some show veils that come down to the chin and are pulled tightly across the face.

o o o

THE Directoire influence is seen in hats as well as clothes; a tricorne sitting well forward on the brow; a Maria Guy model with a pointed beak in front.

o o o

JEAN PATOU shows bright colored hats to wear with black dresses.

o o o

EVENING hats are made of tulle, stiffened lace, satin, and taffeta. Some have large transparent brims, and are very alluring. A great many of the small evening hats are trimmed with ospreys and other feather trimmings. Molyneux makes little caps of fabric flowers.

o o o

THERE are many brimmed hats made of printed crepe-de-chine to match the dress. Others have a triangle of the print tied around the crown of a plain straw—the middle point ties on the brim in front and the other two knot behind.

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PAYMENT *in* FULL

Ten-Minute Story by
– Hettie – Grimstead

"MY dear!" Felicia held her friend's hands. "How perfectly wonderful you look!"

"Yes, don't I?" Lady Tintern laughed complacently. "It's all due to Victor. He's a new beauty man who's opened in Bond Street while you've been away. A positive miracle-worker."

Many women look back on their fortieth birthdays and then hurl themselves into some unreasonable love affair in unconscious defiance of the encroaching years. They do not understand that age need have no terrors for the woman wrapped in the warm mantle of love.

She drew Mrs. Charring down on to the brocade couch beside her, only too eager to enlarge.

"You know how dreadfully difficult my hair always was. Nobody ever seemed able to dress it becomingly until I went to Victor. He cut it a new way and waved it like this to show off my forehead. Then he told me to stop rouging and recommended a fresh shade of lipstick and—well, George was delighted. He says I look twenty-five again."

"I could do with turning the clock back a few years myself," Felicia sighed. "I must go and see this Victor of yours."

"Of course you must, darling. Everybody is going to him now."

As she talked Lady Tintern had been studying Felicia's face, and inwardly she was remarking:

"What an odd expression she has—half frightened and yet defiant. Something has happened to her in India, I'm sure. She's grown age-conscious and rebellious. Ah! these trying, tearing forties!"

Felicia thought a great deal about Victor that night. She went up to her lovely room and stood between the apricot candles looking at herself in the mirror. Much of her beauty remained undimmed, her skin smoothly soft and her blue eyes bright enough, but even in the kindly-shaded light she could see the tiny tell-tale lines etched on her chin and forehead. Her hair, too, lying limply, had lost something of its bright sheen. If only this Victor had magic to conjure her old radiance back again.

She was at his salon before noon next day. Victor greeted her suavely. He was a plain little man, but he bore himself with quiet distinction, and his eyes inspired Felicia with hopeful confidence.

"I wonder whether you can give me some general grooming," she said; "a coiffure and perhaps a few complexion treatments. I've been in the East, you know, and the heat works such ghastly ravages."

Victor nodded understandingly and took her into one of the grey and silver cubicles. They were all pitifully alike, these women—wanting to be made eternally youthful, refusing to recognise that gracefully-accepted age has its own peculiar charms. But their stubbornness was Victor's profit, and he had an idolised only daughter in a French convent school.

With deft hands, the long-fingered, sensitive hands of the artist, he washed Felicia's hair till it gleamed like pale new gold. At his bidding, a girl rubbed curious grey wax into Felicia's face and throat, wiped it away and laid pieces of ice across her cheeks. Finally they brought a make-up tray and selected feathery powders and rose enamels to add the finishing touches.

At last Victor drew the curtains off the mirror. Felicia almost cried out with delight.

"Oh, that's a marvellous improvement! But I still want——"

"You must come to me again, madame."

He noted her next appointment, mentioning his astounding fee as though in afterthought, and bowed as Felicia went out. A car was waiting for her, at the wheel a tall, grey-haired man, who smiled as he opened the door. Victor, invisible behind his window, started in astonishment.

"The major!"

YEARS rolled back. Instead of being a gay spring morning, it was winter, cold and desolate, with the shadow of war brooding over the land. He was a young and very lanky Victor in ill-fitting khaki, trying to keep his hands still as he faced his officer. Why had the major brought him here alone instead of letting him take his chance with the other defaulters?

Major Charring began to speak, and slowly Victor realised that he was not to be disgraced for that one mad act after all.

". . . been punished enough by your own conscience, so we'll say no more about it. But I shall expect you to pull yourself together, you know, and behave like a regular soldier in future."

As in a dream, the older Victor saw himself rushing forward with boyish impetuosity, swearing to serve the major all his life, to make payment in full for this precious chance to redeem his manhood. The major had laughed and patted his arm, and then he had had to march away again. Next morning he had been transferred to a distant unit and he had become that "regular soldier" to his pride. But he had never forgotten his first major.

Even now Victor wanted to dash out and grasp the hand of the man in the car. Then he smiled at himself, wondering what the major, who was a Brigadier-General now, would say if a white-coated hairdresser suddenly fell upon him in the middle of Bond Street.

Victor turned back to his cubicle. This new client was evidently the major's wife. It was for him that she wanted to appear still young and beautiful. "Though she needn't worry," Victor thought, remembering the quality of that smile. "He'd worship her just the same if she were seventy."

Still, since she was the major's wife, she should be tended to the very perfection of loveliness. All Victor's consummate art should be brought into play to make her glamorous and charming for her husband—a silent tribute of gratitude, though the major would never know.

When Felicia came to the salon again Victor was waiting for her in the mood of the painter whose model is inspiring his masterpiece. Tenderly, skilfully, he creamed and sprayed her face, banished the dark shadows under her eyes and tinted her long lashes into midnight frames. He dressed her hair simply yet exquisitely, creating a bright new wave to soften her cheeks and hide the thinning at her temples. Then he put on the final cosmetics as though he were coloring a rose.

Felicia looked in the mirror and saw herself as she had been twenty years before, warm and glowing and radiantly beautiful. She drew a quick breath.

"You're a genius," she said.

VICTOR nodded. He knew she spoke the literal truth.

After that Felicia came to the salon every week, and on each occasion Victor gave her of his best, lavishing on her a care and attention as constant as it was unique. He liked to picture her with the major, sitting at a candle-lit dinner table in a low-cut gown, her arms and shoulders gleaming and her hair a soft gold coronet.

One morning Felicia said unexpectedly:

"I should like to come on Friday afternoon for a very special treatment. About four, if that's convenient. I want to catch the boat-train at six."

"Madame is returning to India?"

"Oh, no! I'm just going over to Paris. Can you make me up a box of your preparations to take? I want to look my best while I'm away. You see"—she smiled almost shyly—"it's to be a kind of second honeymoon."

When she had gone, fragrant and fresh again, Victor went into the adjoining cubicle where the Hon. Baba Mattington waited impatiently. She was kittenish and talkative and everything he disliked in a woman.

"Wasn't that Felicia Charring?" she demanded. "I thought so. Alone? You surprise me! I should have thought Gerald Leicester would have been at her heels. He always is nowadays."

While Victor trimmed her curls she chattered on.

"He was on her husband's staff at Poona, you know. Quite a boy. Twenty-three, I believe, and of course she must be forty if she's a day. Everybody is talking about them. They're utterly indiscreet and they dine together in public night after night. And the funny part about it is that the dear old General hasn't the least suspicion. I'm afraid he'll get a nasty shock one of these fine days when he finds they've bolted together."

Victor's scissors went on with automatic precision, but his mind was in chaos. He was intensely angry with himself. He had fondly imagined he was glorifying this woman for the major, giving the major fresh delight in his wife's beauty; instead he had merely been making her more desirable to another man's eyes and lending her an illusion of sustained youth to charm this inexperienced boy. Victor could clearly gauge the true quality of Felicia's infatuation. He had seen so many other women look back on their fortieth birthdays and then hurl themselves into some unreasonable love affair in unconscious defiance of the encroaching years. Victor could have cursed himself. Outwardly he remained gravely urbane and answered the Hon. Baba's stream of questions about the advisability of a new "cherubic bob."

HE thought a great deal about the major during the next few days, the major who had saved his self-respect, the major who loved this foolish Felicia, fondly deluding herself as she planned a "second honeymoon." By Friday morning Victor had evolved a plan. For the first and last time, he interfered in a client's private affairs.

Soon after three o'clock he rang up Gerald Leicester's flat.

"Mr. Leicester has gone abroad, sir."

"This message is from Mrs. Charring."

"Oh!"

"Yes. She has had to alter her arrangements and she now wants Mr. Leicester to call for her at Victor's, 400 Bond Street, at a quarter to five."

"I'll tell Mr. Leicester at once, sir."

Felicia arrived punctually, dressed for travelling in a sable coat and a little blue hat. Her eyes were sparkling and a laugh underlay her voice. Victor regarded her sombrely.

In the quiet, luxurious cubicle she sat passively as his hands moved over her head and face. Victor worked steadily and swiftly, his ears alert for the sound of Gerald Leicester's voice, easy to distinguish in this feminine place. When at last he heard it, he bowed to Felicia and drew the curtains off the mirror.

Felicia gave a little horrified cry.

"Oh, what have you done?"

For the reflection that looked back at her was no longer a radiantly glowing girl, but a middle-aged woman whose beauty was fast waning. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes stared out between a network of obvious wrinkles, her mouth lacked its old vivid scarlet, and her hair was bunched into clusters of curls accentuating her age all the more pitifully by very contrast.

Victor did not answer her. He was beckoning to Gerald Leicester.

"In here, sir, if you please."

Gerald came in eagerly.

"At last, sweetheart! I wondered—Felicia! Heaven above, what's happened to you?"

HE gazed at her in stricken amazement. Felicia looked at him and saw the doom of her wild, defiant dream. She realised that he was seeing her for the first time as she was—a woman old enough to be his mother, who had spent the best years of her life. In that long, agonising moment, Felicia realised, too, that she had been following only a mirage. Nothing could ever bridge the gulf of years yawning between them. Silently Victor closed the door.

Ten minutes later they came out—Felicia first, muffled in her furs, her face chalk-white, walking erectly to the street door, oblivious of Victor and everything else. Gerald Leicester followed her slowly, miserably, his head bent and his expression puzzled and sullen. Heedless of the bowing Victor, they passed outside. Gerald looked at Felicia as though for a sign. Receiving none, he raised his hat awkwardly and walked away.

Felicia's big car was waiting. The chauffeur had sprung down and opened the door. For an instant Felicia stood irresolute. Then: "Home," she said, in a strangled voice.

Victor watched the limousine bear her out of sight. She would never come to his salon again, of course, but she was going back to the major. That was all that mattered. She was wiser now. The scales had been stripped from her eyes, and when the first shock of it was over she would probably begin to see in true proportions. Gladly, happily, she would stay with her husband, understanding at last that age need have no terrors for the woman wrapped in love's warm mantle, and unspeakably thankful that she had been preserved from self-destruction.

The major would go on caring for her always, contented, happy. Victor smiled. His debt was paid in full.

(Copyright)

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Gorgona Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savouries. ★★★

GRIMWADE
HAND CUT CRYSTAL

THE Reflected Brilliance of a Brush, Comb, and Mirror Set is here handsomely portrayed in this suite taken from the Grimwade Range.

The dazzling beauty of this all-Australian hand-made and hand-cut crystal is unsurpassed for sheer splendour.

PRODUCT of CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS Co. Ltd., SYDNEY
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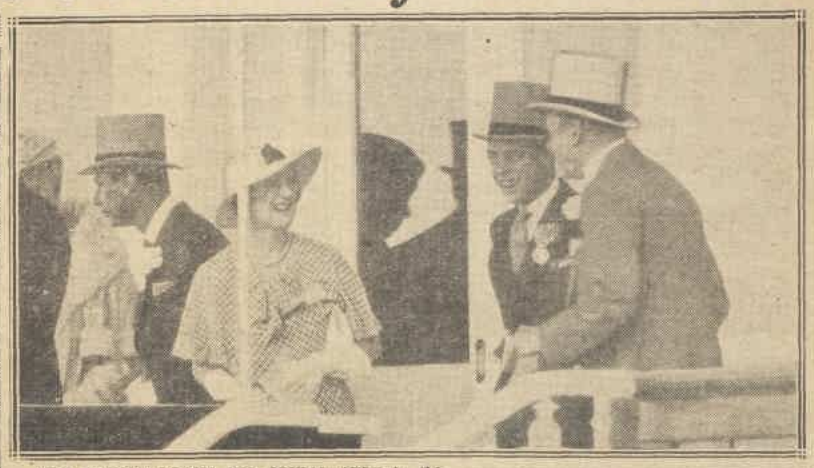
The Prince is His Jovial Self at Ascot

THESE WEIRD AND WONDERFUL HEADDRESSES are authentic copies of aboriginal styles used by the aboriginal ballet in "Collits' Inn," the Australian operetta, now in Sydney. Effiee has announced that "Collits' Inn" will be filmed soon.



THE PRINCE LOOKS HIS JOVIAL SELF in this happy snap of the Royal enclosure at the recent Ascot races. Too frequently we see the Prince in solemn mood, but this photo looks more like old times. He is enjoying a joke with Prince Arthur of Connaught.

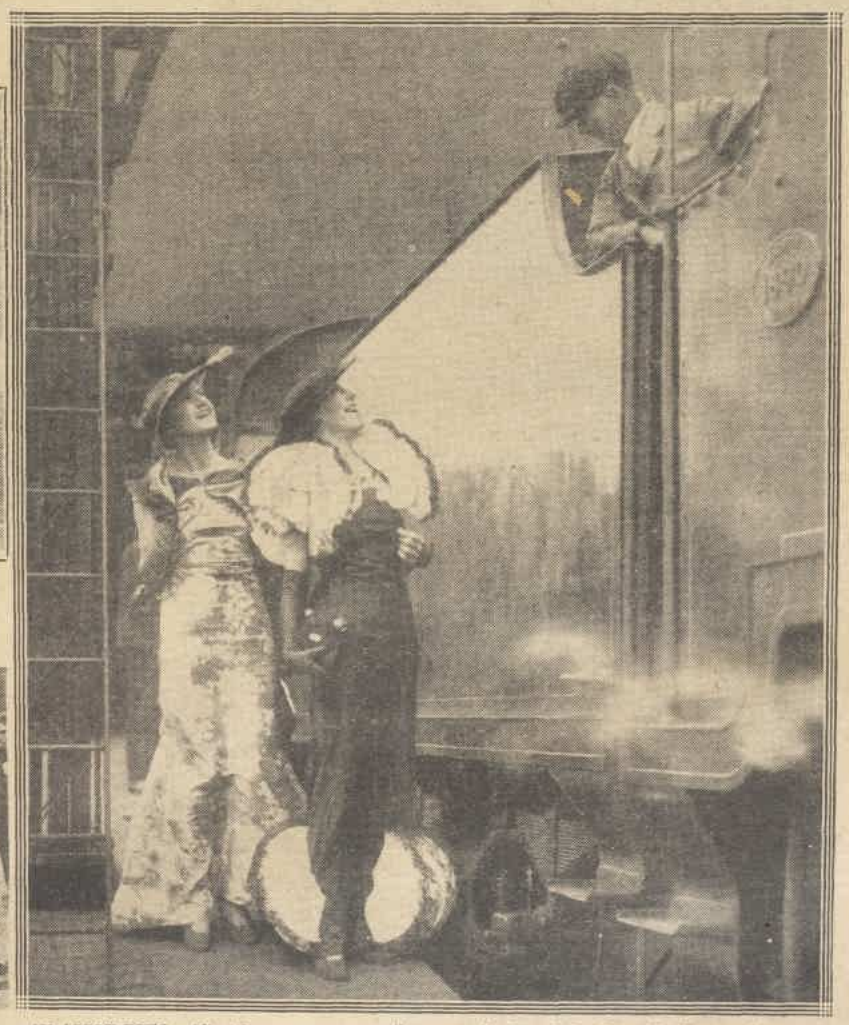
MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT, mother of the American President, with the captain of the Atlantic liner Europa when Mrs. Roosevelt landed at Southampton on a recent visit to England.

MISS PENELOPE MITCHELL must hear some Royal secrets, for she is the daughter of King George's assistant private secretary. Miss Mitchell is a keen horsewoman.

ALICE GIBSON. She had been in six motor accidents, so she took the job of a parachute jumper because she thinks it is safer.

TWO OF THE WORLD'S MOST DISCUSSED CREATIVE ARTISTS, Epstein and Bernard Shaw, the latter fresh from New Zealand. Epstein, the famous sculptor, is doing a study of Shaw which the whole of artistic London is waiting to see.

HERE IS AN 11-FOOT SHARK caught at North Shields, England, of all places. The monster was found to be almost stunning, which makes experts think it had wandered [illegible] way from its native seas. It [illegible]e come from Australia.



AN ASCOT ECHO. After the races were over these smartly-dressed London girls have a chat to the driver of the train which will take them back to the city. Their strange new fashions are a striking contrast to the stern, mechanical simplicity of the powerful engine. The driver of the locomotive seems to find something to be amused at. Of course, the girls may have told him a good joke—but, on the other hand, he may be laughing at their dresses.

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SUPAPERM

Radically new method ensures luxurious waves and curls of great durability and lustre.

MACHINELESS
PERMANENT WAVING!
NO ELECTRICITY USED

•NO MACHINE!
•NO BAKING!
•NO HOT IRONS!

STEAMED HAIR SETS BETTER!

The "SUPAPERM" System has been welcomed by thousands of women with enthusiasm because it has abolished machinery and electricity from the "perm." Many are just a little scared of electricity, and the idea of being strung up to about thirty heaters of an electric machine does not really appeal to even the bravest woman.

The "SUPAPERM" Costs but 25/-

MARCUS CLARK'S
Central Square, Sydney

STARS *of the* AIR *and* STAGE

TWO YOUNG Australian girls whose grit and determination have won them success in their respective spheres prepare to rise to new heights in quite a different way.

Miss Jocelyn Howarth, star of film and stage, now appearing in the lead in "The Wind and the Rain," is ready for a flight with Miss Nancy Bird, our youngest airwoman.

—Women's Weekly photo.

DON'T *Ask Him* WHY

By EMMA

Perhaps the most trying trait in a woman—the thing that spoils more happiness between the sexes than anything else—is an attitude of extreme possessiveness.

THERE is nothing worse than a woman who demands a full detailed account of all the hours a man spends away from her, and who "checks up" on his story to see if he hasn't, by accident or otherwise, omitted a few essentials.

This kind of thing destroys the trust in their relationship. The woman isn't being practical or as clever as she thinks. The man feels much guiltier if he lies to the one he loves when she trusts him than he does if she finds him out and reproaches him.

Also, the attitude of possessiveness adopted by so many women does something which is almost fatal to romance. It makes a man feel caught—imprisoned, somehow. He suddenly realises that he hasn't married a perfect dream—but a shadow!

Give your husband plenty of freedom and he wants bonds. Give him bonds and he longs for freedom.

Women who try to be cute after the age for cuteness is past are pathetic creatures in the eyes of sensible women, and aggravating humbugs to any man who calls himself a man and not a blind fool.

Maturity is beautiful and interesting. But maturity decked in childish raiment is ugly and irritating.

There are heaps and heaps of questions women will persist in asking their husbands. Questions which are quite annoying to the tired man, just home after a hard day in the city. Keep romance by all means, but keep it with delicate subtleties, and not questions such as:—

"What kept you late, dear?" That is the stock question that greets every married man when he arrives home five minutes late.

"What, more work again to-night?" Pity the poor husband who arrives home with a bundle of work under his arm, and at whom this question is directed.

"When will we be able to buy a new car?"

"Did you know the Smiths have a new car?"

"Can't you work overtime to earn a little more?"

"Why don't you ask for a rise?"

THOSE RECURRING HEADACHES!

Annandale Lady writes:—

"Terrible pains in the head and attacks of neuralgia tortured me and I became so bad that I had to resign from my business post; I was too ill to continue. A chemist strongly advised Bile Beans, saying they were a splendid remedy for such ailments. I followed his advice, and before I had finished the contents of the first box I noticed a great improvement in my condition. Persevering with Bile Beans I was restored to perfect health." Mrs. E. S., Annandale, N.S.W.

Try a dose of Bile Beans to-night. One, or two, according to your condition, and note how fresh and bright you feel to-morrow.

1/3 box (40 pills) 3/- (120 pills)
Of all Chemists and Stores.

What toll they take of nerves and temper. "Don't bang the door, children." "Do stop Towzer barking." "Oh! who is that ringing?" Dreaded days . . . but how can Mother be unruffled with throbbing temples and burning head?

Serious as this trouble is, it yields quickly to Bile Beans, for headaches are generally due to a sluggish liver or derangement of the digestive organs. A nightly dose of Bile Beans is a sure remedy for these conditions. With the bowels regular, food passing naturally through the system and the blood and nerves extracting every ounce of benefit therefrom, headaches quickly pass away.

TAKE BILE BEANS FOR
CONSTIPATION
LIVER TROUBLE
INDIGESTION
HEADACHE
DIZZINESS
PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ANÆMIA
ETC. ETC.

BILE BEANS

NEXT SATURDAY AT TOWN HALL
FLORENCE
AUSTRAL
"The World's Loveliest Voice"
In association with the famous Pianist,
JOHN AMADIO
Assisting Artist: RAYMOND LAMBERT.
All Seats Bookable at Paling's.

Always in season—Bisto for all meat dishes

"Skill is not art, but a means to art."—Opdyke.

"The perfection of art is the destruction of art."—Hazlitt.

"Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms."—George Eliot.

J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD.
ROYAL . . . . . at 8
MATINEES WED. and SAT. at 2.
Cyril Ritchard, Madge Elliott
in "GAY DIVORCE"
With Gee Blunt, Leo Franklyn, Madge Aubrey, Frank Leighton, Isabelle Mahon

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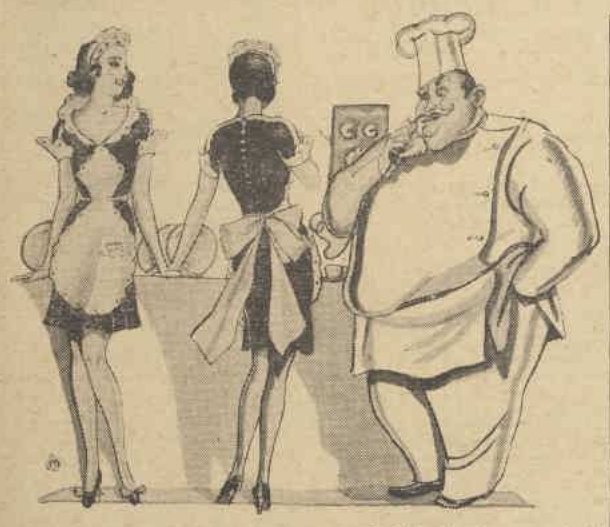
Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow When we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, They'll still be evergreen."

Conducted by . . . . . L. W. LOWER



HOTEL CHEF (at telephone): Twenty pounds of flathead—and one pound of fresh for the boss.

"Is this the paper that tells women How to Keep Young?"
"Yes."
"Well, I want to know how to keep seven of them."

BROTHER: Do you know what Jean said to me the other night?
SISTER: No.
BROTHER: How did you guess?

GOLFER: Caddie, isn't Major out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he had?
CADDIE: Seventeen ordinary, sir, and one apoplectic.

LADY: My man, if you'll beat my carpet I'll give you a pancake; there it is on that fence.
TRAMP: Wot; th' carpet or th' pancake?

"Only an angel could fly away from you once we're in the air."
"Only an angel would want to!"

INHALATION Treatment
of greatest lasting benefit for
LUNG TROUBLE
and other
CHEST complaints

Definite proof is available that this INHALATION Remedy has given wonderful, immediate ease and permanent relief, even when all hope had been given up. And there has been no recurrence of the trouble. Here is a genuine hope of new joy in life for you, as a sufferer.

These brief extracts show results such as are reported almost daily.

LUNG TROUBLE

"I am very pleased with the progress I have made through using Membrosus. It is great to feel so well after years of suffering. I have gained 13 pounds weight and my chest feels quite sound. The cough is gone now and there is very little sputum, and the pains in the chest have cleared up. I feel better than I have done for 20 years."

ASTHMA

"My wife has been a sufferer from Asthma for over 14 years. Doctors could only give relief. Membrosus cured her, and she has not had an attack for six years now."

BRONCHITIS

"I have just completed a month's treatment of Membrosus. The cough has eased considerably, in fact it has almost stopped. I am also eating and sleeping much better, and the Catarrh is just about cured."

CATARRH

"The stuffiness and discharge from the nostrils are steadily diminishing, and I find that my hearing and sense of smell are becoming keener than I have known them to be for years."

MEMBROSUS (REGD.) INHALATION REMEDY

Send for particulars and copies of letters from patients, enclosing a stamped envelope, mentioning your complaint, to MR. C. E. MUIR, OF IRVINE LTD., CHEMISTS, 183 VICTORIA RD., DRUMMOYNE, SYDNEY, Sole Distributor for Australia and New Zealand.

STAMMERING CURED
BY EXACT MEDICALLY-SCIENTIFIC METHODS
Write to L. B. DOBSON (M.P.S., Ph.C., Sydney University, M.I.O., M.O.O.A.), 338 BURWOOD RD., BELMORE, N.S.W. 'Phone, UL1836.
Specialising in Stammering, Stuttering, Nervous Impediment and other Speech Defects. Valuable information (free) by sufferer now cured, explaining the Physical and psychological causes, effects and cure of Stammering. Every case individually trained and instructed, by postal or personal course, exactly how to speak instead of stammering. Your life's handicap permanently banished and SELF-CONFIDENCE REGAINED.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE small son of the house had been staring thoughtfully at his grandfather.

"Well, John," said the old man, "and what are you thinking about?"

"I was wondering, grandpa," replied the child, "if you were ever in the Ark?"

"Great heavens, no!"

"Then why weren't you drowned?"

WIFE: Harry, I'm ready now—I thought you were dressed and waiting?

Hubby: I was ready, but you will have to wait until I shave again.

TEACHER (to pupil): Spell straight.

Pupil: STRAIGHT.

Teacher: Correct! What does it mean?

Pupil: Without ginger ale.

OWNER OF ANTIQUATED CAR: Can you direct me to the British Museum?

Taxi-driver: There you are, Alf. What did I tell you?

SHE: I wonder why Scotsmen always walk up and down while playing their bagpipes?

He: It makes them harder to hit!

"I TOOK up this game," said the hopeless novice to his caddy, "merely to practise self-control."

"What a pity; you ought to have taken on caddying, sir."

A SMALL boy looked up from the book he was reading. "Dad," he asked, "what is a committee?"

"A committee, my son," replied his parent, "is a body that keeps minutes and wastes hours."

What delicacy of FLAVOUR
What stimulating REFRESHMENT
When you DRINK
GOLDENIA TEA

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, C1.

SYDNEY: 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

LONDON: 102-3 Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, London, EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly Box 1551E G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.

EMPIRE'S *Women* at BIG *London* MEETING

Australian Delegates at Rally to Urge Women's Interests!

From MURIEL SEGAL, our special representative in Europe.

All women have been very interested in the proceedings of the British Commonwealth League, which has been holding the big annual conference in London.

Important subjects of vital interest to women have been discussed, and well-known women in Australian political circles have represented the Commonwealth and presented the Australian woman's point of view and her problems.

MRS. GUY INNES, chairman of the British Commonwealth League.

THE Commonwealth League, whose aim is "to secure equality of liberties, status, and opportunities between men and women in the British Commonwealth of Nations," represents the affiliated women's movements throughout Britain and her Dominions.

Mrs. Guy Innes is chairman and amongst the vice-presidents are Viscountess Astor, M.P., Mrs. Rischbieth (Australia), Miss Amy Kane, N.Z., and Her Highness the Maharanee of Cooch Behar, India.

The Australian societies represented included The Australian Federation of Women Voters; The Feminist Club, Sydney; The Queensland Women's Electoral League; United Associations, Sydney; Women's Non-Party Association of South Australia; Women's Service Guilds of Western Australia; Women's Non-Party Association, Tasmania.

Miss Ruby Rich invited me to the opening held at the League's headquarters in the Adelphi, where Mrs. Guy Innes welcomed the various delegates who came from Canada, South Africa, India, and New Zealand, not to speak of every corner of Australia, to this big Conference.

Although this League is now so important and so powerful, it had its birth many years ago, when Lady Colborn gathered together in her London home a nucleus of Australian women living in London, and formed the Australian Federation of Women Voters.

This was at the time when women were struggling for their vote, and this handful of Australians banded together to add their strength to the English women's ranks.

THE three days allotted to discussions proved a tremendous success, and brilliant speeches were given by our own representatives. Mrs. Carlile McDonnell, J.P., gave a particularly inspired address on "Disarmament," and Mrs. Clark Rees, Miss Ada Bromham, Mrs. Hornabrook, Mrs. Scott Mullin and Miss Ruby Rich were other eloquent speakers in the cause of women's improved status.

On Wednesday evening the League gave a party, choosing as the setting the lovely old house in Kensington which used to belong to the famous artist, Lord Leighton. Miss Nancy Weir played exquisitely, and we had some great pleasure from violin solos rendered by Mr. Gainsford of Sydney, who is one of the musical successes of the London season.

Among the distinguished guests were Miss Marie Ney, the New Zealand actress, Mrs. Israel Sieff, the famous Zionist, and Miss Helen Simpson, the well-known Australian novelist.

The long list of well-known English visitors would take too long to recount. One, however, was most delightful. Miss Eleanor Rathbone, the famous English M.P., came on from the House of Commons and talked to the company in her inimitably invigorating style which has won her such political success. She spoke of the value Britishers attached to freedom, and a famous old Bishop of her acquaintance who said, "Freedom before sobriety; freedom before cleanliness, freedom before purity."

TWO NURSES *Leave for Lonely* OUTPOST in W.A.

Will Fly to Mission Station in the Far North West!

Setting out for their first experience as outback nurses, Sisters Eva Johnson and Margaret Anderson, of Melbourne, are on their way to Hall's Creek, 40 miles from Derby on the north coast of West Australia.

THE population of Hall's Creek consists of sixteen white people, some aborigines, and 80 goats which supply milk and butter for the Presbyterian Inland Mission Hospital, where the two nurses will take charge.

They will be two of the four white women residents at Hall's Creek. The other two are the hotelkeeper's and the policeman's wives.

Both nurses are used to mildly rural existence. Sister Johnson spent her girlhood in Heidelberg, and was a Girl Guide, and Sister Anderson comes from Kyneton. Neither of them, however, has been called upon to be so resourceful as they will have to be at Hall's Creek.

As well as acting as dentist, nurse, midwife, dispenser, and sometimes doctor, they will bake their own bread, grow their own vegetables in the cool season, and, with the assistance of their aboriginal staff, make their own butter.

The journey will occupy ten days, the nurses travelling by train to Perth, and from there to Hall's Creek by plane.

Scarcity of water and plentiful supplies of mosquitoes will be the nurses' main troubles. Casualties or fever on the cattle stations near Hall's Creek provide most of the cases for the little hospital where the nurses will be assisted by two lubras and a boy. Patients are sometimes brought a distance of 300 miles over the rough roads for treatment.

The nurses will receive their mail once a week by air from Perth, and once a month from Derby—from March to November by motor truck, and in the summer by pack-horse, the trip taking 16 to 18 days.

SISTER EVA JOHNSON.
—Broothorn.

They will be welcomed to the hospital by Sisters Maddocks and Allan, who have been in charge of the hospital for two years. When the new sisters have been introduced to the township and the hospital, Sister Maddocks and Sister Allan will leave for Brisbane via the Northern Territory with a car party.

A blush is no language. Only a dubious flag-signal which may mean either of two contradictories.—George Eliot.

When you're up to the neck in hot water, think of the kettle—and sing.—Anon.

HOSY HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

New writers: "So They Say" contributors who have not yet had letters published should endorse their letters, "New Writer."

CRICKETERS' WIVES

I EXPECT I shall raise a storm of dissension when I say I read with amazement the article on "Test Cricket and Wives" (14/7/'34). Is the writer really serious, or is it a gigantic leg-pull?

It savors of the ludicrous, to read how Don Bradman misses the coddling of Mrs. Bradman, etc. It makes one ask, "Where are the Test he-men of yesterday?" It appears they did very well in the past, even though temporarily bereft of their loving spouses, and we never heard of their suffering from "nerves."

I think the Board of Control can be trusted to know what they are doing in this matter. Wives "en masse" are a problem, and friction would result which would certainly cause "nerves" and worse to the manager of the team, if not to the members.

£1 for this letter to D. E. Prior, 4 Duncan St., Ballarat, Vic.

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THE HIGHER EDUCATION

I OVERHEARD in the train the other day the scathing comment of a lady, "What was her University education to her?—she only got married." Now, why should a woman who is to be a mother be debarred from all the pleasures of culture to be obtained from a University education? Rather does she need them the more to counteract the narrowing tendency to which all female flesh is heir. Why do people for the most part judge the value of a possession by the amount it brings in weekly in hard cash?

Mrs. Marjorie H. Rothwell, B.A., Junction St., Schofields, N.S.W.

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ARE WE SO SHOCKING?

THERE is not one reason in the world why a woman should not smoke when and where she pleases (re Miss Joan Potter's letter, 28/7/'34). Having been fortunate enough to lead a more adventurous life than the majority of people, I have been wandering the globe ceaselessly for years, and I find it impossible to count the number of countries where women indulge in smoking, both in the privacy of their own homes or in public.

When will Australian women realise that criticism in this direction is never a help? I do not see why smoking should be viewed adversely; we need the sting and spin of novelty. Are we really so shocking?

Miss Dolores Nicholl, c/o Sandgate P.O., Qld.

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TOENAILS NEXT

HAVE the days passed when it was considered not only a breach of etiquette but unclean to manicure one's fingernails in public, or when anyone at all was near?

The other day while travelling in a city tramcar I saw two girls well dressed in evening clothes bring out their nail-files and clean their nails—a proceeding which occupied the whole length of the journey.

That night, when returning home, the conductor produced a penknife and cut and cleaned his fingernails.

One wonders if it will be their toenails next!

Miss M. Myles, 88 Greenhill Rd., Knoxville, S.A.

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RADIO SERVICE

I WAS surprised to read of some of our leading ministers objecting to radio in country pulpits. It is true, as Rev. Norman Millar says, that it is a very poor substitute, but is not half a loaf better than no loaf at all?

I should think that a radio service, properly carried out, with hymns to suit the various hymnbooks, and with the prayers and announcements made by the acting preacher, and without forgetting the collection, would be a great advantage to those country churches where worshippers can only meet once a month or so. And I think that we country people are broad-minded enough to listen-in to any denomination. I myself would like to see a radio station for the sole purpose of Church broadcasting.

Mrs. A. Wells, Maleny P.O., N.C. Line, Qld.

Women who Wash on the Sabbath

I FEEL compelled to answer a letter appearing on July 21, "Washing on Sunday."

I have to go to business daily. I arrive home about 2 p.m., Saturday afternoon, tidy the house, etc., and it is well into the afternoon before I am able to hang the laundry out to dry, having little hope, especially during the winter months, of its drying the same day. Therefore, the clothes must be put out again on Sunday morning. I trust next time the writer—who is fortunate to be able to spend Sundays motoring—will spare a kindly thought in passing for the busy housewife, knowing there must be a good reason why the family laundry flutters in the Sunday breezes.

Mrs. M. Adams, P.O., Coogee, N.S.W.

Should Be Ashamed

RE "Washing on Sunday." Surely time can be found through the week to do the family wash. I heard of one woman who leaves it until Sunday, so that her husband can help. Any woman who is well and strong should be ashamed to leave the washing for her husband to do. Why not get it done on Monday, and have the rest of the week free?

Mrs. S. Williams, 27 Mount St., W. Preston, N.18, Melbourne.

Women Should Rest

SUNDAY work is repugnant to Christians because of the breaking of the Sabbath, and it is most distasteful to them to see washing on the line on that day. Apart from that, men and women need a rest from regular work. Women ought to regard Sunday as their day of rest and not do any work on that day.

Miss Felice Sterne, Dragon St., Warwick, Qld.

They Have To

MRS. WARDELL (21/7/'34) wonders why she sees so much laundry fluttering on the lines on Sundays. One very good reason is that about seven out of ten working-class wives have to go out to work to keep the wolf from the door, and they have no choice in the matter. They have to spend Sunday washing and cleaning their own homes. Also wardrobes have become so depleted that scores of folk spend Sunday in old garments and a kimono, while their precious raiment is in the wash. It may be bad management in a few cases, but it is more often dire necessity.

Miss Edith Thomason, 276 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

The Necessity for Women to Cast their Votes

IN reply to Miss M. Bottero (21/7/'34), there is an absolute necessity for all who have attained their majority to vote. To say that voting should be done by only those who feel so inclined, is not in keeping with the ideals of Democracy, which is government by the will of the people for the weal of the people, and NOT government by some of the people.

These are times in which ignorance cannot be excused, as the materials of knowledge are everywhere at hand, waiting to be utilised; and a little political knowledge is a necessity to all who have the welfare of their country at heart.

Miss M. Nash, 15 Haldane Crescent, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Waste of Time

I READ with interest Miss Bottero's letter about voting, for I, too, have often wondered why we must vote or be fined. The tired, overworked mother, without help, cannot always get the time off from her busy home duties.

Would it not be better if, instead of being fined and wasting our own time, as well as the judges' in court, we were made to give a small compulsory contribution to our general hospitals—we would have the satisfaction of knowing where our money was going to.

G. L. Chung, Travellers' Aid Lodge, King St., Melbourne.

Unworthy of the Vote

IN answer to Miss Bottero (21/7/'34), I would like to say that anyone—man or woman—who cares so little for the glory and welfare of our Empire that they do not wish to vote, should not be fined for not exercising their franchise, but should be deprived of the power to vote for ever.

Any voter who wishes to do so can without very much trouble, become conversant with the policies of the parties and the views of individual members.

Miss M. H. Hilton, Wallaroo S.A.

Mentally Lazy

I DO not think we should leave the voting to "more politically-minded people," as there may be some among them who are unscrupulous.

The vote is our privilege, and also our duty, not only to ourselves, but to posterity. It is not what our ancestors ate and wore, but what they **thought**, that matters to us, and so we pass the matter on. Some people, more especially women, are too mentally lazy to think for themselves.

Mrs. B. Schaefer, 46 Hunter St., Bankstown, N.S.W.

People Who Marry Too Young

THERE appears to be no logical reason why young marriages should not be eminently successful. Granted, a young couple are more easily hurt, hastier in speech, and prone on occasions to displays of temper and petty jealousy, but to their credit let it be said that they are quick to forgive, genuinely sorry for angry words, and anxious always to preserve that spirit of camaraderie that is essential to happy married life.

A reader in July 21 issue remarked that young couples may feel that they have been cheated out of their gayest time of life by marrying young. Personally, my gayest times have occurred after marriage, and in any case if they feel that they are in danger of missing gay times by marriage, the only satisfactory reply is, "Why get married?"

W. Pierson, Gage St., Firle, S.A.

Age Does Not Count

WHAT is this very gay time they have been cheated of by marrying young?

I know numbers of girls who have had far more social life and have travelled more since their marriage than they did before. Married or single, they can enjoy the same amusements and sports. And if a "gay time" implies flirtations and petting parties, there are those to whom such diversions never appeal. Some people if married at forty would always be giddy and frivolous.

J. E. Blake, Wyuna Town, via Kyabram, Vic.

Marry in Haste—

I AGREE with Mrs. Wood of Queensland (21/7/'34) that young marriages do not tend to make married life "perfect bliss," except in rare cases. The views of young people change greatly as they grow older.

Choosing one's partner for life is a serious problem, but young people are apt to disregard this and rush headlong into hasty marriage, with the result that very soon they discover the grave mistake they have committed by their inexperience. Do not marry, ladies, before you are 25 years of age.

Miss M. Heighway, 222 Carrington Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.

Youth Unfitted

IN reply to Mrs. W. P. Wood (21/7/'34), I think early marriages a mistake. In many cases the mind is undeveloped and to a great degree changes later in life. To make a successful marriage real understanding, as well as love, is necessary, and in my opinion the young marriages in most cases are not fitted for it.

Mrs. A. Winsor, Box 144, Mackay, Qld.

Individuals Alter Cases

IN reply to Mrs. Wood (21/7/'34), individuals alter cases. Personally speaking, I was married young (18), have been married nearly seven years, and have a family of four children. I never feel I have been cheated of "my gayest time" in life, as I find all the gaiety I need among my family. I think one gets a lot of fun watching the little ones grow, and if true love is present I don't see where there would be any room for sighing over lost "gaiety." On the other hand, of course, if one were married to the wrong "Mr. Wright," I dare say, children or no, a certain amount of time would be spent in mourning the early marriage and in vain regret at not having "waited a few years."

Mrs. Vic Savige, P.O., Moe, Vic.

EXCITING MOMENTS

ALLOW me to say something for the readers over shoulders in trams, etc.

As an offender in this respect my experience is that there is no paper so enthralling as that perused over an alie.., and very likely unfriendly, shoulder. Over and over again have I been agog—my hair positively standing on end—at the exciting headlines scanned across a cold shoulder, only to find on securing a paper for myself that there is absolutely nothing in it. Where the explanation of this phenomenon may lie is beyond my comprehension, but there it is. And I can but add that one must get one's excitemen, where one finds it.

Miss M. Stanley, 26 Wellington St., Bondi, N.S.W.

Screen Oddities By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

MILLINERY "SPECIALS"

OBSERVING in a millinery window several hats above a large sign, "Specials," I entered the shop, and a lady attendant approached me. I requested her to show me a certain attractive hat displayed over the sign 9/11. Examining it to my satisfaction, with the intention of purchasing, I was informed in expressive tones, "A very nice hat, Madam, only 29/6." I pointed to the sign indicating "Specials, 9/11," from where the hat was taken. I was then informed so charmingly, "But this is an English velour, and a model, Madam." I thanked the lady, politely remarking I would never enter the shop again. This was only one of many former experiences.

Another little experience has taught me not to enter my lady's parlor when I see that very minute word "From" alongside large figure prices extremely out of proportion in size to that very tiny word.

Strange as it may seem, perhaps, I have heard on many sides adverse remarks re the signs indicated by me. Therefore, apparently, I am not alone in my complaints.

Miss Irene Stevens, Erigala, North Pde., Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE

It is not sporting to show ill-feeling when the game goes against you. A good sport acknowledges the winner's superiority.

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SEPARATE HOLIDAYS

SHOULD husbands and wives have separate holidays is a question I have often heard discussed. I say "No," as I think that when a couple marry they have many battles to win their happiness and prosperity, so why not both share together the joys of a holiday? And when they arrive home everything is fresh to them again.

Mrs. M. MacRae, 9 Howson St., Armadale, SE3, Melbourne.

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THE TROUBLESOME TEENS

SHOULD the mothers of to-day object to their daughters in their teens attending dances and parties, because, as they say, "in their days they were never permitted to do so until they were at least twenty"?

In my opinion the progress made in all directions during the past few years would more than balance a few years' difference in age, and I do not consider it wrong for young girls to attend dances and parties. Of course, I admit, if they have a surfeit of them they are likely to become blase in a little while.

What do the mothers of other young girls think, and how do you act in the case of your own daughters?

Betty Dumas (16½ years), 143 Payneham Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

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POETIC JUSTICE

"DO we get what we ask for?" Much has been written by correspondents of the discourtesy of the public. People read over their shoulders; girls and women smoke in public; old people repulse those who offer them help.

I travel long distances by train, and could quote a hundred little courtesies that are shown to me daily. Last week a young girl with a cigarette in her mouth carried my suitcase the length of the station and put it in the train for me. I have frequently been offered a paper or magazine by a fellow traveller, and if I have ever been fortunate enough to render a tiny service to an old person I have always been met with thanks.

Let us hear more of the help and courtesy shown to us and less of the unpleasantness. Do we get what we look for? I think so.

M. D. Horn, Wagstaffe Point, N.S.W.

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AMAZING *Rush* of ENTRIES for *Our Big* SCREEN TEST!

Miss Margaret M. Bryant, Hotel Gresham, Druitt St., Sydney.
—Lupton Studios.

CLOSING days of our Screen Personality Quest brought a rush of entries which was little short of overwhelming. Extra staff had to be engaged to cope with the immediate clerical work entailed.

From every corner of the State came the entries for this popular competition which The Australian Women's Weekly is conducting in conjunction with the City of Sydney Eisteddfod Committee, Cinesound, and the Cinema Academy. It is confidently anticipated that, as a result, much Australian talent will be discovered by the judges.

Mr. A. Andreoni, Albany Rd., Petersham.
—Mayfair Studio.

Mr. Cecil Knowland, Gould St., North Bondi.
—Norton Studio.

Miss Phyl Jacobs, Balfour Rd., Rose Bay.
—Van Dyke.

Miss Joan Bardon, Carringdon Rd., Randwick.
—Dorothy Welding.

Winners May Become World Famous

SOME of the names in the long lists of entries received may, as a result of this contest, become world-famous. The quest may open the golden door of fortune and success to the winners, and place Australia high on the film star honor scroll.

Whatever the result, the quest adds a new chapter to the film history of Australia. No similar contest has been conducted on such lines. No effort and no expense has been spared to find the talented people in every portion of New South Wales.

Usually, residents of country districts are at a great disadvantage in such contests, but, in this instance, special provision has been made for country contestants by the organising of judgings to be held in suitable country centres.

Undoubtedly the prospect of a screen career has attractions for people of every type and in almost every avenue of employment. This is amply proved by the widely representative character of the entries received.

The organising of the contest has entailed an immense amount of work, and it is cheering to note that readers realise and appreciate this.

One leading citizen wrote: "There's no doubt about it, The Australian Women's Weekly is a live, enterprising paper. It seems game to tackle any problem, however formidable, for the benefit of its readers, and, to my mind, the Screen Personality Quest is one of the most valuable contests ever conducted by a newspaper."

Mr. Fraser Shaw, Pitt St., Sydney.
—Florence Mellor Studio.

Details of Judging

SYDNEY judgings will commence on Thursday, August 23, and will continue till finalised. Full entries will be announced in our next issue.

The time and place of each country judging is as follows:—

Bathurst, on Monday, August 13, at the City Theatre from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 2 p.m. till 3.30 p.m.

Cootamundra, on Wednesday, August 15, at the Arcadia Theatre from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. till 3.30 p.m.

Newcastle, on Monday, August 20, and Tuesday, August 21, at the Greater Union Theatre, from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m., and from 2 p.m. till 4 p.m. each day.

At **Tamworth** and **Lismore** the adjudications will take place between the 2nd and 5th of September. The exact dates will be announced later. Contestants in the southern districts—those whose nearest centre is either Bathurst or Cootamundra—have already been notified by post of the time and place to present themselves. If by any chance you have not received notification please communicate with us immediately.

Contestants who desire to avail themselves of railway concessions are advised to write for them at once, stating between which stations they intend to travel.

Competitors are once again reminded that for the first test they will choose their own selection, and this must not exceed two minutes' duration.

All photographs can be collected at the conclusion of judging, but those for which stamps have been forwarded will be returned by post.

The BIG *Prizes*

A part in a Cinesound production. £50 for the woman winner. £50 for the man winner. Free course of tuition at the Cinema Academy. Cash prizes and certificates from the City of Sydney Eisteddfod. Screen tests costing £25 each for twelve finalists.

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POLO *Carnival* . . . at QUIRINDI!

From Our Special Correspondent

QUIRINDI, Tuesday.

FINE weather favored the three-days' polo carnival which commenced on Monday at Quirindi.

The large attendance was evidence of the widespread interest being taken in the revival of this important polo event.

The first day's results were:

Hurricanes: (W. Bishop, F. Crane, C. W. Simson, F. Bragg) 10 goals 10 behinds beat Mornington (P. G. Smith, L. Waller, C. Brown, M. Cudmore) 1 goal 7 behinds. Inverell (G. Forster, J. E. Macleod, H. G. Munro, Doug. Munro) 11 goals 12 behinds beat Old Tamarangs (A. J. Rabone, E. R. Finlayson, R. Simson, A. J. Campbell) 2 goals 6 behinds. Muswellbrook (H. Bell, A. Gilder, D. White, W. Mitchell-hill) 6 goals 13 behinds beat Tamworth (G. A. Wiseman, T. Vickery, R. Fraser, A. Stewart) 5 goals 5 behinds. Tingaroo a bye.

The second day of the carnival was gloriously bright, and the attendance was again good. The polo was not of a high standard, except the match between Inverell and Tingaroo, where some excellent play was witnessed, the former's combination proving too much for the Scone team.

Inverell is to meet Hurricanes in the final of the Northern Challenge Cup.

To-day's details are: Old Tamarangs, 9 goals 12 behinds beat Tamworth 1 goal 7 behinds. Inverell 7 goals 11 behinds beat Tingaroo 3 goals 5 behinds. Hurricanes 6 goals 10 behinds beat Muswellbrook 3 goals 9 behinds.

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MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McCALL

Concerning Child Prodigies —Menuhin and Others!

ACCORDING to the dictionary a prodigy is something marvellous, unusual, astonishing. In the matter of music a prodigy usually implies a child with extraordinary musical gifts and ability.

The history of music is full of the names of prodigies whose talents were fruitful of genius, such as Mozart; but there must be hundreds and hundreds of names forgotten because their owners failed to sustain the prodigious in their later years.

In these days of exaggeration in publicity there is a temptation to hail every precocious musical youngster as a prodigy, but there is no doubt that our stressful times have produced many children of peculiar brilliance.

In Soviet Russia there is a girl of 12 who has startled the critics and the musicians with her uncanny ability as a conductor of symphony orchestras playing such things as Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique."

MARY HOSKING, whose brilliant acting was a feature of the Independent Theatre Club's new production of the Irish play, "The Plough and the Stars," by Sean O'Casey, at the Savoy last Saturday. The play, which is well worth seeing, will be repeated every Saturday night for a short season.

Next year we are to hear the amazing Yehudi Menuhin, who now, at the age of 17, is regarded by many authorities as the greatest living violinist. When he was only a little over eight he was soloist with some of America's leading orchestras, eventually being taken up by Toscanini. His career since then has been one long triumphal procession through America, Europe and Britain.

Another American product who has been hardly less successful than Menuhin is little Ruddiero Ricci, another pupil of Louis Persinger.

In Australia we have experienced the gifts of the little Adelaide pianist, Philip Hargrave, who is yet to be approved overseas. We have sent abroad the talented Maclean family, of Sydney, of whom the youngest, Dorcas, was playing the Mendelssohn concerto in Sydney with all the grace, dexterity and aplomb of a first-class adult fiddler, when she was only twelve.

Whether these Australian children deserve to be called prodigies cannot yet be said. It matters little, in any case, so long as their musicianship is allowed to ripen and develop by natural and unforced training.

Meanwhile, another unusually clever young pianist, Jack Freeman, has arisen in Sydney. This 12-years-old boy is no mean writer of music, too. He is arousing justifiable interest in musical circles, and deserves all possible practical encouragement.

Piano Pictures

A NOVEL type of piano recital is promised for the 2BL State programme on August 14 by the New Zealander, Frederick Hyde. During a visit to Norfolk Island, Mr. Hyde was inspired by the beauty of nature to write a number of pieces. His idea now is to give a series of informal talks on the Island, with these compositions as a background.

An Englishman, Mr. Hyde has lived practically all his life at Timaru (New Zealand). Most of his studies were in the Dominion, but he also had tuition in Cologne. He has done a good deal of teaching and conducting, and formed the first large orchestra in Timaru, which was heard over the air a good deal. He has been music-master at leading schools at Timaru.

Besides the Norfolk Island feature, Mr. Hyde has prepared a group of Bird pieces, including Paimgren's "Swan," Daquin's "The Cuckoo," Cyril Scott's "Water Wagtail," MacDowell's "Eagle," Hill's "Doves," Coleridge Taylor's "Bird Scene," and Frank Hutchens' "Kookaburra."

Collier-Sumner Tour

ASSOCIATED in their engagement with the Broadcasting Commission, which begins on August 12 in Melbourne, the Australian baritone, Frederick Collier, and Marshall Sumner, pianist, will provide part of the first hour from 3LO.

Both artists are front-rank people with overseas reputations. For the programme on Sunday night, compositions from the lighter "classics" have been freely drawn upon, so that works of Handel and Chopin are found cheek by jowl with those of the more recent Vaughan Williams and Granados. The vocalist's grand opera penchant is indicated in his selection of the recitative and air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," while the pianist's divergent interests are reflected in his choice of such contrasting pieces as Busoni's arrangement of a Bach organ fugue and a Spanish dance by Lecuona.

Florence Austral

FLORENCE AUSTRAL, possessor beyond doubt of one of the grandest soprano voices of the day, has been fervently welcomed back to her native land in her concerts in the southern and western capitals. Her Sydney season opens at the Town Hall on Saturday night in association with her eminent flautist husband, and Raymond Lambert, the Melbourne pianist.

Madame Austral is to sing excerpts from opera, lieder of Schubert and Richard Strauss, and modern English songs.

Former Cossack Singer

STEPHEN ARTEMOFF, the lyric tenor who is to sing from 2BL on Friday night, August 17, is a Russian, and came to Australia with the Don Cossack Choir.

Other Concert Fixtures

EILEEN DEVIR, a violinist from the studio of Florent Hoogstoel, is to give a recital at the Forum Club on August 9. The programme will include Mozart's "D Major Concerto," Handel's "Sonata in E Major," and a suite by Sinding. Assisting artists are to be Lance Jeffree (tenor) and Bessie Coleman (accompanist).

THE AUSTRALIAN film actress, Miss Merle Oberon, aged 23, who is reported to be engaged to Mr. Joseph Schenck, aged 51, president of United Artists, and former husband of Norma Talmadge.

Dr. Edgar Bainton, the new director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium, announces two interesting concerts for August—chamber music on the 15th, and orchestral on the 22nd. At the first will be heard the Beethoven Quartet in C, Opus 59, No. 3, the Delius violin and piano sonata, and the Frank Hutchens piano quintet. The Conservatorium Choir also will sing madrigals and part songs.

At the orchestral concert the main items will be Elgar's "Enigma Variations," Sibelius' "En Saga," Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture No. 3, and a first Sydney performance of Lalo's Concerto in F Major, the solo violinist being Florent Hoogstoel.

A concert and conversazione is to be held by the British and International Music Society at the Art Society's Exhibition in the Education Building on August 13. The artists will be Gwen Selva, Raymond Beatty, Nora Williamson, and Winifred Burston.

Another chamber music evening has been arranged by the N.S.W. Musical Association. It will be held at Paling's Hall on August 13.

Sunday Concerts

THE series of orchestral concerts arranged by the Professional Musicians and the Municipal Council with the object of assisting unemployed professional musicians, has proved very popular. Already Messrs. Stan Porter and the Regent orchestra, Fred Quintrell and "Collits' Inn" orchestra, and Howard Carr of the Philharmonic Society, have consented to combine forces with The City of Sydney Orchestra and present a programme at the Town Hall. Next Sunday afternoon Mr. Albert Cazabon is conducting the Prince Edward orchestra, Miss Marie Breminer, soprano, and Mr. Laurence Godfrey Smith, solo pianist, are assisting. The programme will include Mr. Cazabon's "Song of the Bridge," "L'apprenti Sorcier" (Dukas), and the overture "Russlau and Ludmilla" (Glinka).

WIN A PRIZE BY SOLVING THIS SIMPLE PUZZLE

Can you solve these words? The letters when arranged in their right order and the missing letters added make a word, the meaning of which is given in the first column. When you have solved the word, prove your answer by adding the numbers (from the key given), and if you are right your total will be the same as in column 3, e.g., No. 1, AN ANIMAL — H S E — HORSE.

Add the numbers of your letters and see if the total agrees with the total given thus: H O R S E — 34 — the 7 6 5 8 8 answer is HORSE and correct as the number total. Now can you solve the other words? All words and clues taken from Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary.

CASH PRIZES

1st	£250
2nd	£75
3rd	£25
5 at £10	£50
10 at £5	£50
25 at £1	£25
50 at 10/-	£25
TOTAL PRIZES	£500

CONDITIONS

Only 10 words need be solved, but preference will be given to those with the 14 correct.

Words must be filled in in the space provided.

The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct solution. A second prize of £75, third £25, and the other ninety cash prizes will be awarded to those with the next nearest correct solutions.

In the event of a tie or ties, the judges (who will be The Honourable William Brooks, Mr. Donald Bourke, Associated Newspapers; The Governing Director of the Goldberg Advertising Agency; and Mr. A. H. Robinson, Sydney University) reserve the right to award points for neatness and presentation or to make an award. THE FIRST PRIZE OF £250 WILL NOT BE DIVIDED, BUT WILL BE AWARDED TO SOME ONE PERSON, AND EVERY PERSON WITH THE CORRECT SOLUTION WILL RECEIVE A CASH PRIZE.

The judges' decision with regard to all questions relating to the Competition, whether before or after the award, will be final and legally binding. Competitors may enter only on this distinct understanding, and no competitor shall receive more than one prize.

No correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted either during or after the Competition.

Each entry must be accompanied by a postal note for 1/- and a stamped, addressed envelope.

The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit in the vaults of the Bank of New South Wales and will be opened in the presence of the judges.

Entries from this paper must be received by September 7. Results will be published in the "Sunday Sun" on September 30, 1934.

KEY TO PUZZLE

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
12	7	12	3	8	13	9	7	5	2	1	8	4	6	6	7	10	5	8	1	8	23	5	11	14	7

PUZZLE

No.	Clues.	Answer Contains These Letters.	Complete Answer Totals.	Solution.
1.	An Animal	H S E	34	H O R S E
2.	Of Great Strength	S T R O	35	
3.	A Tree	R N G E T R E E	68	
4.	To Gather Together	C O L	55	
5.	Disorder	R U B L E	43	
6.	Fragrant Leaved Plant Cultivated in Gardens	O S M A R Y	62	
7.	Dome Like Structure	A G O D A	49	
8.	A Body	C O R P	46	
9.	A Number of People	C R O	31	
10.	Thick Kind of String	R O	26	
11.	Timid	A I D	50	
12.	To Treat with Contempt	U L T	36	
13.	To Feather	F L E	49	
14.	Small Fragments	S L I N E R	56	

DON'T DELAY — POST TO-DAY — WIN £250

SPECIAL OFFER

Every entrant will be given a consolation prize of a ticket in the Golden Box, which can win a prize valued at £4000. This is in addition to the £500 cash in the Competition. Only one ticket will be given to any one entrant or household.

The Secretary,
Number Words Competition, Desk Wo.W.2,
Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.
I want to share in the £500 in cash prizes. Here is my entry for the Number Words Competition, with a Postal Note for 1/-, and a stamped, addressed envelope. I agree to accept the judges' decision as final and legally binding.
Please send me the Golden Box Ticket, which can win a prize valued at £4000

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN ..... *STATE* .....

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ACTRESS *in* HER *Own* RIGHT

KATHERINE DE MILLE, as the more or less permanent wife of Pancho Villa (Wallace Beery), in "Viva Villa," surprises him with another young woman who has just caught his eye.

KATHERINE DE MILLE, as her usual self, and also (in circle) as Rosita in "Viva Villa."

Daughter of Cecil B. de Mille Owes Little to Father's Name

KATHERINE DE MILLE'S determination to make for herself a screen career has won her parts without her father's aid in "Viva Villa" and "The Trumpet Blows," now being released in Australia.

IT is the natural idea for children to follow in their parents' footsteps when it comes to choosing a profession, provided, of course, that they have the same bent. The prestige of a name, and the connections made by the previous generation, can be as valuable an inheritance as bricks and mortar or money in the bank.

We should expect, therefore, that men and women who have made any considerable reputation in stage or screen work should put their children on their feet in the same path. But it is not always so by any means, even when the children themselves show an aptitude. A great reluctance has been felt by famous actors and actresses to be succeeded by their children.

No doubt the career in which they have shone themselves has seemed too hard a school. As a rule, stage players who have made a name for themselves have less time and opportunity than other people to enjoy the peace of a settled domestic life.

Then there are the rivalries of colleagues, and the envy of the less fortunate. It is not to be wondered at after all that parents, even when they have been conspicuously successful themselves, often prefer not to introduce their children to the same kind of life.

So it comes about that Katherine de Mille owes little or nothing to her father, as far as her screen career is concerned. He has been for many years one of Hollywood's best-known producers and directors. He, if anyone, could have given his daughter the entree to those precincts which so many besiege in vain.

But perhaps it is as well he did not. He never wanted her to become an actress. There was obviously no necessity from a purely monetary point of view why she should take up any profession at all. Like many another father he would have liked his girl to have a good time.

That has meant that she has had to make her own way. No doubt, however, that is best in the long run.

Dogged Persistence

Katherine de Mille was born in Canada, and educated in the United States. Screen fame has been her secret ambition since she was a child, and parental opposition did not damp her. Because her father did not countenance her going into pictures she quietly went away and got a part for herself under another name.

About two years ago Cecil B. de Mille opened a Los Angeles morning paper and noted, without paying much attention to the item, that a new young actress was being favorably mentioned for her work. He turned to the accompanying photograph, and saw with amazement that "Kay Marsh" was in the likeness of his own daughter.

A stormy scene followed between father and daughter. But she convinced him that she was serious. Since then he has helped her with his advice. So now she appears under her own name, but not, so far, under his aegis. That may come later. Who knows?

Her physical type, cleverly accentuated by make-up, marks her out as particularly suitable for Spanish or Mexican roles. And she fits admirably into her parts in "Viva Villa," and "The Trumpet Blows," both of which have a Mexican background.

A Future Director?

What Miss de Mille really wants to achieve in pictures eventually is in her father's own line. That is to say, her dream is to become a director. So far there have been very few women directors of pictures. Leni Riefenstahl and Leontine Sagan have accomplished it in Europe, and Dorothy Arzner in Hollywood. These may be the heralds of further advance for women in this field.

If Miss de Mille shows the same ability and strength of purpose as she has already displayed in getting into casts of pictures, she will arrive one day as a director, too. When she attended the Art Institute in Chicago a few years ago, motion picture direction was already in her mind, and she specialised in sculpture with the object of learning how to express emotion with posture. This will aid her in directing other players. But as yet she does not talk about that very much. She is still busy learning.

—BEATRICE TILDESLEY.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM
★★★ *Three stars—excellent.*
★★ *Two stars—good films.*
★ *One star—average films.*
No stars ..... no good.

★★ VIVA VILLA

Wallace Beery, Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Joseph Schildkraut. (M.-G.-M.)

FEW of us know much of Mexican history. So it does not matter that in this film, which does not claim historical accuracy anyhow, events have been telescoped and a number of liberties taken with facts. What the film has aimed at has been to present a rational portrait of the bandit-President, Pancho Villa, against scenes of revolutionary warfare in the Mexico of not so many years ago. This it has accomplished with emphatic success.

Wallace Beery's study of the illiterate peon, childlike in some respects, but a leader of men and an able commander, is very good and quite consistent. He represents Villa as a not unattractive mixture of geniality and shrewdness. Villa is shown as an uncouth giant, a pluralist in wives, ruthless to his enemies, yet revering the "Christ-fool," the gentle Madero, and in his way a sincere patriot. The haphazard fighting and the overthrow of Governments fill in a background of abundant interest, which owes much of its color to being filmed in the country itself.

Stuart Erwin gives a humorous sketch of a cynically interested newspaperman from the United States who marries Katharine de Mille, since she insists on the ceremony, to the amorous Villa, and performs other acts of friendship. Fay Wray, too stiff and self-conscious an actress, seems an odd choice for the ill-fated Donna Teresa.—St. James.

★ BELOVED

John Boles, Gloria Stuart (Universal).

GIVEN a central character of sufficient dominance and also a sufficiently lively appreciation of the historical background, films which unroll for us a long span of life can be very interesting. But here neither character nor historical treatment is quite adequate. The film starts promisingly with a baby cradled in luxury and picturesque elegance in the Vienna of the early 1840's. Then when the boy is 10 years old, owing to revolutionary agitations for which we are unable to find historical warrant, he and his widowed mother escape to America to live in poverty until he grows up and fights in the Civil War. Thereafter, when he has succeeded in marrying his Virginian sweetheart (Gloria Stuart), and has gone to New York, we get a glimpse of the Bowery in the 60's. Presently the son of the pair is killed in the Spanish-American War, and their grandson survives the Great War.

Miss Stuart is beautiful, but colorless. Boles makes a gallant figure as a young Republican, and one feels sympathy for him when he submits for the sake of his wife to the indignity of being exploited as a long-haired concert artist. But his study of lonely old age, rendered fretful and suspicious by his grandson's success as a jazz composer, does not win us.—Liberty.

★ THE TRUMPET BLOWS

Adolphe Menjou, George Raft, Frances Drake. (Paramount.)

THOSE who have been stirred by the toreador song in "Carmen" and perhaps have longed for a closer view of the Spanish national sport than the opera affords can get it here. Short of actually being present at a bullfight one could not have a more vivid impression of the excited crowd, the astonishingly swift onrush of the bull, and the matador's calculated risk. There are views, too, of men being tossed and gored, which we could ourselves have done without.

Adolphe Menjou is here a Mexican bandit whose reported death enables him to lead a successful double life as a respected landholder by day while still following his nefarious trade by night. For his younger brother (George Raft) he wants genuine respectability and security. But rivalry over a cabaret dancer (Frances Drake) and an anxiety to prove to himself and others that he is not afraid sends Raft back to the bullfighter's profession from which the elder brother had tried to keep him.

Miss Drake is sufficiently beautiful to cause the romantic complications. But Menjou and Raft seem not quite to fit these picturesque scenes of life in the raw.—Prince Edward.

★ SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN

Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut. (Columbia.)

TO find a title both apt and arresting for a film which is not conspicuously novel in theme must be difficult. Here the title is not particularly appropriate since the main part of the film, instead of developing Kipling's idea, is devoted to making a satisfactory square out of two triangles. Triangle one is formed when Frank Morgan, a middle-aged industrial magnate, becomes sick of amassing wealth but cannot persuade his wife (Doris Lloyd), immersed in her social and uplift pursuits, to leave New York for a holiday trip to Europe. He thereupon takes up with a young actress (Elissa Landi) who is quite willing to accompany him. Triangle two comes about when a young composer of his acquaintance (Joseph Schildkraut) meets them in Paris and competes with him for Miss Landi's affection. The brief scene between wife and mistress after the return to New York gets nearest to justifying the title.

Miss Landi, who carries her handsome person with distinction, is hardly in character as the cheaply commercial creature of the beginning. She portrays much better the later development of a loyalty to the man who has treated her generously which nearly overcomes the natural urge towards her younger lover. The other three act well. The story is artificial, but it is competently put over. —Plaza.

★ BABY TAKE A BOW

Shirley Temple, James Dunn, Claire Trevor (Fox).

NO doubt a very great many people will be enraptured with Shirley Temple in this film. A tiny curly-headed child, barely five years old, with bright dark eyes and a dimpling face and clever little dancing feet, she acts with the assurance of an experienced adult. That is just the trouble. Though she is a cuddlesome little creature, personally we should have liked her to be less precocious with her grown-up songs.

Then, the preoccupation of the American people (or shall we say Hollywood?) with crime, becomes rather oppressive when it is mixed up with children at play. However, the personality that James Dunn projects upon the screen is so friendly and innocent that we cannot take seriously his being in the clutches of the law. Nor can we be alarmed at his persecution by a bullying private detective (Alan Dinehart), though that is disagreeable to contemplate. Naturally it all turns out happily, and there is some amusing hide-and-seek business. Claire Trevor, too, as the courageous young wife and mother, is her usual attractive self.—Regent.

★ ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES

Hugh Williams, Mona Barrie, Helen Twelvetrees. (Fox)

A STORY of genuine conflict, based on Richard Aldington's novel, beautiful scenes in Capri, realistic sequences at the war and on leave, intelligent acting by Mona Barrie and a number of distinguished players in smaller parts, and, most of all, a fine performance by Hugh Williams are all to the credit of this production. Hugh Williams, in fact, would make the picture a pronounced success if it depended on his acting alone. As the young artist, at odds with his world in 1914, and escaping from his dusty architect's office to the sunny Mediterranean, where he meets and falls in love with a Viennese girl, he is entirely right. So also, when he has lost her through the war, and been married out of hand by the possessive young woman (Mona Barrie), who pushes him back into his profession.

But Helen Twelvetrees is miscast as the Viennese. She lacks finesse and gaiety in the earlier scenes before the clouds of war come up, and her emotional outburst later on with Miss Barrie is stagey. Altogether her personality is too insipid for this part.—State.

★ NO MORE WOMEN

Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Sally Blane (Paramount).

IT is some time since Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe appeared as rivals in love and physical prowess in this sort of knockabout film. But they go at it once again with even more spirit because of the rest. Here they are deep sea divers engaged in salvage work. The underwater photography is well contrived and the diving incidents and the interludes ashore give pleasant variety to the story. McLaglen is the usual brawny chump at a disadvantage in a battle of wits with the more alert and fluent Lowe. But they are fundamentally friendly enemies, and Lowe is quite prepared to relinquish the girl (Sally Blane) to McLaglen. Later the pair, mutually disappointed, make a compact together in disgust at womankind that we know they will break as soon as the next pretty face heaves in sight.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER
Saturday, August 11, 1934. *A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.* Page One

THE ROYAL SOCIETY'S Art Exhibition

The Royal Society's exhibition of students' work, usually an annual fixture for July, has not taken place this year, owing to renovators working at the society's rooms. But in the exhibition of the Royal Society's members, now showing at the galleries of the Education Department until August 25, there are more entries than last year, including a number of students' efforts, as well as those of past students.

The prices of paintings nowadays certainly seem booming, for there are two at 300gns., one at 250gns., one at 200gns., and a number over the 100gn. mark.

AFTER visiting the numerous exhibitions of contemporary painters recently held in Sydney, one has not only become used to seeing works which a year or so ago would cause one to "totter to the nearest handrail"; one actually goes to a show with blithe expectations of seeing something so bizarre or provocative that it will give one furiously to think—or to laugh, as the case may be.

Such expectations are all dashed in the Royal Art Society's Exhibition. There are many very fine paintings, and many very ordinary ones. But there are none to make any critic of the old school burst into raging torrents against "modernism." The general effect of the paintings is reposeful and satisfying, not disturbing—nor invigorating.

If a young person of artistic talents wants to pass through a detailed course of study and can spend the time, he will probably learn at the Technical College, where he must eke out his learning for a five years' period, however brilliant he may be.

At the Royal Art Society's School, formerly under Government subsidy, but now under the direction of Mr. Sydney Long, students do not have any set period of study, but may learn how and when they will. The speedy workers—usually those who are most brilliant—may complete their studies very quickly, not held back by routine built around the average student.

In an exhibition of members of the Royal Society, one would expect to see certain results of its method. One would expect to see individuality as an outstanding factor. Brilliance, but brilliance with a strongly original twist; not merely signs of progressiveness, but progressiveness linked with a certain absence of the usual subservience to rules.

Conservative Selection

A CURSORY glance around the walls immediately inspires a sense of monotony. With very few exceptions, all the paintings are landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Works of action are conspicuously absent. The landscapes do show a great variety in the treatment of light effects, but one still has a feeling one has seen them all before. The portraits make no stir, such as those of Aletta Lewis did some years ago, and the still-lifes are the usual jars of flowers, with no original subject, such as the perfectly painted carcass of an ox ready for a butcher's shop, which a young man exhibited some years ago in Melbourne.

This may, of course, not be the fault (if one can call it that) of members of the Society. All entries have to pass a selection board, which is said to be very stern about rejections. Members of this board comprise Lister Lister, Alfred Coffey, Sydney Long, James R. Jackson, J. Salvana, Erik Langleer, and G. L. Trindell. Perhaps they rejected some "modern" efforts.

Yet, in other ways, the Royal Society's officials are showing themselves many-sided in outlook, such as arranging for a number of societies to hold their conversaziones in the galleries when the exhibition is open—a genial idea, even if it may be regarded as more in the social than the artistic sphere.

The trustees of the National Art Gallery include Sir John Sulman, Lister Lister, J. S. Watkins, Sydney Long, Ifould, Ure Smith, Tom Marshall, J. R. McGregor, Lionel Lindsay, and B. J. Waterhouse. While these men are acknowledged to be either fine artists and connoisseurs, or able connoisseurs only, they are all drawn from a class imbued with the traditions and ideals of a past generation. There is no new blood among them.

As a result, purchases from the Royal Art Society's exhibition have cost a total of 229gns. These do include George Johnstone's "Self Portrait" and G. K. Townshend's "Coast Line," which are both distinguished pieces of work, even if Townshend's painting is an example of very careful craftsmanship of the "solid worth" rather than "modern" variety. But the two expensive purchases, priced at 140gns. and 60gns., seem rather superfluous. Even though the works are admirable in their way, it would seem better to attend the money on works more representative of the times.

"RADIANT WOMANHOOD" is the title of this beautiful painting by Jerrold Nathan, at the Royal Art Society's exhibition.

APART from these criticisms, there are many interesting sidelights in the exhibition. There are three Melbourne entries—Louis McCubbin, A. E. Newbury, and William Rowell—and Mr. Leslie Wilkie, director of the National Art Gallery, Adelaide. Last year Mr. Wilkie was invited to exhibit, and one of his works was purchased by the Trustees of the Art Gallery here for 100gns. This year he exhibits as a member of the Royal Society.

R. Rajola, whose cameos make a very fine showing, and whose bust of Mussolini is an interesting one, is a visitor to Sydney, only having been here a short time. Mr. Stephen Bransgrove, one of whose works was purchased for the Gallery, is also a recent arrival. L. White, however, whose "The Hurry-Scurry of a Quick Change" is one of the few really spirited pieces of work in the exhibition, is no visitor or young student, but Mrs. Hunter White, well known in Sydney society and possessor of a lovely home full of works of art of all descriptions.

The young exhibitors include George Johnstone, who for the second year has had his work purchased for the Gallery, where the Trustees are trying to build up a fine black and white section at present. Mr. Johnstone had had such a distinguished career all through his course that other students scarcely get a look-in in the life drawing scholarships. He has won another scholarship this year. Wallace Thornton is another scholarship student.

Lilias Garling is a young woman who has recently returned from furthering her studies abroad, and Phyllis Brodziak, a young girl who is hoping to leave shortly for abroad. Kate Beard, who usually paints animals, is showing a collection of miniature work, and Dr. Sidney Rosebery has the distinction of being the first Macquarie Street doctor to exhibit with the Royal Society.—A.W.

CLEVER IDEAS

WHEN YOU have a lot of lunches to cut and you find the butter hard to spread, beat a tablespoon of milk and mix into the butter. It only takes a moment, and you will find the butter will spread quite easily and will go further.—**"Amelia," Enfield, N.S.W.**

IT IS not generally known that wringing out a cloth in hot water, and wiping the furniture, before putting on furniture cream, will result in a very high polish that will not finger mark.—**Mrs. R. E. Coulthard, 31 Gladstone St., Moonee Ponds, W.4, Vic.**

IF A CHILD sleeping on a stretcher-bed is restless and falls out of bed occasionally, place a folded rug or blanket on the edge of the bed between the wire and kapok mattress. The slight incline will keep the child snug.—**"Je."**

DO NOT peg out in the usual way when drying baby's woollen garments. Thread the garments on pyjama cords, which are then pegged taut on the line. Woollies dried in this way will be found to retain their shape and dry like new.—**A.M.E., Ipswich, Qld.**

WHEN PATCHING flannel, the right and wrong sides should be carefully noticed. The former can be recognised by extra fluffiness. See that the corners are perfectly flat.—**J.S.C., Marrickville, N.S.W.**

IF SAUCEPANS or kettles are first rubbed over with some grease before being placed on the stove or an open fire they can be very easily cleaned—if they are ever so black—by rubbing with paper before washing them.—**S.G., Balwyn, Vic.**

I FIND to peel chokos and keep the hands clean the best way is to cut the choko into quarters and let it stand in cold water for a short period. I find then, that while choko and hands are wet the choko can be peeled comfortably. —**Mrs. H. Berghofer, 16 Edward St., Dulton Park, S. Brisbane.**

MARKING-INK will not run if the linen is previously dipped in cold water starch, dried, and then ironed to a perfectly smooth surface.—**"Elsie," Raglan St., Mosman, N.S.W.**

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LADIES, we submit this example of Rigney's Value from our Men's Dept., secure in the knowledge that you will find the same honest value in our Ladies' Department.

To People who Pay Cash! We are now one of the few retailers who do NOT accept Cash Orders. We sell quality at the lowest possible cash price whatever your footwear requirements of the moment may be.

POST FREE

1. Genuine "ZUG" upper, a product of Scotland, tanned by Martin's, Glasgow.
2. Heavy imported one-piece sole—it's Italian and tough as the "Duce," yet flexible in wear.
3. Common type of heavy sole construction magnified showing two or three thicknesses of leather used. The result as stiff as a board and no extra wear.
4. Note the double row of stitching at the edge of the cap and round the golosh to ensure longer service.
5. Lined with brown wallaby, the toughest lightweight leather known.
6. Distinction you have only associated with hand-made footwear in this extended broad square toe last with full wide welts!

THE HOUSE OF PERFECT FOOTWEAR

RIGNEYS

147 KING STREET, SYDNEY

2 Doors from Castlereagh Street

ALSO 262 EDWARD STREET, BRISBANE.

Good food deserves good sauce —

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

"Makes all the difference!"

Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches, etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

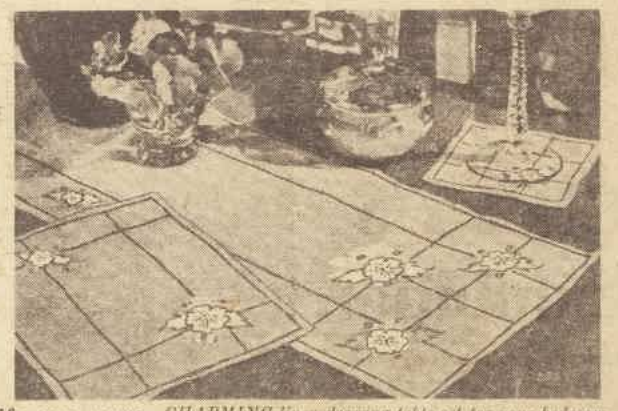
A Delicious P.M.U. Product.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

LINEN REMNANT AND PRETTY TRANSFER

Makes the dressing table's very own set—comprising runner and three dainty .:. mats. .:.



CHARMING linen dressing-table set for your bedroom, embroidered in wools to match the color scheme with a smart touch of black — a happy possibility with this pretty transfer and working directions.

The transfer can also be used to decorate the sleeves of the lovely frock displayed on our pattern .:. page. .:.

Flower motifs are sweet. And this particular design has been chosen as especially suitable for the attractive dressing-table set, pictured above. And if you will turn to our pattern page, you will see just how these pretty motifs can also be used to embellish the sleeves of the fascinating evening gown displayed thereon. The transfer, No. 1312, contains fine motifs, which can be used over and over again by tracing, and costs only 4d.

NOW to make this desirable set you will need a remnant of linen, five-eighths of a yard in length and forty inches wide.

The original was in ivory linen, and the pretty motifs were in wool—soft greens for the leaves, and primrose yellow for the rose, with golden brown centres. The intersecting lines were in black, six-strand embroidery thread.

The Runner

CUT a strip 11½ inches deep, drawing threads as a cutting guide. Cut off the selvedges closely. Draw a thread all round seven-eighths of an inch in, then another 2½ inches in, all along sides, and at each end draw two more, one each way, to form eight small squares at each end. Be careful not to let any of the threads come beyond the outside line.

Stamp the designs in place as shown. Hem the edges lightly all round, then take three strands of the black thread, lay them over the drawn line, and couch down at intervals of 1-8-inch with one strand.

Work the motifs in outline and satin stitch, the centres in French knots.

The Oblong Mat

CUT the linen 9½ inches by 12½ inches. Draw a thread all round as before, then another along each side 2½ inches in, and work the sprays.

The Two Square Mats

CUT each 7 inches square. Draw a thread all round as before, then draw more threads to form nine squares, and embroider.

When completed, lay the work face downwards on a thick blanket, cover with a wet cloth, press the background very heavily, and the embroidery lightly. Remove the cloth and press again until dry.

"A STITCH a WEEK"

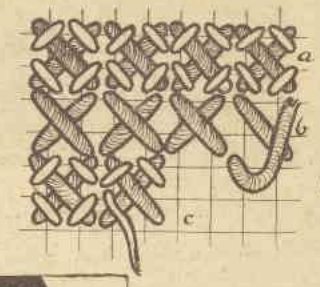
. . . Introducing a Delightful Canvas-Work Stitch that can be used for Tapestry Backgrounds

Before the winter has quite left us, let us try working out this winter-time stitch in any of the remnants of wool which most of us have gathered together through the knitting days.

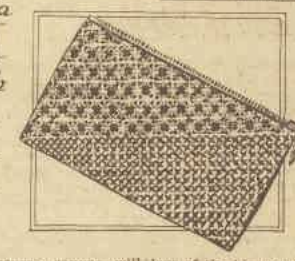
FANCY cross or rice stitch can almost be called a "wind-swept" stitch, for it has to be worked with a decided color for the first movement, and have little stitches of white for the second movement, these reminding us of the white flecks in "windswept" felt.

To work this stitch, have a background of canvas—coarse canvas will show it up best.

Isn't this a delightful stitch? Diagram shows every movement, and directions are given you in this article.



At right: A bag your friends will envy you for its smartness.



The young girl can flaunt to decided advantage a blouselle of white linen or pique relieved by crosses of red and lime green.

A PRETTY little frock with its simple decoration in rice stitch. Try turkey red and blue on a white linen frock for summer days.

With a thick, colored wool first work a row of big crosses going over two threads of canvas each way. Then take a needle with a finer white wool, and make a tiny slanting stitch over each leg of the big cross. This is as easy as can be.

The Diagram Will Help

LOOK at the diagram. Row "A" shows a finished row. "B" shows a row of the big crosses, and the last row, "C," shows the little rice stitches being worked in over the big crosses.

Of course, you must be sure that all the big crosses are crossed in the same direction.

To ensure this, work a row of half-crosses first, and then come back on them to complete the cross.

The big crosses must not go over more than two threads of the canvas each way, for the rice stitches must meet in the same hole. And the big crosses of the first row should meet the legs of the big crosses of the second row, so that they cover the background without showing any of the canvas.

Its Charming Uses

FIRST, on coarse canvas for a bag. This is very up to date worked in navy four-ply with white two-ply for the rice stitches. The stitch can go solidly all over both sides of the bag, or be treated diagonally with the other half in small ordinary crossstitch in navy only—as illustrated.

Try the same in wool for the big crosses and white knitting cotton or knitting silk for the rice stitches.

Background to a tapestry cushion. A group of flowers in petit point in the centre, with black and white rice stitch for the background.

Same idea for a footstool.

Child's frock or smock. Groups of three fancy crosses in a line, worked in turkey red and blue on a white linen smock.

Blousette for the girl. White linen or pique relieved by crosses in red and lime.

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HOME-GROWN VEGETABLES BEST

Now is the Time to Sow for Summer Needs ... Says the OLD GARDENER

People often say, "Yes, growing your own vegetables is all very well, but it is far less trouble and cheaper to buy them."... And yet if they once watch their own vegetables forming, ripening, multiplying, and then enjoy the crisp, fresh flavor of the home-grown product, their enthusiasm for a vegetable plot is boundless. So if you have a plot, consider the advice given in this article—and be wise!

IT is some time, Miss, since I saw your vegetable garden, so come with me and we'll have a general overhaul.

Yes, Miss, it's just wonderful to have a vegetable garden. What a pleasure to pick things of one's own growing! What a difference in flavor from bought vegetables!

I have often been asked why there is this great difference between home-grown and bought vegetables. People don't seem to understand how many times the vegetables are handled before they are bought by the housewife.

First they are gathered from large market gardens, carted to the packing sheds, packed into carts or lorries, and then taken to the railway station, where they are packed into trucks. They next travel to the cities and the markets to be sold, mostly to hawkers, dealers, and shop-keepers.

By the time they reach the consumer all the strength and sweetness of the fresh-cut vegetable is gone from them. Lucky, therefore, is the person, Miss, who has his own vegetable plot, and such people I am here to help.

I love to get among the unemployed who are struggling along trying to grow their own vegetables, to try and help them with the right methods. And what an interest the children take in gardening—especially in vegetables! You ought to watch them at work some time.

The vegetable garden is usually the most neglected part of the home, and yet this portion of the garden needs every attention.

What To Sow

DURING August a start should be made for the sowing of vegetables suitable for the warmer months to come.

There is nothing better than fresh lettuce such as Hansen, Iceberg, Neapolitan, or Rockdale Surprise, and also a sowing of that beautiful, crisp-colored Mignonette. Don't forget the radish, Icicle and Crimson Giant. For they offer sturdy resistance to the hot weather.

Maintain successive sowings of all salads through the summer. Put in eschalots, spinach, and beetroot, mustard and cress. Tomatoes can be planted out in sheltered positions, but in colder climates make a sowing in hotbeds or under hessian covers.

Now is the time to sow carrots. Intermediate and Shorthorn are good varieties. Hollow Crown Parsnip is good. Deep, fertile, sandy loam suits them all, although any soil with methodical care and attention will grow most vegetables.

For early summer, cabbages are an asset. Early Drumhead or Early All-head are the best. Either of these very seldom runs to seed. Red cabbages are also an excellent summer vegetable and are always free from disease. They are excellent as a dinner vegetable as well as for pickling.

Try some brown Spanish onions and leeks. For these the ground needs to be thoroughly cultivated and well-manured with plenty of decayed material, while a good sprinkling of blood and bone and superphosphate will do wonders. Onions for pickling—Silverskin and White Pearl—are good.

Beans in Warm Areas

IN warm, sunny positions and well drained soil, a sowing of Canadian Wonder and Feltham Prolific beans can be made—also runner beans, Epicure and Scarlet Runners.

Dig and work a bed well for peas—Yorkshire, Greenfeast or American Wonders are the best. William Hurst, English Wonder, are also worth a trial.

An early sowing of cucumbers, marrows, melons, and pumpkins will be a help. Make a good planting of potatoes. Mainstay, Factors, Early Rose, and Up-to-date, for medium and heavy soils, and for light or sandy soils Manhattan are the most successful.

So much for the vegetable garden, Miss. Why not use the space round this fence? Plant a choko here in a good, sunny position, with plenty of space on which to train it.

Why Not Passionfruit?

ALONG here we'll plant a passionfruit vine, and along the other end a grape-vine, and here a loganberry. Down along the bottom a few Jerusalem artichokes will look well.

And now, Miss, every nook and corner of your vegetable garden is going to be of some service to you. Look after it well. Get in liberal supplies of manure and artificial fertilisers.

My goodness, what a successful gardener you have become! You know, I had a letter from a very interested reader, Mrs. W. M. Trosser, of Prospect, South Australia, telling me that my chats have made her a professional gardener. Even her friends won't believe that she does her own garden.

Well, see you some more. . . . Good-bye, Miss.

The Old Gardener will visit you at your home should you desire to lay out a new garden or renovate an old one. His expert and practical knowledge will prove of great assistance. A small fee will be charged.

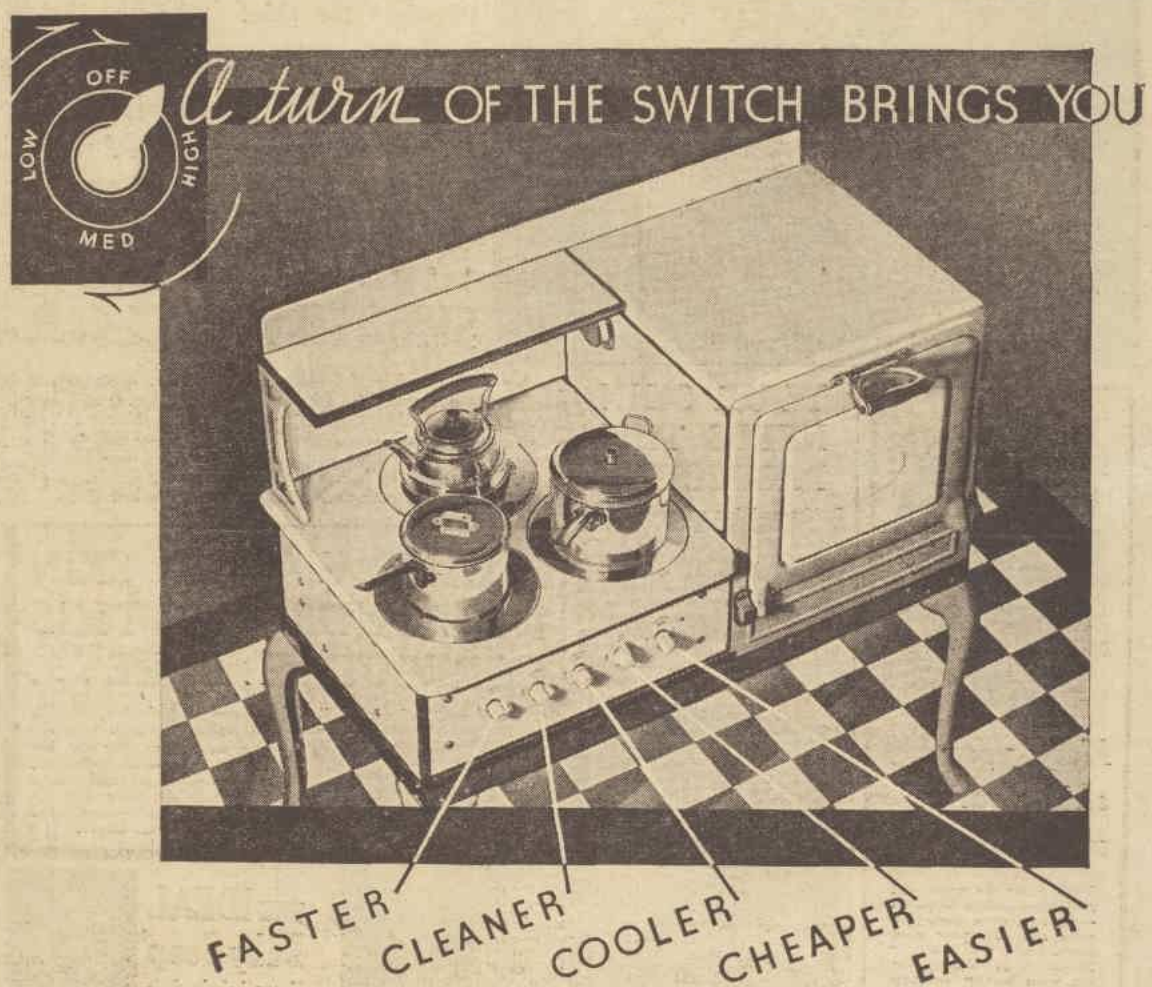
Address letters to "The Old Gardener," 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Get Window Boxes Ready

EVERY little flat, every home, can run to window boxes. And now is the time to get them ready. Thoroughly paint them outside, if you use wood, and disinfect inside. Put clean crocks a' the bottom. Fill up with a good compost.

Nasturtiums or "Rosy Morn" petunias are easy to grow, and will make a wondrous show.

NEW FURNISHING fabrics that will alter the character of your rooms this spring, and recapture Old World charm. Here are two fascinating examples from the special exhibition of exclusive British fabrics which is being held at David Jones'. Many on display were woven by direct descendants of the old Huguenot weavers.



COOKING

From now on—let *electricity* do your cooking for you. Cool, silent and always efficient, your electric range will provide your household with meals "cooked to a turn," with dishes that retain their *full* flavour and food value — all *at a cost of less than 1d. a person per day!*

An electric range is practically an automatic chef. No longer will you have to stand by in a hot, fume-ridden kitchen keeping a watchful eye on every dish. No more opening and shutting of oven doors; no more basting, turning and testing; electric heat never varies, your cooking never spoils. And think of the TIME you'll save! The modern rapid-heating element has made electric cooking *faster* than any other method. That means more leisure for you — more time for relaxation. What more can any woman ask — Flameless, silent, easy, economical and *perfect* cooking, in a clean, cool kitchen — *at the simple turn of a switch!*

BUY AN ELECTRIC RANGE UNDER THIS OFFER

1. *EASY TERMS: 20% Deposit, two years to pay the balance.*
2. *FREE INSTALLATION up to a cost of £6.*
3. *REDUCED RATES for ALL your household electricity (1d. per unit, after primary units have been consumed).*
4. *TWO YEARS FULL GUARANTEE for your Range.*

Every woman within the Supply Area of the Municipal Council of Sydney can now buy an approved Electric Range from any electrical dealer on the low deposit of 20%. Two years are allowed for payment of the balance and your range will be fully guaranteed for that period. The Electricity Department offers to bear the cost — up to £6 — of installing any approved Electric Range purchased. The Department will also supply ALL household electricity to such range-owners at the specially reduced rate of 1d. per unit, after primary units have been consumed. See the Special Display of approved Electric Ranges at the Electricity Showrooms, Town Hall, Sydney (Druitt Street Entrance).

ELECTRIC COOKING DEMONSTRATIONS are being held this week at
ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD., BRICKFIELD HILL — Continuous
GRACE BROS. LTD., BROADWAY, GLEBE — 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.
You are Cordially Invited to Attend

Cook by

ELECTRICITY

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THE BIGGEST NEWS in SKIN CARE for years

The NEW REXONA Soap

MEDICATED

with Cadyl, the new compound of medications, to clear, soothe and stimulate the skin.

An Old Favourite now finer still!

CLEARS THE SKIN . . . AND KEEPS IT SMOOTH AND CLEAR

To-day you can buy the New Rexona Soap, containing a remarkable compound of medications that makes it still better for your skin than the old familiar Rexona Soap. If you want a fresh, blemish-free skin, if you want your skin to stay fresh and clear and flawless, you'll welcome this New Rexona Soap. Its medicated lather makes a flattering difference — shows you how smooth and clear your skin can be!

Keep your skin clear of ugly blemishes

Don't suffer the worry and humiliation of skin blemishes —don't let them steal your poise and ruin your good times, when, with the New Rexona Medicated Soap, you can wash healthy clearness into your skin. Everyone is likely to be troubled by annoying little skin flaws, but the New Rexona Soap, with its penetrating, medicated lather, checks the effects of germs, dust, sun, and wind, before they can spoil the clearness of your skin. Right at the root of pimples and blackheads, deep in the pores, the Cadyl compound of medications in Rexona lather cleanses and purifies, draws away the irritating foreign matter that causes blemishes. This soothing, complete cleansing restores the healthy clearness of your skin, brings back its fresh, natural bloom again.

Gives your hair the Silky Gloss of Health

Use this New Rexona Soap as a shampoo—it is as good for your hair as it is for your skin. The medicated lather cleans, soothes, and stimulates the whole scalp. Shampoo regularly with the New Rexona Soap, and your hair will keep the dancing gleam of perfect health.

S.124.6

YOUR SKIN NEEDS THIS PROTECTION

Besides purifying and soothing the pores, this new element, Cadyl, in the Rexona lather, has a gently stimulating effect. This constant stimulation tones up the slackened tissues, giving your skin a new youth and vitality—fortifying its resistance to the causes of blemishes. So, each time the Rexona lather touches your skin it helps to correct any present fault, and to protect against future blemishes.

SEE HOW YOUR SKIN RESPONDS TO THIS CORRECTIVE CARE . . .

The new combination of healing, soothing and stimulating medications in Rexona Soap, makes it an outstandingly valuable aid to skin health. Months and months of research lie behind this vital step forward in the care of the skin. Specialists have proved that this New Rexona Soap gives your skin a degree of freshening, soothing, and toning, impossible with any other soap. Give your skin and hair the benefit of its medications. When you see the difference it makes, you will know that this New Rexona Soap is years ahead of any other you could choose.

THE IDEAL Baby Soap

Keeps baby's delicate skin clear and comfortable.

LET THESE REVITALISING MEDICATIONS IN THE NEW REXONA SOAP BRING NEW BEAUTY TO YOUR SKIN . . .

EMOLLIENTS—to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS—to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS—to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS—to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

Working together, these medications must make your skin fresher, clearer, smoother!

DULL SKINS NEED ITS CORRECTION
NORMAL SKINS NEED ITS PROTECTION

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT *the Complete Skin Treatment*

Some stubborn skin conditions need other treatment in addition to washing with Rexona Soap—effective though that is for ordinary skin flaws. For these obstinate cases Rexona Ointment is invaluable. The Ointment should be gently smeared on after the skin has been thoroughly washed with Rexona Soap and hot water, and well dried. This combined Soap and Ointment treatment very soon relieves even the most troublesome skin affections, leaving the skin smooth and unscarred.

Start To-Night

GIVE YOUR SKIN THIS PROTECTION

Start giving your skin the corrective, protective care of the New Rexona Soap from to-night. Let all the family enjoy this new protection, too. Babies need its soothing comfort—children need it, too—it keeps them safe from germs, irritation and worrying skin complaints. Men need it to keep a clear, healthy skin. Buy your first tablet of this wonderful New Rexona Soap to-day!

THE NEW Rexona MEDICATED skin and facial SOAP

containing Cadyl, the new compound of medications.

9d per Tablet IN CITY AND SUBURBS

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW

CHARMING Laura West, one of the Sydney Players' Club's most talented young actresses, who plays Jeanne Chailland in their production of Jean Jaques Bernard's "Martine," at the St. James Hall, on August 11 and 22.
—May Moore.

THE THEATRE

An Appeal to Youth

ARUNDEL NIXON, who plays the part of the French doctor in "The Wind and the Rain," at the Criterion, addressed business girls at David Jones' luncheon last week. His subject was the theatre.

"To-day is the age of youth," declared Mr. Nixon, "and it seems to me that what the theatre has lacked since the advent of 'talkies' is a following of youth. The great majority would infinitely prefer to pay 1/6 or 2/- and sit in a picture theatre rather than in the legitimate theatre, and it is only an innate love of, assisted by a certain amount of education towards, the theatre that will bring the youth of to-day back to its doors.

"The theatre is like the oyster—an acquired taste to which the youth of to-day must be educated, and by youth I mean everybody under 45!

"Although the theatre is enjoying a slight come-back now, it is still in a pretty parlous condition," he continued.

"Consider a population of about ten millions odd, that is, including Australia and New Zealand, that can only support about seven flesh-and-blood companies, while out of those seven legitimate theatres only two are legitimate drama, the rest being musical comedy and variety.

"Finally," urged Mr. Nixon, "in order to work up interest in the theatre, why not read for your next book a play? The second step towards securing an interest in the theatre is to see every play that comes your way, and get to know great people connected with the theatre."

AUSTRALIAN ACTRESS . . . in Africa

AT Farmer's business girls' luncheon last Wednesday, Marie Bremner, well-known Australian actress and singer, who has just returned from a tour of South Africa, gave an amusing account of her experiences abroad.

She told of native life in Africa. A wealthy man may have six or seven wives, and each wife has her own private "home." Consequently, one saw thousands of these little huts, dotted over the landscape!

Sunday is the day of festivity, when the natives go to the compounds and dance, each tribe competing with the other. The gate money is given to the one adjudged best.

Miss Bremner spoke, also, of her enjoyable sojourn in London. She was there when the purple and yellow crocuses were in bloom—the first sign of spring. She visited Gaumont-British studios, and saw Evelyn Laye making "Evensong" (the much discussed book by Beverley Nichols). On another lot was a very temperamental Jan Kiepura. Further on she saw Louis Casson and Edna Best, just completing a day's work.

At the conclusion of her address, Miss Bremner delighted all with folk songs from Essex: "A May Day Carol," and a new arrangement of "Cherry Ripe." Her husband, Mr. Chapple, played for her.

At David Jones' Business Girls' luncheon on Thursday, August 16, Mr. Cyril Richards and Miss Madge Elliott, now starring in "Gay Divorce," the musical comedy success at the Theatre Royal, will speak. They have recently returned from a tour of America and the Continent.

☆ ☆ ☆

Florence Austral, the world's greatest dramatic soprano, and John Amadio, the famous flautist, will be the guests of honor at Farmers' Business Girls' luncheon on Wednesday, August 15. John Amadio, only, will address the girls.

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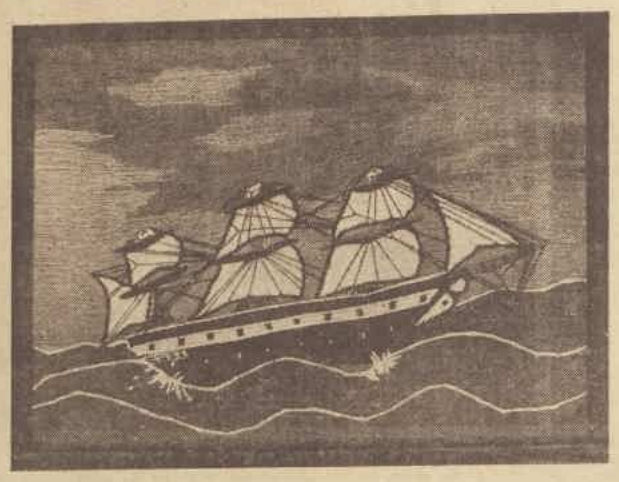
SHIPS SAIL GALLANTLY into the PICTURE



..... so that you may "paint" them with a needle to decorate your home, and recapture much of the glamour of yesteryear.

THE needle gains world-wide importance in modern decoration —more specifically tapestry-work, which is but another revival of the old arts. And to-day, wall hangings, panels, and pictures occupy pride of place in many of our homes, a tribute to the artistry of brain and hand.

By... OUR HOME DECORATOR

A STATELY Spanish galleon would make an exquisite wall hanging or panel for your home. Copy it if you are at all experienced in simple needlework tapestry. Note that the transfer (9 x 10) is available for the gallant ship fire-screen, cushion, picture, or panel, showing in the centre picture. This costs 6d.

HOW would you like to transfer our gallant ship to canvas and bring it to life with needle and colorful wools? The transfer is available, the directions are given for working the petit point, fancy cross-stitch and gros point or gobelin stitches —all you need are the open canvas and wools.

In order that you might have every assistance in the making of what might be termed an artistic "masterpiece," I have collaborated with a needlecraft expert who has some exquisite tapestries to her credit, and we have chosen our gallant ship as the theme.

A ship, I think, lends itself admirably to the decorative scheme of any home. And as fires will soon be finished with, what could be more beautiful to hide the empty fireplace than a firescreen with our gallant ship worked in harmonious colorings?

Such a screen is pictured here on this page—and how simple it is to work!

The frame can be made by any carpenter, at a small cost. If wood is used it could be stained or painted to just the shade you need.

Or you may have somewhere an old picture frame which could be utilised—needing only feet and backing; or, again, you may like to use the tapestry for a cushion cover, a wall hanging, or a picture.

The Stitches Explained

COMMENCING with petit point: As we are fashionable we shall have to call this stitch "petit point," but that is really French for "little stitch." If we belonged to Old England we should give it the good old name that it has had for centuries, which is "tent stitch." Why it is called "tent" we do not know, but at home when the girls at finishing-school and the art students learn art embroidery to gain certificates in embroidery we all had to say tent stitch and not the French petit point. By the way, when you are very French you pronounce petit point something like "petti pu-ong"!

Tent stitch we show in Figure A. Then tent stitch has a grown-up daughter called in French gros point, or big point. This you see in Figure B. This all the books and Old England call Gobelin stitch because it looks like the weaving stitch used on the famous Gobelin tapestries.

Lastly, in Figure C, we show you the same pretty canvas stitch that you see explained on our needlework page—the fancy cross or rice stitch.

Work petit point or tent stitch as follows: Use a woollen thread for preference. Start on the left, slant the thread over an intersection of one vertical and one horizontal line of canvas. Place the needle under one horizontal thread as shown by the needle in Figure A. The second row shows the tip of the stitch going into the same hole as the lower tip of the first row. As you can imagine, this stitch looks bigger when it is done on coarse canvas.

When tent stitch grows up into Gobelin stitch it merely gets taller but no wider. It then slants over two horizontal threads as shown in Figure B.

These three stitches can be used on our gallant ship transfer. First procure the ship transfer, price 6d. The old transfer after you have ironed it on to something else can be used. All you need is the big picture, 9 inches by 10 inches.

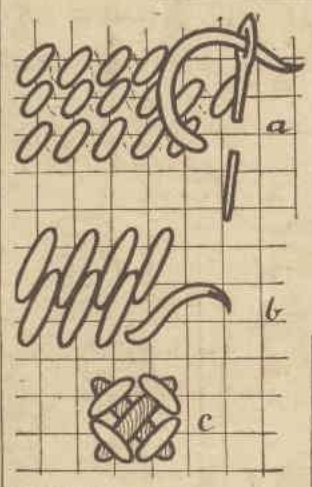
Pin this by the corners on to a piece of graph paper like the children have at school, or else draw fine squares all over like our drawing. Then mark in the little tent stitches over every intersection of lines on the squared paper or pattern. This will give you the stepped outline necessary. Do not think that this is too difficult, although it is the way that artists make tapestry patterns.

Stitches. — Tent stitch for all the sails, masts, rigging, and every bit of the ship.

Gobelin stitch for the sea and its waves.

A quaint needle picture skilfully executed by a sailor's wife and entitled, "Danger at Sea." See story.

Our gallant ship in tapestry as a fire-screen. Finished, framed, and in place, the fire screen makes a most attractive needle picture to put in front of an empty grate.



SHOWING the working of Petit Point, Gros Point, or Gobelin stitches. Directions for making the fancy cross-stitch are given on our needlework page.

Fancy cross for the sky, or ordinary small cross stitch if the fancy cross looks too big for the size of canvas mesh that you choose.

Materials.—Four-ply wool for a coarse canvas. Crewel wool or embroidery wools if you wish. You can even split some of the coarse Berlin and embroidery wool and so obtain a very fine wool such as is used to make the really French petit point bags.

Stout cotton threads look well, although wool always fills the holes of the canvas better than the hard weave of cotton.

Colors.—White, blue, and grey, mounted on grey and pewter metal, would be charming.

Finishing and Stretching

WHEN your tapestry is finished it should be pinned out to shape on a board face downwards over a cloth, under which are laid sheets of blotting paper. The back is then dampened, and the work stretched until it has regained its correct shape, and then left under weights for some time.

It may be several days before the canvas is quite even, but it is well worth while to wait for it to become right.

Each day the canvas can be pulled a little more until finally it is square.

Many find it more expedient to use a frame, two hoops between which the canvas is stretched.

The needlework story surrounding the ship, showing top left, is a very old one. It is called "Danger at Sea," and was "painted" with the needle by a seaman's wife. In the snug cottage where she waited anxiously for her husband's return, the tedious hours were passed with needlecraft. With her mind on the sea, her work followed the same path, and under skilful fingers grew a quaint design of a ship ploughing through the rolling waves.

She must have loved it, for, although the design is primitive, the stitches are skilful (as you will note in the reproduction), and the colors are lovely: Two blues for the sky, white for the sails—tipped with black. Soft yellow for the mast, black ropes, black and white for the ship, and deep blue for the sea, and, of course, white-crested waves.

You could copy this ship and so immortalise this old story in a panel or wall hanging; or, again, use it as a picture framed in dark mellow wood.

With regard to the third illustration showing top right, a tapestry wall hanging of a stately Spanish galleon. This was worked in autumnal shades into which a soft blue was blended. The sea a delightful mixture of blue and sea-green, and a very pale shade of green.—E.E.G.

OUR ship transfer, which measures 9 x 10 inches, with its graph lines in readiness for making. See explanatory notes in article.

CONSTIPATION
HEADACHES
LASSITUDE

Why let these troubles beat you in the battle of life? They do not give you a fair chance!

A small dose of CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts will free you from the grip of Constipation, rid your system of uric acid, and make your life worth living.

CARLISTA Mineral Spring Salts are Nature's aid to perfect functioning and perfect health.

At least 64 average doses to the jar.

CARLISTA
MINERAL SPRING
SALTS
AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
2/3
LARGE JAR

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CLOUDY
AMMONIA
simplifies Household Cleaning

Let it polish your silver and brass ware; let it furbish your jewellery, clean your paintwork, crockery, glass or porcelain. There's a score of uses for this wonderful cleaning agent.

Now available, are Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALTS, perfumed in Eau de Cologne, Pine, Rose, Jasmine or Lavender. Delightfully refreshing and far superior to Bath Crystals in water-softening, cleansing and perfuming properties!

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!

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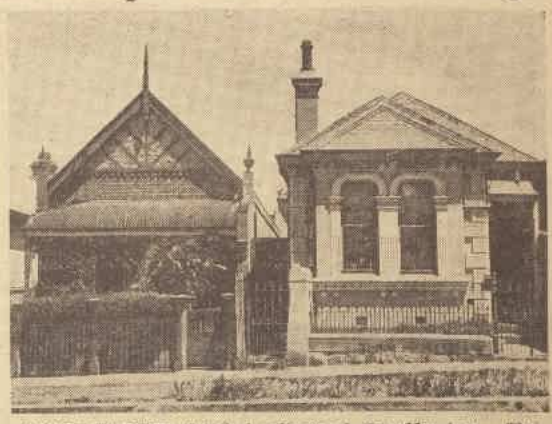
Homes of Yesterday & To-Day

A TYPICAL semi-detached stone "villa residence" of a score of years ago. The bow-fronted window and the long hall from which several rooms opened, were salient characteristics of this type of residence.

A PLEASANT TYPE of modern cottage which provides a maximum of window space and is very conveniently and compactly planned within. Our suburbs to-day feature hundreds of this type.



SINGLE-FRONTED detached cottages of the older type. The verandah of that on the left is roofed with corrugated iron. Note the gables on the slate-roofed home on the right.

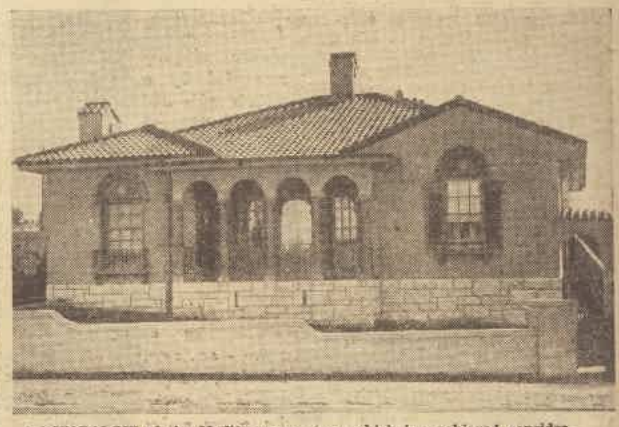
Blocked Pipes

A LONG flexible cane will generally remove the blockage, but if this is not sufficient, a mixture of soda and salt may be pushed down the pipe. This should be followed after about half an hour by flushing first with boiling water and then with warm water.

Rust on Irons

SCOUR the irons with powdered bath-brick; then rub over with a lamp or paraffin rag after use, and this will prevent rust.

A MODERN detached bungalow which has the advantage of a nice lawn space, elevated verandah, plenty of large windows, and sun-room at the back.



A BUNGALOW of the Mediterranean type which has achieved considerable popularity in Australia. Vivid tiles, cream or colored walls, and other decorative touches are distinctive details of these pleasant dwellings.

FARMER'S

PRESENTS **hosts of new ideas in blouses, skirts and sports coats**

Spring Sports Wear

Make them your Thursday Rendezvous

"Tea Recitals"

Just drop in any Thursday at 3.15 p.m. Each week the United Associations arrange for some talented artist to render a forty-minute programme of beautiful music. This is followed by a delightful "tea," and thus an afternoon is most pleasantly passed. You may book, if you prefer, at Information Bureau (M2465) but there is no need to. Just drop in; tariff 1/6

Every week an interesting celebrity!

Business Girls' Lunch

But you need not be a business girl to attend. Many people treat it in the aspect of a weekly club without the formality of membership; a rendezvous where pleasant people meet, lunch, enjoy a mannequin parade of new fashion notes and listen to the interesting remarks of the celebrity who happens to be guest of honour. You may book (no extra) if you prefer. 1/-

Navy

Captures the lead in Spring Shoes

An Opera Court of marine-blue kid with a windswept effect of diagonal cording on vamps. Also black, 19/9 or brown kid, 22/9. 2 to 7 and half sizes. Price, 24/9

An Instep Tie of navy that's going everywhere this Spring. A "Bedggood" model. 2 to 7 and half sizes. Price, 37/6

When Mailing your order please address it to P.O. Box 497 A.A. Sydney. Phone M2495

Shoes Third Floor

CHECKS are good in Summer-weight Tweeds. Can be worn without belt. **47/6**

BLOUSE, stitched Crepe de Chine; white or beige. Price **18/11**

SKIRT practical pleats back and front; feather-weight tweed. **19/11**

BLOUSE, Crepe de Chine, brown or black checks on white, champagne or beige. **21/11**

SKIRT of light Wool Boucle; blue, rose, rust, brown, beige. **25/-**

LINEN tweed sports coats! "Three-quarter" is ideal... Summer shades. **42/-**

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GOING BALD

STOP THAT DANDRUFF!

Dandruff is a germ disease that attacks the hair glands, causing eczema, falling hair, and baldness. To check infection and stop dandruff use Valanol Scalp Pomade twice a week. Valanol contains antiseptic and healing Beech Tree oil and keeps the hair glands normally active, tones up the scalp, and promotes vigorous growth of healthy, lustrous hair.
Mothers will find Valanol Scalp Pomade a quick and easy way to remove Cradle Cap.
Price 3/-, obtainable all stores and chemists or direct, post free, from the manufacturers, Box 3334PP, G.P.O.

VALANOL SCALP POMADE

FREE!

3 MONTHS' TUITION AND DRESSMAKING OUTFIT FOR

DRESSCUTTING Making & Drafting

The girl who sends in best worked buttonhole before August 20.

Address letters "Competition," Room 8, 3rd Floor, Pacific House, 296 Pitt St.

AGE 14 TO 21

Result published in The Australian Women's Weekly, 25/8/34

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The new improved Tea-Saver—SAVES TEA, TIME and MONEY

HYGIENIC & CONVENIENT

A large teaspoonful available at the turn of the handle.

ANY COLOUR OR SHADE

AT ALL STORES OR RING MA2592

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Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

LADIES connected with social activities can make good remuneration, introducing distinctive Stationery. Commission. Write, Stationery Department, 149 Liverpool Rd., Burwood.***

WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold, Dental Plates, etc. E. E. Smith, 113a Pitt Street (near Hunter Street).***

HIGHLIGHTS for 2UW READERS

Conducted by Linda Littlejohn

Women's Weekly Session, every day, 9.45 to 10, Myra Dempsey. 2 to 3 Dorothea Vautier.

Music, Stories, Poetry, Travel and Other Talks!

A very diversified programme to suit both "highbrow" and "lowbrow" has always been the special attraction of 2UW's Sunday programmes.

The older folk who spend their Sunday afternoons snugly in front of the fire listening to the radio are especially catered for.

THIS week on Sunday, at 5 p.m., "Tannhauser," by Wagner, will be performed by the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Albert Coates.

Wagner's fame has been built up in recent years, perhaps in return for the neglect he suffered during his life.

At 8.30 p.m. a new recording of the "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1 by the Norwegian composer, Grieg, will be heard. This most popular of all Grieg's work is the incidental music he wrote for Ibsen's

MR. CLIFFORD ARNOLD

play, "Peer Gynt." The four scenes so well known to music lovers are "Morning," "Death of Ase," Peer's mother, "Anitra's Dance," and "In the Hall of the Mountain King."

On Monday evening a light programme is promised, including items by Gladys Moncrieff.

Tuesday is vaudeville night, interspersed with dance items, while a newcomer, Patricia Rossborough, who is billed as a novelty pianist, will give a recital at 9 p.m. on Wednesday.

* * *

UNEMPLOYMENT, its cause and cure, is a never-ending source of discussion. In spite of the fact that we have more economic books, more statistics, more data than at any other period in history, we still seem unable to solve this difficult problem. Some blame women, saying that one reason so many men are unemployed is because women are in industry. Is this true?

Just think of all the trades which have been exclusively man's—shipbuilding, engineering, all constructional work, laboring. Are not these trades amongst those most heavily hit by the present disorganisation? Yet women have never been employed in them, so can hardly be held responsible for this state of affairs. Should women be permitted to work in industry—if so, why?

Mrs. Littlejohn will discuss all these questions on Wednesday at 4 p.m., and in view of the importance of this subject should command a large listening public.

On Friday, at 11.15 a.m., Mrs. Littlejohn will continue her series of short stories written and read by herself.

Other Talks

OTHER special feature talks this week include one on Friday, at 2.40 p.m., by Mr. H. D. Black, B.Ec., on "Planning for Peace"; at 2.40 p.m., on Tuesday, by Mrs. Doris Ritchie, on "Matters of Importance to Women," and one by our old friend, Mr. X., the lawyer, who, at 2.10 on Wednesday, will solve "Legal Difficulties for Women." This session has become exceedingly popular, and many are the intricate problems relative to matrimonial troubles and child guardianship which Mr. X is called upon to solve—over the radio.

Dorothea Vautier

DOES the theatre play an important part in the lives of Australians? Apparently not, otherwise we would have a national theatre gracing one of our beautiful parks. At the present time our very best talent goes abroad to finish at one of the famous academies. The Sydney Little Theatres have been the means of keeping the drama-loving public supplied with modern plays, but there is still no graduating school for ambitious players.

St. John Ervine, in "The Theatre in My Time," brings to the reader a realisation of the importance of the theatre on the other side of the world. He discusses its place in the lives of the people, its rise and fall, its technical changes, and its future.

"I am filled with hope when I learn that many of them are bored by moving pictures and are turning towards the theatre for entertainment. For the theatre is the plac of living men and women, and live people are more interesting than photographs. The play came from sunlight to candlelight, and the candlelight gave way to gas, and the gas to electricity. What next? Will it come out again to the sun, or shall we see a new light?"

Dorothea Vautier will continue this topic on Wednesday at 2.40.

* * *

VERSE, as other forms of literature, has moved with the times. What are the essential differences between modern verse and verse of the past? During the Friday session, which has become familiar to listeners under the title of "Gems of Verse," Dorothea Vautier will read extracts from the verse of last century and from the modern poets.

MISS CONNIE BEGLEY
—Lupton Studios

"Miss Sydney" Quest

CONNIE BEGLEY, of 2UW, is the selected candidate for the Miss Sports Girl in the Miss Sydney Quest for United Charities. Connie is a splendid all-round sport. She is a member of the Telephone swimming and hockey clubs. She holds a champion certificate for backstroke and freestyle swimming, and last year she won the Long Distance Cup for 220, 440 and 880 yards—an exceptional performance.

To further her candidature a theatre party has been arrang d for August 28 to "Gay Divorce." Tickets may be obtained from Station 2UW, price 5/6.

2UW Personality

CLIFFORD ARNOLD, born in England, came to Australia in 1911. He comes of a very musical family, his father being a Beethoven scholar and his mother a pianist of note. He was originally intended for a violinist. His musical education was gained under Dr. Jenkyn, organist of St. Alban's Cathedral. He appeared for some years as accompanist and soloist at many concerts, but in 1923 he entered radio, first with 2FC and 2BL and in 1928 joined 2UW, where he is often heard in his now famous improvisations.

He is a man of many and various attainments, his hobbies being tennis, golf, painting, pottery, and amateur theatricals.

He has one son, who has inherited his father's musical talent.

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ONE 1-5 SHARE. 1/6

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£16000 HE HAS WON IN PRIZES £16000

Including the First Prize twice. He will and can win for you.

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ALL HANDS ON DECK for inspection! Now be honest with yourself, are your hands as soft and white as you'd like them to be? Is there just a trace of cooking stains, just a suspicion of grimed-in cleaning dust and dirt? Send for a tablet of SOLVOL quickly! See the most obstinate stains come clean away in that gentle, persuasive lather. See your hands bloom white and soft again-as lovely hands were meant to be. Keep them soft and white-unspoiled by vegetables-unmarred by grime. Use SOLVOL after every dirty job!

SURE TO GET IT AT

Grace Bros.

Just Arrived!

FIRST SHIPMENT OF NEW SEASON'S

SILKS

36 inch PRINTED MAROCAINS

New season's designs in two-tone geometrical designs, floral effects, etc. A particularly good quality, well printed, in all wanted colourings.
PRICE, yard **2/11**

36 inch FANCY SURAH

A popular twill weave, in an exclusive diagonal stripe effect. Particularly smart colour combinations, including Black/White/Chartreuse/Grey, Black/White/Saxe/Lemon, Black/White/Green/Grey, Nigger/Beige/Orange/White, Nigger/Beige, Green/White.
PRICE, yard **5/11**

36 in. CORDED MATELASSE

A new weave, featuring a raised cord effect. Shades are Red, Beige, Brown, Nigger, Green, Pink, Powder, Saxe, Royal, Navy, White and Black.
PRICE, yard **3/6**

36 in. PRINTED CREPE DE CHINE

Smart fancy spot effects, in reverse colourings. Black/White, White/Black, Navy/White, White/Navy, Lido/White, White/Lido. A pure silk quality.
PRICE, yard **3/6**

NOVELTY WEAVES IN THE NEW SEASON'S VOILES

36 inch GRAFTON'S "ZENA" VOILES

A novel weave, in exclusive floral designs in the newest colourings on White grounds. Apricot, Red, Nil Green, Lemon, Pink, Brown, also Green/White, Brown/White, Blue/White, Red/White, Navy/White. Guaranteed fast colours.
PRICE, yard **2/11**

36 inch MERCERISED HAIRCORD VOILE

A fine, soft Voile, with haircord weave. White and pastel grounds, with field flower designs. A special London purchase of exclusive Novelty Voile.
PRICE, yard **2/3**

38 inch PRINTED CHIFFON VOILE

A range of New Season's designs, just arrived! Showing in dainty colourings, fast colours, and a fine texture.
PRICE, yard **1/3**

36 inch MESH WEAVE ART. VOILE

The season's most popular Voile for dainty Spring and Summer Frocks. Grounds are Red, Spring Green, Citron, Virus Rose, Azure Blue and White, with floral designs.
PRICE, yard **1/3**

36 inch ORGANDI MUSLINS

Best Swiss makes. Plain weaves, crinkled and the new Net effects. Florals and Checks in delightful colourings on White and Pastel grounds.

PRICES, per yard
2/3, 2/11, 3/11, 4/9, 5/6

New DIMITIES!

JUST ARRIVED!

36 inches Wide

Neat floral designs, for Maids' and Children's wear. Colourings guaranteed tub fast. Pink, Nattier, Saxe, Helio., Orange, Apricot, Champagne, Sky, Nil Green. Also White grounds with neat designs.
PRICE, yard **1/6½**

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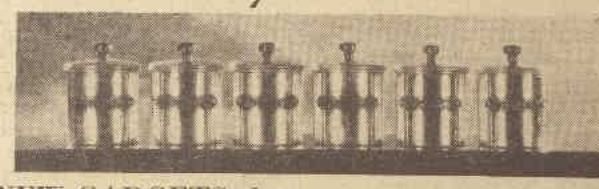
For the KITCHEN

... Time, Labor, and Money Savers



NEW GADGETS that will prove irresistible, despite their homely looks, to up-to-date housekeepers.

"SUGAR and spice and all that's nice" may be kept in this diminutive set of six aluminium containers, for 8/6.

EVEN an egg may be made to look very attractive when prepared in this aluminium egg-poacher, with its trays for three eggs. Price 4/6.

FOR cakes — a new ball-bearing egg-beater of stainless steel with bakelite handle. Tedious beating turned into a pleasure. The resultant light sponge is ample reward for an outlay of 7/6.

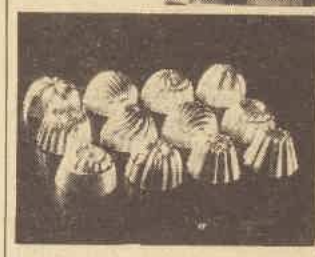
SUMMER days—cool green salads, with pressed tongues or potted meats in round smooth shapes—and to acquire that shape use the hygienic meat-press illustrated—it is ideal for small families, and even for the bachelor-girl. Price 2/9.

WITH spring dishes demanding breadcrumbs, this bread-grater is almost a necessity. The bread is placed in the top, as in a mincer. Price 8/11.

NO more stooping or reddened hands from wringing the water and dirt from the floor-mop. This bucket is fitted with a corrugated cone which, when mop is pressed into it and turned, acts as a splendid wringer. Both 7/6.

WITH a little ingenuity and the help of this icing set, with its six varied tubes, a cake may become a very decorative affair. The set is readily dismantled, and consequently easy to keep clean, and is priced at 4/11.

—Photos by courtesy of Grace Bros.



GONE are the days when a jelly was made in one big mould, and served in spoonsful. Here is a set of twelve individual jelly-moulds of varied shapes. They come in a box and are priced at 4/6.

DON'T... FORGET

The Rawson Mission for Seamen and the Limbless Soldiers' Association of New South Wales will benefit from the ball to be held on the Maloja on September 20.

☆ ☆ ☆

The date of the Picnic Ball, which will be held at the Palais, has been fixed for October 8. Although still a secret, the decorations promise to be "something out of the box."

☆ ☆ ☆

The fourteenth annual ball of the Old Sydneians' Union will be held at the Blaxland Galleries on August 22.

☆ ☆ ☆

In aid of the Free Kindergarten, Ilona Barnes will present Van Druten's "There's Always Juliet" at the Savoy Theatre, on August 23.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Holy Cross Ball will be held at the Paddington Town Hall on August 22.

☆ ☆ ☆

On August 28 there will be a card afternoon at the Women's Country Club, organised by Mrs. Stephen Herford and Mrs. Storm Bradley, in aid of the Anti-T.B. Association.

☆ ☆ ☆

There will be a Reunion Ball held by ex-pupils of Mittagong Superior Public School, on August 17.

☆ ☆ ☆

St. John Ambulance Association is moving into new offices at the Assembly Hall, 44 Margaret Street.

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THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

A PRETTY MEMBER of the Younger Set—Miss Meg Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. F. Smith, of Munni, Dungog. Meg, who came to Sydney to study with Miss Janet Stephen, is a versatile girl, whose wide interests include cookery. She has already compiled a cookery book for charity.

—Women's Weekly photo.

MY DEAR JULIET—

The polo carnival at Quirindi proved a magnet for many Sydney people. You know the Northern Challenge Cup is said to be the oldest polo trophy in Australia, and is always the piece-de-resistance at the three days' carnival, which commences on the first Monday in August each year.

It was first competed for in 1899, and in successive years (except the big drought year of 1903), right up to 1915, when the carnival was abandoned till after the war. Indeed, the 1914 carnival was in progress when word of England's participation in the great conflagration was received, and many hard-riding knights of the polo field transferred their activities to another theatre and played the war game with the same zest that brought them fame at polo. Many, alas, did not return.

☆ ☆ ☆

BUT to return. Since 1929, when Scone won the Cup, the carnival has been abandoned owing to the depression playing havoc with the wool barons, but this year the carnival has been revived. The opening day was delightfully fine, but a cold breeze that shortly arose brought forth an array of furs, coats, and rugs that concealed the smartly-clad visitors beneath their roomy warmth.

The attendance was very good, though perhaps not so numerous as in the "good old days," and certainly the polo was not of pre-depression standard, accountable for by the fact that in the interim many of the older and more experienced players have dropped out, to be replaced by new young blood which has yet to win its spurs.

Eight teams nominated, but, unfortunately, the Sydneysiders, the Assamanders, were unable to make the trip. The playing field, which is recognised as one of the best, if not THE best in Australia, was in perfect condition after last week's rain, being nicely firm and well coated with grass.

☆ ☆ ☆

AFTER the play about 200 guests attended a cocktail party at the Commercial Hotel, hostessed by Mrs. Bob Simson, of Moredival, and Mrs. Colin Simpson, of the Plantation Break. Afterwards these, and about 200 others attended the Polo Ball, which went merrily as a marriage bell.

Among those present were Mrs. Moore (Melbourne), Mrs. P. Morrissey, Mrs. C. Morrissey, Mrs. P. Shannon, Dr. and Mrs. Jim Eakin (Sydney), Mrs. J. Robertson, Mrs. P. G. Smith (Tamworth), Miss Bettina Smith, Mrs. Laurie Cadell, Mrs. Waller, Mrs. G. MacDougall, Mrs. H. Remington, Mrs. J. Mills, Mrs. Cam Ronald, Miss Vickery (Tamworth), Miss M. and Miss L. Holloway, Mrs. D. Body, Miss K. Body, Mrs. W. G. Crossing, Miss K. Crossing, Mrs. A. C. Ronald, Mrs. Max Wright (Murrurundi), Mrs. W. Sheaffe, Mrs. Kelf, Miss M. MacLaughlin, Mrs. Morgan Jones, Miss Florence Suttor (Sydney), Miss J. MacMaster, Miss Honor Bowman, Mrs. E. Finlayson, Mrs. H. Poole, Mrs. Jim Traill (Coolah), Mrs. Hague, Mrs. Gelling, Mrs. H. Howell, Mrs. Shannon (Merriwa), and Mrs. C. W. Simson (Wandobah).

☆ ☆ ☆

MRS. McEVILLY JORDAN has come from London to stay with her mother, Mrs. Charles Regan, at her flat in Mount Stewart, Edgecliff, for the next six months. For some years after their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Jordan lived in Dublin, so that Mrs. Jordan was able to indulge her literary and artistic leanings at the Abbey Theatre, where she was present on the first night of "The Plough and the Stars."

She kept up her interest in the Little Theatre movement, when subsequently she and her husband went to London, where he has practised for the last four years.

Mrs. Jordan had been learning verse speaking from Miss Margaret Gullen. The verse-speaking choir revival was started by Miss Gullen in Glasgow, and later it spread to London.

☆ ☆ ☆

BOYS and girls of the Armidale College and the New England Grammar School are usually friendly with each other, and keep their friendships up into the ex-students' unions.

Their annual dance took place at the Wentworth last week, and was a combined and very friendly affair.

Dancers included Noreen Dangar, whose tallness was given added dignity by a coronet plait; Felicia Garvan, in a very smart frock, closely printed in navy spots of different sizes and shapes, and with her arm in a sling as a result of an accident at Kosciusko; Betty Hungerford, who secured five balloons at midnight when they were loosed, and Naomi Williams, whose "catch" of four was speedily pirated by Beatrice Fawsitt; Dr. Cedric Cohen, with a red carnation buttonhole and hearty laugh; Mr. Spence, president of the Old Newingtonians' Union, who is learning the barn dance now that he has attained this office, and attends so many parties; Harry Raffin, who has just retired from a very distinguished rowing career, still with the clear complexion of the athlete in training; and Humphrey Henchman and Major Royce Shannon, proudly wearing the blue and white (officially blue and straw-colored) badge of T.A.S.O.B.U. office.

Bachelors' Gallery

BILL WENTWORTH, nice young limb of a very old family tree... Descendant of William Charles Wentworth, the Illustrious... Twentyish... Educated Armidale... Flair for schoolboy mischiefs did not daunt teachers' high opinion of brains... Later, Oxford and shining scholastic way... Much attached to (1) battered but amazingly speedy car, (2) golf... Prospects, political plus literary... Pen produces brilliant articles in service of Premier's Publicity Department.

THE women in the audience of Doris Fitton's first night of "The Plough and the Stars" on Saturday simply shrieked with mirth when two of the characters engaged in a fight, one of them holding a "baby." The poor baby was thrown this way and that in the excitement, and finally abandoned on the floor, but never uttered the slightest protest. If only all babies were so sweetly patient!

Production and acting were both delightful. In fact, the show is one of the Independent Theatre's best, which is saying a great deal. The audience included Miss Fairfax, Mrs. Albert Littlejohn, Mrs. Russell Gillies, Mme. Kuraz and her daughter, Eva, Professor A. L. Sadler, Miss Rene Sutherland, Mrs. Hugh Ward, and Madame Wolfcarius.

☆ ☆ ☆

DURING the week-end Cranbrook was en fete for Old Boys' matches and other Foundation Day celebrations, a feature being the win of the debating team in the finals of the Debating Competition.

Among the large gathering watching three teams of Old Boys playing football on Saturday were Rev. F. T. Perkins (a former headmaster), Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Spier, parents of the captain of the first Old Cranbrookians' team, Mrs. Wilfrid Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank George, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Wilson, Colonel and Mrs. Rabett and Elizabeth, Mr. and Mrs. Sep Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Westgarth, and, helping with the tea, Mrs. R. H. Swainson, Mrs. Kenneth Stephen and Mrs. Iven Mackay.

☆ ☆ ☆

A PICTURE of a beautiful brunette which is called "Enid" in the catalogue of the Royal Art Society is a portrait of Mrs. R. I. Piper, who, with her little son, David, is visiting her mother, Mrs. George Sly, at Darling Point. Mrs. Piper and David will be leaving soon for their home in the Federated Malay States.

☆ ☆ ☆

PROBABLY realising that visitors to the Art Gallery in the Education Department arriving from ten to three onwards would find themselves held up by the congestion around the one lift, and not desirous of trying their powers against six flights of stairs, the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Philip Street, very kindly did not perform the opening ceremony on Saturday until nearly half past the hour. Among the most interesting exhibitors are Mrs. Hunter White, more or less hidden from recognition under the signature of "L. White", and Phyllis Brodziak. Mrs. White's painting is very vital, while Phyllis Brodziak, just a young girl who is shortly going abroad to further her studies, shows a delicately-conceived painting of St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Visitors on the opening day included Sir Hugh Poynter, so regular in his visits to such exhibitions, as befits one of his ancestry, and Mr. Aubrey Halloran, who looked in for a few moments and then was off to a launching of a new boat at the Royal Motor Yacht Squadron.

☆ ☆ ☆

DR. AND MRS. F. WHEATLEY invited all their friends who had been to the East to a cocktail party in their home at Macleay St., Potts Point, on Monday, to speed Marjorie Luscombe Newman and Gloria Terry on their way and give them tips about things in general in China and Japan. Mrs. Feakes, who came with her husband, Commander Feakes, returned from that part of the world not so very long ago. Madge Elliott came with Cyril Ritchard, and among others who toasted the travellers were Admiral and Mrs. Randle Ford, Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Shaw, Commander Johnson, Flag-Lieutenant Cook, Mrs. F. Wisdom, Miss P. Hipsley, Mr. J. Mullins, and Mrs. Aleck Joske, who had given a lunch for the girls at the Green Cottage, her home at Vaucluse, on the same day.

AN ATTRACTIVE study of Beatrice, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Humbert, of Coff's Harbor and Coogee.

—Dayne Home Study.

MRS. ELLIS FIELDING JONES is the guest of Mrs. A. White at Scone.

☆ ☆ ☆

CYRIS McCOLM'S young friend, Beverley Slaney, stayed with her while en route to her home in Kew, Melbourne. Beverley has been visiting her relatives, Dr. and Mrs. Ruscombe Poole, at Harrisville, Queensland. Cyris has not yet decided whether to accept her friend's tempting invitation to be her guest during the Centenary celebrations.

Mr. and Mrs. McColm are returning to their home in Toowong, Brisbane. Mr. McColm has been ill the whole time he has been here, and now that he is well enough to travel he is looking forward to basking in his beloved garden again.

MRS. D. HUNT of Elmore, Bellata, has arrived in Sydney to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brainwood of Wollstonecraft. She will shortly motor them back to her station home in the North-West for a holiday.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN Monsieur and Madame Gisuet went to live in Paris they sold their house, and it is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. L. Fyfe Watt, who have named it Althorpe after the family estate in England.

Jane Anne

Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

HEARNE'S
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Intimate Jottings

Have You Noticed—

The diamond star Margaret Dare adopts in lieu of a bobby pin and her increasing proficiency in photography?

Eric Luscombe Newman walking home daily from work last week in training for a trip to Kiandra?

Nan Moses in pale blue, and sister Babe in pale pink woollen evening frocks?

Palm Beach Stirring

THE hibernating season for beaches is coming to an end, and already Palm Beach, at any rate, is stirring in its sleep. Houses, I hear, are letting like wildfire, and all the portents are for a snappy surfing season ahead.

Mrs. Alrema Samuels, whose suntan and surfboard riding are quite a feature of the summer season, is one of the icebergs who thrive in winter breakers, and has just gone back to her beloved beach after six weeks in the city.

Skating, at which she is adept, was the main attraction the metropolis had for her, but her joy in this was rather marred by the necessity to pay frequent visits to the dentist.

Remodelling Nindooimbah

MRS. JOHN COLLINS, who was Sydney's Margaret Hagon, was well known for her flair for designing frocks, but it is not usually known that she was almost equally interested in interior decoration.

Her new home, Nindooimbah, Beaudesert, is now being remodelled under her directions. She and her husband are in Brisbane for Exhibition Week, but Margaret is intent on getting home immediately after, so as to keep a watchful eye on every step of the alterations.

Living in Two States

MR. AND MRS. GORDON COWARD of Mungindi, are at present in Sydney, with their nine-year-old daughter, Joyce, staying in one of the flats in St. James Building. Mr. Coward is owner of one of the most extensive properties in the North. When Peter Swainson, son of the Y.M.C.A. secretary, recently paid a visit to Mungindi, he stayed 34 miles over the N.S.W. border. The property is partly in N.S.W. and partly in Queensland.

Helen Lindeman Engaged

THE engagement is announced of Helen Lindeman to Dick Mant, brother of John, and well known in aviation circles. When Dick left school he went on the land in Queensland, but soon gravitated to flying. He started by proving himself extremely capable, went on to obtaining a position in the New Guinea Airways, and, after a holiday in Sydney, has just returned to New Guinea in such a short time that he beat Ulm's record flight.

Helen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Y. Lindeman, of Bellevue Hill. She and her sister, Barbara, were quite famous when at Shirley for their running and swimming prowess. Another sister, Marnee, is engaged to Harry King.

Basement de Luxe

WHEN Beaupre Bassett entertained at a farewell party for Gloria Terry and Marjorie Luscombe Newman, this week, guests unanimously admired the basement of her Macquarie St. home, where cocktails were dispensed.

A mantelpiece of an appalling period has been built over with black wood and copper, and above it opaque glass conceals the lighting scheme. A real cocktail bar is part of the thrilling "mise-en-scene," which won from Mrs. T. H. Kelly the tribute that it was the most absolutely modern decorative scheme she had seen since she arrived in this village.

Returned to Melbourne

MRS. GEORGE PATTERSON has returned to Melbourne after staying for some time with her daughter, Mary Lavinia, at Grantham, Potts Point. Miss Patterson has been practising biological chemistry for some time in Sydney. She studied at the Lister Institute, London, after a brilliant University career in Melbourne.

Mrs. Annie Box, Melba's sister, has also returned to Melbourne. Mrs. Patterson and Dame Melba's family are closely connected.

Rhodes Scholar Farewelled

ON Friday evening the members of the Sydney University Football Club gave a farewell dinner in honor of their departing club-mate, Hugh Barry, this year's Rhodes Scholar, who leaves for abroad next Tuesday. Although there were no girls in the party, all went to Romanos afterwards.

Though not intent on dancing, they wanted to wander about and speak to any friends they might find. As three members of the All Blacks team, as well as Hugh Newman and a party of six he had brought on from "The Wind and the Rain," were among those present, they met plenty of people they knew and spent a happy evening.

Follow the Cricket

AFTER a long search, three well-known Sydney girls, Dr. Daria Voss, Jane Finnis, and Lina White, have found a fascinating flat at St. John's Wood, and have settled in very happily.

It is not far from Lord's, and they have been able to attend most of the cricket matches of the season.

This Biassed Beauty

LINGERIE confections cut on the cross and elaborately hand-embroidered are among the many delightful birthday gifts Rona McDonald has just received from her father who is in China. To the plump these "biassed" garments are most kind, and in them the slim become positively wand-y.

Mrs. McDonald has just taken a flat at Manly, and furnished it very charmingly. Captain McDonald is due on furlough shortly, and plans to stay eight months in Sydney.

To Cairns and Back

DR. A. S. BLACK, of Melbourne, and his daughters, Mrs. W. G. Davies and Mrs. Norman Marshall are doing the Cairns trip. On return they will visit Mrs. Margaret Stacpoole, who lives in a quaint little flat in one of the few Old World houses still remaining opposite the Union Club.

Later, Mrs. Stacpoole intends visiting Moree, where, I hear, Mrs. Tom Hogan also proposes to spend a holiday shortly.

Decorative Lemons

GREAT branches laden with pale gold lemons nestling amid shining green foliage were used in the decorative scheme at Inglenook, Warrawee, on Monday, when Mr. and Mrs. Scott Waine gave a large cocktail party to welcome home Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate. Everyone admired the clever way in which the copper utensils adorning the vast Dutch press in the reception room caught and reflected the lemons' gleaming green and gold.

Mrs. Scott Waine wore a distinguished gown of friar brown. Her guests included many well-known doctors and their wives, Commander and Mrs. Oscar Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Sheller, Mr. Leon Gellert, Mrs. Edmund Playfair, and many others.

Dick White's Accident

BAD luck for Dick White! He was coming home by motor-bike at the week-end, when he collided with a lorry, and is now in St. Luke's with his leg broken in two places.

Dick is a son of Mr. Justice White and Mrs. White. Brains and good sportsmanship run in the family evidently. Mr. Justice White and his brother, Dr. White, of Kogarah, are probably the only two brothers in Australia who both received triple Blues at the University.

Four Clever Sons

MRS. W. R. McNICOLL, wife of the recently-appointed Administrator of New Guinea, will leave Sydney in a couple of months' time to take up residence in Government House, Rabaul.

Mrs. McNicoll is the mother of four sons. The eldest, who is in the army, is at Darwin. The second, a naval man, is taking a special torpedo course. While on the Canberra he wrote a book of poems which sold out, and another de-luxe edition is now being brought out, illustrated by Lieut. Ingleton, also of the Canberra.

The third son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. McNicoll is at Sydney University, and the youngest is a journalist.

Farewell to Sydney

AFTER a week in Sydney, Philip Game left on Saturday for a holiday in the country up North with the Percy Whites. On Friday evening he and a party, including Suzanne Stogdale, Joan Crowhurst, and "Rusty" Everdale visited the Glaciarium as a farewell flutter.

Suzanne is just a beginner, but the others, especially Philip, who knows all sorts of tricks, had no difficulty in getting round.

Did You Know That—

Stella George has bought a house at Clifton Gardens and now has it complete with car, three Persians, umpteen birds, and one Samoyede?

Mrs. Randle Ford returned by tram and foot 80 of the 280 calls made to welcome her, but has now taken to a car?

Joyce Beazley is having a marvellous time in Paris, where her hostess is a Marquise?

Janet Thatcher's cattle-dog, "Bluey," so pined for the great, wide open spaces that Janet reluctantly sent him back to his beloved station?

A nice, spry Harrow boy, Giles Bottell, is a guest of Miss Pudsey Dawson at her flat in Point Piper?

In and Out of Society :: By WEP

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WARM *Appreciation* of OUR £250 KNITTING *Contest*

What Prize Means to a Plucky Adelaide Widow!

So keen was the interest shown in our recent £250 knitting competition that, since the prize-winners were announced, large numbers of letters from competitors have reached this office.

Whether from prize-winners or not, these letters have all shown such warm appreciation of the competition that The Australian Women's Weekly takes this opportunity of thanking the writers for their generous tributes to the manner in which the competition has been conducted.

ONE winner of a consolation prize wrote: "Really it is not the money that counts most, it is the honor of being placed among the winners.

"I have seen some of the garments, enough to show me that I must improve before I scale the ladder and carry off the highest honors in such a competition. Though these garments seemed unbeatable, I shall certainly not give in."

"The competition has been of the greatest interest to me," wrote another competitor, "and though I didn't win a prize, I must thank The Australian Women's Weekly for organising it in such a splendid manner. I would like to congratulate the winners, who, I am sure, must feel proud of excelling where so many entries reached such a high standard."

This fine sporting spirit thus displayed by the competitors is a very happy aspect of the competition, and will be a great incentive to The Australian Women's Weekly to organise a similar competition next year.

Winners, naturally, are delighted with their success. In many cases, the substantial amount o money won made a most opportune addition to the family funds.

Fortunate for Widow

WHEN Mrs. M. Aspinall, of Knoxville, came into the office of The Australian Women's Weekly, to collect the £20 she won in Section 5 in the Knitting Contest, her face was wreathed in smiles.

"I have a little boy, aged 8, to keep," she said, "and as I am a widow this is not easy. Not only do I thank The Australian Women's Weekly for £20 in prize money, but for one of the best references towards getting a job that I could possibly hope to have. I think winning that section will be advertisement enough to get me a job in one of the big stores in the city, in the wool section.

Meantime, little son, Murray, who goes to school, is the envy of all his playfellows for owning a pullover that won a prize in an Australian knitting competition! Oddly enough, Mrs. Aspinall debated until the very last moment whether she should enter the garment, or whether she should let Murray wear it immediately it was finished. She has entered for only one contest before, and that was in Western Australia.

Winning Designs

MANY readers have written asking for directions for knitting garments which were apparently made from original designs and won prizes in the competition. If these directions can be obtained they will be published at a later date.

THE HAT, SCARF, AND GLOVES which Miss Patricia Minchin donned for this photograph won a consolation prize in Section 6 of our £250 knitting competition. The wool used in them cost only 5/-.
—Women's Weekly photo.

MISS PATRICIA MINCHIN, photographed in the jumper which won first prize (£30) in Section 1 of our £250 knitting competition. Miss Minchin is making her first appearance on the professional stage under the J. C. Williamson management in "The Wind and the Rain," and competent critics predict a brilliant future for this clever young Australian.
—Women's Weekly photo.

A Prima Donna & Her Clothes

WHEN a male musician visits Australia for a celebrity tour, the two most general queries are: "I wonder how he will play?" and the more colloquial, "I wonder what he looks like?" But when the celebrity artist is a woman, perhaps the most general query of all is, "I wonder what she will wear?"

Madame Florence Austral, famous Australian singer, has crammed a collection of delightful frocks and furbelows into her wardrobe trunks.

Two gorgeous fur coats—one of Russian sable for day wear, and an ermine one for night time—have aroused the very special admiration of Melbourne's fashion lovers. And aren't all women fashion lovers?

Because Madame Austral is very fair it is taken for granted that black is mostly favored by her for stage wear, but, as a matter of fact, the singer herself admits to a penchant for white. She has included in her wardrobe-trunks one lovely platform frock of dull white satin cut on long lines, and there are also two very beautiful black gowns—one of velvet with a quaint cut-away cape effect at the back.

Women's Anguish in War as Theme for Great Painting

By Air Mail

"WOMEN IN 1914-1918" is the title Mr. Philip A. de Laszlo, the famous portrait painter, is to give his greatest work, which will be a picture showing the sufferings of women during the war.

"I want to work on my greatest work," he said on arrival at Plymouth after a holiday in Tangier. "I believe every painter should paint one outstanding work into which he should pour all his knowledge and ability.

"I have worked out the theme for mine, which will be called 'Women in 1914-1918.' It will depict the sufferings of women during the war."

Mr. de Laszlo, who recently celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday, probably painted the portraits of more distinguished people than any other living artist.

"The women of all countries who had to spend months and years in dread of a telegram suffered more, I think, than the men who were fighting," he added.

"I used to see them praying in church and their sad faces have haunted me.

"I hope to express through my painting all the grief and silent cruelty of war."

Mr de Laszlo said his picture of women in the war would be a canvas 10ft. by 12ft. showing a group of women praying in a church.

RHEUMATISM, JOINT PAINS

Stabbing Pains in the Back, Lumbago

Be warned of serious

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Down-dragging weakness, awful backache, an agony to stoop or get straight again, sharp, shooting pains through the muscles—hour after hour of pain—no wonder these dreadful symptoms of kidney trouble line your face and make you feel and look too-old, worn-out and without energy for anything.

Weak kidneys—yes, that is what makes your life a misery, although, perhaps, you do not know it, and only a remedy that acts directly through the kidneys can help you.

RELIEF IN 24 HOURS

Most confidently we suggest that if rheumatism, backache, or kidney weakness makes your life a misery, you cannot do better than to start at once with the tried and trusted remedy—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

In 24 hours from the very first dose you will see that this remedy does act directly on the kidneys—the seat of your trouble.

Years younger, pain-free, brighter and happier than ever—that is how you will feel after taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. The testimony of thousands who have tried and tested this famous remedy tells you so.

But prove this for yourself by getting a supply and taking this remedy regularly for a few days.

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS THIS WILL HELP YOU

Do not put off until to-morrow the health you can have to-day. Tried and trusted so many years, a safe, sure, family remedy, De Witt's Pills will not fail you.

Go to your chemist now. Ask him about De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. He can tell you they have been combined especially for the purpose of driving from the body pain-giving poisons, and to build up vigour and vitality. Buy a 3/6, or more economical 6/6, size box of "De Witt's" to-day. Definitely refuse any substitute, for we can honestly assure you that there is nothing "just as good" for kidney troubles as

Mr. Chas. Hayward, of 15, Lombard Street, Glebe Point, Sydney, New South Wales, writes:—
"A few years ago I suffered severely with rheumatism and kidney trouble. A friend advised me to try De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and I am very thankful to say that after taking only three bottles of this wonderful remedy I found complete relief."

De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills

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A.M.P.

"A sure friend in uncertain times."

Did you share in the

£4,773,000?

AT the beginning of July, Bonus Certificates with a reversionary value of £4,773,000 were distributed amongst A.M.P. members. Did YOU share in that distribution? No? Why not? Surely you are missing a great opportunity to make your future comfortable and secure?

One member who took out a £500 policy in 1903 found that his share of the distribution brought the sum assured to £973.

Another member who took out a £1,000 policy in 1891 found that the sum assured is now £2,332.

A young husband, who began investing £7/17/11 a year in a £500 policy the day he got his first "job" in 1924, finds that he and his wife have a policy for £633.

Over 1,040,000 policies, assuring £223,000,000 are now held by members for the purpose of providing security (and peace of mind) in one form and another. Membership is open to all men and women who are in good health, and the advice of a certain carpenter to his assistant is sound for all: "Become a member of the A.M.P. when you are young, lad," he said. "Don't put it off. The younger you are when you join, the less you will have to invest each month to get your benefits later on."

That advice is as good for the merchant and the countryman as for the boy or girl beginning life in a city office.

The Society will gladly send an experienced counsellor to advise you, or will send a copy of "Investing in Happiness" if you prefer.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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ORCHIDS *Provide* World's UNWRITTEN *History*

Their Scientific Value

A woman who buys a spray of orchids to match her latest dance gown knows they are expensive. But she does not know how expensive they really are.

The few shillings (or guineas) she pays for them are as nothing compared with the fact that by commercialising orchids the world is losing an unwritten history and an unmapped geography of the world.

NEVER have so many orchids been worn at dances, race meetings or theatre parties as there have been this season. There are several society girls who are rarely seen, even in the street, without either a bloom or a spray of delicately-tinted flowers pinned to their lapels or fur collars, while a gift of a pair or a trio of cattleyas this year is as commonplace as a bunch of humble violets would have been a couple of years ago.

Although slipper heels are the most popular, because of their price (the blooms are about 2/6 each), there is a good sale for orchids priced at 5/-, 7/6, and up to several guineas a flower. The most popular among them are grown in Australia from imported bulbs.

DR. R. S. ROGERS, M.A., M.D., who is recognised as a leading authority on orchids in the Southern Hemisphere.
—Ray-Nal (Adelaide).

NEVER have orchids been so popular.

* * *

DR. R. S. RODGERS, M.A., M.D., who is considered the most eminent orchidologist in the Southern Hemisphere, throws some interesting side-lights on the plants and the part they play in the history of the world.

"They are as important to the scientist as rocks themselves," he said in an interview with a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. "Orchids are easily the largest family of plants in the world, and it is interesting that some genera of them are almost identical all over the world.

"It is possible to prove that, because several species in Australia are almost identical in detail with those in New Zealand, these two continents were once joined by land. That is just an example of the value of orchids to the scientist.

"The scheme can be carried out on a larger scale until connecting up the countries of the world, as is done with rocks.

"A conspicuous orchid is likely to be exterminated much more quickly than an inconspicuous one, and that is why intensely hybridised and cultivated orchids, raised with one idea, and that to produce decorative blooms, mark the beginning of the decline of the plants.

"At first, people who cultivated orchids were faced with numerous difficulties. The flowers have to be grown in special laboratories, where the air is kept at certain temperatures. Formerly, to develop properly, the seed planted had to be grown in a fungus which is to be found at the roots of the plant, and this was not easy to get. But now a substitute, composed of certain sugars, has been discovered and is being used extensively.

Most of the blooms sold in Australia are grown on plants imported from the tropics. At the same time, the Kew Laboratories, in England, have many Australian wild orchids which experts have been experimenting with for many years.

"Australia has a number of orchids for which the public clamors.

"In fact, it has clamored so much that many of our varieties are now almost extinct. Some of the New South Wales and Queensland orchids are well developed, have large flowers, and are being continually inquired for.

"It is these plants with conspicuous blooms that will soon meet their fate."

Dr. Rogers, who has devoted 30 years to the study and classification of orchids, has thousands of specimens of the plants and flowers.

He states that at the last count taken, 20,000 known species of orchids were listed. About 100 of these were South Australian, many of which were rapidly disappearing because of land cultivation and because people who had no real use for the plants gathered them in wholesale quantities merely because they were orchids.

£65,000

PAID TO SHAREHOLDERS!

LUCKY FRED, leader in Lottery luck, has paid out the enormous sum of £65,000 to genuine shareholders who held a fifth or a FREE twentieth share. Included in the winning cheques Lucky Fred sent to shareholders were TWENTY CHEQUES FOR £1000 EACH, because Fred has won FOUR FIRST PRIZES in the State Lottery. This is definitely a record.

Lucky Fred won hundreds of pounds last Friday, including:

£50 78737
£40's . . 2891, 78720

AND NUMEROUS PRIZES OF £10 AND £5.

£1000 Quickly

£250 FREE!

If you hold a share in the winning ticket when Lucky Fred wins his next FIRST PRIZE, you receive £1000 quickly, because shares are sent in the very next State lottery to be drawn. A FREE TWENTIETH SHARE, which all clients receive who send in this Coupon with 1/6 for a FIFTH SHARE, can win £250, or a twentieth of all other prizes offered in the State Lottery. This is real value for your money, and you have two lucky numbers to look for in the result slips instead of one.

Stick to Lucky Fred! He has won over £85,000 in the N.S.W. State Lottery, including FOUR FIRST PRIZES of £1000.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

HOW TO SEND IN

For any of these offers you must cut out this coupon, and—

FOR A FIFTH SHARE AND A FREE TWENTIETH SHARE SEND 1/6.
FOR FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS AND A ONE-TWENTIETH SHARE SEND 5/6.

Simply buy your Postal Note, attach this coupon and be sure to send a self-stamped addressed envelope, bearing your own name and address.

Your shares will be sent by return mail in the very next State Lottery to be drawn. If to-day's your lucky day, then £1000 is yours next week. You know the address—

LUCKY FRED, W.W.
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Genuine...

EUGENE PERMANENT WAVE

The only wave that leaves the hair soft and glossy. Done by expert operators, therefore the best results are obtained. We have now installed in our new Salon the quickest dryers obtainable, drying the hair in half an hour.

Realistic Permanent Wave, the soft wave with ringlet ends, and the Steam Oil Wave are also done in our Salon.

The very best attention is given to every client. Have your hair waved to suit you.

Phone NOW for Appointment—MA3253.

JOHN DATSIS

TRUST BUILDINGS, Cnr. King & Castlereagh Sts., Sydney.
ENTRANCE KING ST.

BRISBANE GIRL *Rides Horse* to DEATH!

Scores of young girls in Brisbane this winter have taken to horseback riding. Incidentally, according to the S.P.C.A. (Queensland) authorities, the new vogue has been responsible for much unnecessary misery and suffering to some of the hapless animals hired out to the less experienced equestriennes.

"IT is due mainly to a want of knowledge," said Mr. M. O'Sullivan, secretary of the Queensland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when asked by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly for further particulars respecting statements included in the report released at the Society's recent annual meeting.

The report stated: "Frequently on a Sunday evening we see these horses with their heads drooping and their sides heaving in distress from being over-ridden, through pure ignorance on the part of the rider of what a horse is capable of doing. Recently we had a case brought under notice of a young lady who hired a horse in the city and galloped it all the way to Perny Grove and back. The horse was returned to the owner in a state of collapse, and was quite unfit for use for some weeks. In another case the horse was returned to the owner in such a state of collapse that it died four hours later. In each case the rider was a young girl."

"There has been a great deal of this," continued Mr. O'Sullivan, referring to the over-riding menace, "some of them very cruel cases. It can usually be attributed to the ignorance of the rider, who sets out knowing little and caring less about the capacity of her mount.

"In addition to this over-riding, we frequently have brought under our notice cases of misfitting saddles and the rider 'flopping,' so that at the end of a few miles the unfortunate horse has the skin torn off its back. This very often happens when a girl sets out on a horse that has just had a feed and a good drink. Later, during the ride, the girth becomes loose."

1/3 LARGE TUBE

Out of date tooth-pastes replaced by REXOL

Rexol, the new toothpaste has been formulated to meet the requirements of to-day. It is absolutely modern, and far more efficient than the best of the old-fashioned toothpastes could be. (Sold at the commonsense price of 1/3d. per full-size large tube.)

30.1.33

PREPARED BY REXONA PROPRIETARY LTD.

PICTURES *Worth Framing*

Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the FRONT PAGE of THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY may be had from this office for 2/-

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LOUISE MACK ADVISES

on matters of everyday concern to women.

Do Not Believe All Men Say!

A woman must not believe all a man says when he is making love to her. She must get to know his character before putting all her faith into his words.

"GIRL OF EIGHTEEN" writes: "I was terribly in love with a man in my office, and I thought he meant all he said. He sailed abroad last week, and before he left I realised he meant nothing at all. I feel it frightfully, especially to think I was so silly as to believe him. But how is a girl to know? That's what puzzles me—and 'hurts.'"

Yes, how is a girl to know?

How is a girl of eighteen to understand a man's character and judge what his nature is really?

Men always say the same commonplaces. We can read them in divorce cases or breach of promise actions, and sometimes those commonplaces are real, and come from the depths, but sometimes they mean nothing at all—and **how is a girl to know?**

Life ought to be a very beautiful thing as a girl of eighteen ought to live it, simply, gaily, harming none, trusting all—but the sad thing is, that the simpler the soul the more easily is youth deceived.

I don't mean "deceived" in the old melodramatic Victorian way, because most girls have more sense and knowledge than that nowadays. No, I mean deceived in her estimate of the man's character, believing him good when he is bad, and sincere when he is a humbug and, in spite of his charming looks and charming words, just a poor specimen underneath, not worth giving a thought to because unreal and untrue.

* * *

BUT how is a girl to know? She can't know, and that's all there is about it!

And that's where parents and guardians and employers come in, and their job is to show the girl what they know.

It is easier said than done.

Of all jobs in the world, this is the most important, and yet it is absolutely the most thankless as well as one of the hardest. What girl wants to listen to her father? What girl believes her mother knows this man as well as she does?

What girl but resents her employers—men or women—poking their noses into her personal little secrets, her goings out and comings in, and the gorgeous flurry of her life since she got to know **him**!

This is where tact of a superhuman kind is needed from those who have any influence over "Eighteen."

They must go warily. They must show no preference—for or against unless the young girl absolutely believes in them.

If they know "Eighteen" has set her heart upon a sorry specimen, they must not say so outright, unless they are dead sure of her faith in them. They must work round her, as it were, in a hundred different ways.

But the only two ways that are likely to be really efficacious are to send the girl far away, the further the better, among jolly companions, or to tackle the man and shame him with his meanness.

* * *

WHY do women find scamps so attractive?

I think one reason is that any intelligent woman can read the ordinary decent man and know him through and through in a month, if she cares to, and can gauge to a nicety what he will do, and how he will feel and act in any given circumstances.

But the scamp is different. The scamp knows how to make himself mysterious, uncertain, charming, vague, and interesting. The scamp keeps a girl forever guessing, forever wondering, and forever not quite sure, even when she is sure—or thinks she is!

The scamp calls on pity, and all girls love to pity. The scamp tells hard luck tales, and all girls respond to the brave man up against it. Or the scamp plays at wealth and generosity, and all girls love luncheons, dinners, theatres, dances, and presents.

As a matter of fact, to catch the interest of a very young girl is the easiest thing in the world, and that is why decent men avoid arousing that simple clinging heart unless their own heart genuinely responds.

* * *

BUT what can guardians do? How can mothers prevent their girls thinking the world of some wretched fellow who is pinchbeck through and through, though the girl thinks him the finest metal? How can the elders guard the youngsters from suffering?

Only by gaining their confidence; by making them absolutely believe in you, and by being yourself absolutely sincere with them, always and forever sincere.

When a girl is convinced that the people who are warning her have no axe to grind, and are thinking only of her welfare, then, and only then, is she likely to be influenced by their good advice.

Mothers, the case is in your hands, really, but you must begin at the beginning.

Remember that the greatest evils in life have had their rise from something that was thought of too little importance to be attended to.

THESE PECULIAR looking birds were designed by the well-known Australian black and white comic artist, Emile Mercier. By way of contrast to the droll figures the artist's wife stands by to introduce them.

"Many people have asked me how I keep my clothes so white.."

Says Mrs. Coombes, OF ALLEN ST., PORT KEMBLA, N.S.W.

"I am writing to let you know the benefit I have received by using your Persil. I have been using it for some months now and have proved that it is everything and better than you claim it to be.

Many people have asked me how I keep my clothes so white and I readily advise them to try it and they won't regret it.

Persil is great for men's working clothes and makes washing-day easy.

(Sgd.) Mrs. B. COOMBES."
Allen Street,
Port Kembla, N.S.W.

£100 GUARANTEE THAT THIS LETTER IS ENTIRELY genuine & UNSOLICITED

You CAN HAVE BRIGHTER WASHES AND NO HARD WORK

Don't drudge at a washtub for another minute. Do as millions of women have already done—without any hard work, start getting the whitest whites, the brightest colours and the softest woollies and silks you have ever had—start using Persil!

LET PERSIL'S Active OXYGEN-SUDS WORK FOR YOU !!

Once Persil is in the water you can forget the washing part of washing-day and just watch. Persil washes automatically! As you pour the Persil solution into the copper it sets free countless tiny oxygen bubbles. These oxygen bubbles immediately make the suds active. With all the cleansing power of nature's own purifier—oxygen—in them, the suds whirl to and fro through each stitch and thread of the clothes. Every tiny speck of dirt loosens out. Everything comes as clean and fresh as can be. And not a moment's rubbing to tire you or wear out your clothes!

Safe for washing everything

Because Persil washes thoroughly even in cool water it is the safest thing for dainty silks, colours, and woollens. And, because there's no rubbing in the Persil way to wash, your linens will last as long again—never frayed or worn in the tub.

NOW..3,500,000 WOMEN IN ENGLAND ALONE USE PERSIL FOR EVERYTHING THEY WASH

GENTLE·BUT THOROUGH—SO WHITES ARE white COLOURS bright

Easy as it is, you'll have no doubts about the thoroughness of this "no-rubbing" way to wash when you see your first Persil wash hanging out. The hardest rubbing could never make the clothes so fresh and bright.

For best Results.. Follow the Special PERSIL METHOD

1. Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. Mix to a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water.

2. After thinning down the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid, add to cold water in the copper.

3. For silks and woollens make a solution of Persil, as above, and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

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if Persil does not give you the easiest washing-days and the brightest washes you've ever had! Write to the address below.

PERSIL WASHES BEST alone...

DO NOT ADD ANYTHING ELSE

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Save what you spend on 'EXTRAS'

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER Persil REGISTERED For the whole family wash PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

THE SIMPLE WAY IS THE Persil WAY

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The Philips Photometer, which proves the inefficiency of "cheap" lamps beyond all doubt.

"—and get all the light you pay for!"

"THANK you, Mr. Brown—we are going to discard all our 'cheap' lamps and replace with Philips!"

"You are very wise, Madam, for not only will you get much better lighting, but you will get all the light you pay for."

"The fact is, Mr. Brown, we had always used Philips, but we thought we could save money with 'cheap' lamps, even though the light was not quite so good!"

"And did you find 'cheap' lamps more economical?"

"No, Mr. Brown, far from it—we certainly saved a few pence on the cost of the lamps, but in spite of the poor light our electricity account is nearly double!"

"Well, Madam—thousands of women have made the same discovery—'cheap' lamps are 'cheat' lamps, and it pays to use only Philips."

PHILIPS "MEASURED-LIGHT" LAMPS

4L-13

For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Avoid WINTER COLDS *for Baby!*

By... Mary Truby King

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the World-famous Authority on Baby Welfare.

With colds, coughs and influenza, not to mention an epidemic of whooping-cough, the order of the day, a few words on their prevention and treatment may not come amiss.

Though colds are always more or less with us, in the wet wintry months they become more common and are less easy to resist.

COLDS are often regarded as mysterious, inevitable inflictions of Providence, but in reality they are no more inevitable than constipation or diarrhoea. Every year a great many deaths are directly attributable to neglected coughs and colds—colds which, if simple precautions had been taken, would never have developed.

All measures which render a child hardy, strong and resistive to colds, render him also resistive to all other forms of fever and illness. Hostile microbes are forever lurking around the mouth, nose and throat—waiting till the subject is sufficiently run down to make their onslaught.

Those who live through the winter in warm, stuffy rooms, scarcely going out of doors, and totally neglecting the daily cold bath or cold shower, followed by its brisk rubbing down, and active exercise till the body is glowing in the open air, have only themselves to blame for the fact that their resistance becomes lowered to such an extent that the friendly germs within their body are overwhelmed in their fight against the *unfriendly germs* which wage war against them.

Ten Golden Rules

A PERFECT state of physical fitness is the best preventive of all ills, and this can be brought about only by strict attention to the following ten essentials:

Proper diet; breast-feeding to the ninth month.

The right amount of clothing; not too heavy and thick, yet warm, light and non-restricting.

Sufficient daily active exercise.

By a love of pure, fresh air—day and night—and a leaning towards life out of doors rather than indoors.

By a natural worship of the sun—making use of every hour of sunshine, by direct exposure of the limbs to its rays. Correctly regulated exposure of the whole of the body to the unfiltered rays of the sun has a most stimulating and tonic effect on the organism.

By paying strict attention to the state of the bowels, and never letting 24 hours go past without a movement.

By insisting on a daily cool sponge all over the body or a daily cold bath, followed by a brisk rub down and sufficient exercise to make the body glow.

By seeing that the child has long, unbroken hours of sleep at night, and a daytime sleep till 3 to 5 years of age.

By protecting baby from sudden chills when taking him from his cot; wrapping a shawl or "cuddling" blanket around him.

By keeping babies and children away from anyone who has a cold or any respiratory trouble.

Remember that colds are definitely infectious, and do not allow indiscriminate kissing.

* * *

IF baby should be so unfortunate as to catch a cold, remember the following simple suggestions. The child's main need is for fluid. Give him warm boiled water or fruit juice frequently. He needs less food and more water than usual. If he shows disinclination for the amount of food he ordinarily takes, do not press him to eat, but make sure that he is never thirsty.

If baby has any digestive upset, dilute his humanised milk with a few extra ounces of water; gradually taking out the diluent as his condition improves.

If baby is naturally fed, give slightly less time at the breast, and an ounce or so of warm boiled water by bottle before each feed; gradually increasing the time at the breast again and decreasing the amount of water as the motions become more normal.

Stress again must be laid on the necessity for giving sufficient fluid. The child may be apt to refuse drinks on account of his throat being sore; but every possible means of inducing the child to drink must be resorted to.

If the child is old enough, let him drink through a straw, as the novelty of this will please him. If coaxing and wiles fail, firmness will be necessary in his own interests.

* * *

DURING a cold keep the nostrils as clear as possible, especially before baby has his meals and before sleeping. For a young baby twist a piece of cotton wool round the end of a used matchstick, smear it with vaseline, and gently cleanse each nostril, using a clean stick each time. If the child can manage a handkerchief, see that he uses it well, and afterwards smear the inside of the nostril with some soothing antiseptic ointment which the child should be encouraged to sniff. Such an ointment may also be rubbed into the chest with benefit.

Should the little patient have difficulty in breathing, raise the head and shoulders by using a higher pillow.

The Daily Bath

A GOOD warm bath will open the pores of the skin. Cool down the bath-water before taking the child out, in order to close the pores; or give a quick cool sponge; and then pop the child straight back into a warm bed. Rubbing the chest and trunk with warm olive or camphorated oil is also beneficial.

Do not give up bathing baby daily because he has a cold. Baby needs a warm bath even more than usual when he is suffering from a chill.

Think how important a part the skin plays in getting rid of waste products of the body, and then you will realise why it is doubly necessary to give warm baths during the time when the poisons of a cold are circulating in his system. But, beware of subjecting the child to cold draughts after the bath. If the bathroom is some distance from his bedroom, wrap him up completely in a warmed blanket while carrying him from room to room.

If the child is too ill to be moved from his room, the warm sponge may be given in bed or on his mother's lap before the fire; but unless this procedure is carried out quickly and deftly, there is more risk of exposure and chilling than there is from a quick bath in the bathroom.

During convalescence from a cold, keep the toddler off the floor and protect him from sudden changes of temperature. Do not keep children with colds cooped up in hot rooms, but make use of the sunshine. Should the doctor order that the child be kept indoors, select a room where the sun can pour in at the window, and keep the windows wide open.

Never let a cold go on indefinitely without getting medical advice, especially if there is a chesty cough, difficult breathing, feverishness, drowsiness, or any sign of ear trouble. Many serious illnesses develop from neglected colds. Many a child would be saved from the ravages of bronchitis and pneumonia if medical attention were obtained in the early stages of the trouble.

Do You Ever Feel Like This?

THESE lines quoted are from an anonymous epitaph written about 1850, and are sometimes known as the "Tired Woman's Epitaph." It runs:—

"Here lies a poor woman who always was tired
She lived in a house where help was not hired.
Her last words on earth were: 'Dear *friends, I am going*
Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor sewing;
But everything there is exact to my wishes,
For where they don't eat there's no washing dishes;
I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing,
But, having no voice, I'll be clear of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never,
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever.'"

Sent in by "Cee."

HOST HOLBROOK says. "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrooks' Sauce will put it right." "The World's Appetiser."***

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Skin Inflamed. Lost Sleep. Healed by Cuticura.

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"I suffered for six months before seeing an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After the first few dressings I could notice a great improvement so I bought more and the rash is now completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. D. Hargan, Trunkey Creek, N. S. W., Feb. 8, 1933.

Use Cuticura Soap daily for the toilet, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, and have a clear, fresh complexion, free from pimples and blackheads.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. and 2s. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sample each free. Address: "R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N. S. W." Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 6d.

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Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste to-day. See how much whiter, brighter it makes your teeth—note how swiftly and thoroughly it erases ALL stains, tartar and discolorations. No soapy, foamy taste—just the clean invigoration of Listerine Antiseptic itself.

—*and it makes the breath sweeter.*

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REASONS DIFFER —*but the* CHOICE *is* ALWAYS *the* SAME

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

1/3 LARGE TUBE

HERE'S GOOD NEWS

The wonderful Ironised-Phosphorised and Peptonised Irradiated Yeast Tablets known as Fe-P-Y are now available to your chemist. These are the tablets which have created such a sensation in America and overseas. Ironised Yeast is the most wonderful pep and energy producer yet discovered, and we go one better in Fe-P-Y tablets, for the tonic Phosphorised Iron and the digestive Pepsin have been added, making what medical men and chemists alike describe as the ideal tonic digestive tablet. Wonderful in their effects for old and young alike. 28 tablets 1/6, 50 tablets 2/6, and 100 tablets 4/6 at any chemist. As these tablets are only just available, your chemist may not have them in stock, but he can get them through his wholesale house. Don't accept any substitute for Fe-P-Y tablets (pronounced Feepee), for they are the only phosphorised and peptonised tablets in Australia. Manufactured and distributed through the Cerevis Yeast Pty. Ltd., Fink's Building, Elizabeth St., Melbourne. Phone, C7509.***

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TAIL-WAGGER CHATS

HELP MY VALE

COAXING WAYS OF SHEEPDOGS

By "PHILOKUON"

THOSE who have to find themselves in the neighborhood of sheepdog trials should take the opportunity of seeing what these clever dogs are capable of doing. It will be a revelation.

A few of my readers, who witnessed trials last year, afterwards wrote to me asking where they could obtain these dogs, arguing that, considering how wise they were, they must make satisfactory companions. Most of the sheepdogs fill this role very well, being extraordinarily sensible.

The coaxing ways of the dogs when at work always interest the onlookers. They are so quiet and gentle in their methods, approaching in a way that will not be likely to frighten the sheep they are seeking to pen after inducing them to go through a number of intricate evolutions.

Roughness in any form would defeat its own object, but, for all that, as occasion arises, the dogs assert their mastery in a definite manner, first seeing that the sheep are in a bunch and disposed to go in the right direction. One's inevitable conclusion is that these trials must have a great educative influence, encouraging graziers to train their dogs better, and to make them of more use.

The tests imposed at the trials may be beyond the scope of everyday life, but at least those who try to emulate them will be certain to improve their dogs.

Increased efficiency means saving of time, and lessens the likelihood of any damage being done to the sheep.

The HYGIENIC LOOPED SANITARY PAD

MOISTURE PROOF

PINCBAK

PINK BACK

Made in Australia by COTTON DRESSINGS PTY. LTD.

OBTAINABLE at COLES, EDMENTS, MYERS AND ALL CHEMISTS AND DRAPERS.

I WOULD not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual.—Dr. Johnson.

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COURTING *Grounds* for LOVERS ... *An Old* CHINESE CUSTOM

Missionary Tells How Primitive Race Caters for its Romeos & Juliets

How a primitive Chinese race caters for lovers by providing courting grounds is told by the Rev. M. N. Hutton, of the China Inland Mission, in this exclusive interview with The Australian Women's Weekly.

Mr. Hutton has been doing missionary work in the East for 23 years. He gives an interesting insight into the quaint beliefs, strange customs and picturesque handicrafts of one of China's most primitive races.

MR. HUTTON and his wife and daughter have been on furlough in Australia for the past twelve months, during which time the missionary has delivered lectures all over the Commonwealth on the interesting country in which his work is being carried out. With his family he is now returning to the East.

* * *

AT an early age Mr. Hutton decided to devote his life to missionary work. Twenty-three years ago he was appointed to a missionary post in China.

The China Inland Mission, to which he belongs, was founded by Dr. Hudson Taylor in 1865 and the first missionaries commenced work in that vast unknown land in the following year. The organisation is really a faith mission. From a humble start the work has grown until to-day there are 1350 missionary workers in China.

In the vast inland territory it is estimated that there are some 50,000,000 of the original natives of China. Two thousand years before the birth of Christ, China was invaded by hordes of bandits from northern and central Asia, and the aboriginal Chinese were driven back into the great mountain country where the Yellow River and the Yang-tse-Kiang have their sources.

For 3000 years continual warfare has been raging between the invaders and the natives, always the result being that the natives have been driven further and further back into the mountains.

It was among these primitive people that the China Inland Mission commenced its work seventy-five years ago.

To-day it is working among the largest of the 200 tribes in Central China. The tribe is known as the Black Miao, because of the color of the cloth with which they make their garments.

Expert Craftswomen

THE women and girls of this tribe do some of the most magnificent embroidery work imaginable. They grow their own cotton, spin their own thread, and the women weave the cloth and make the clothing. They grow their own indigo, extract the dye from the plant, and dye the cloth a deep black. The children are trained to do embroidery work from the time they are three years of age.

Silk is also produced in large quantities.

The women do their embroidery work entirely without patterns, simply counting the threads of the cloth and working from the back of the cloth. The art is really a relic of a former civilisation many thousands of years older than our own.

The clothing worn by the women on gala occasions is of extraordinary beauty, the dresses often being covered with silver, and Mr. Hutton says that he has known as much as 700 ounces of silver to be used on a dress.

The women of the Black Miao tribe are fine physical specimens with magnificent poise, and when decked out in all their finery they present a remarkable picture.

It is interesting to hear from Mr. Hutton that even among this primitive race the love of adornment is part of the life of the women.

Courting Grounds

THE moral laws of the Black Miao tribe are very stringent.

Courting grounds are provided in all the villages, where the young marriageable girls go to meet the eligible men. The girls in each district are restricted to one particular courting ground and if they break the rule they are deemed guilty of immorality.

On the other hand, the young men are allowed to go all over the district to any of the courting grounds to select their sweethearts, and they make their own matrimonial arrangements.

The homes of the people are very primitive, being mostly built of white pine. The roofs are covered with tiles made from mud; the floors are of mud, too. There are no chimneys in the houses, and the smoke from the fires gets out the best way it can.

Everything that is needed is produced in the country, with the exception of salt. No salt can be found anywhere in the territory, and it has to be brought from a province some hundreds of miles away at a cost of about 10d a lb. The salt-producing country is in the diocese which was formerly administered by Archbishop Mowll, of Sydney.

Mercury is produced in large quantities in the Black Miao country, but the mining is very primitive and takes a tremendous toll of native life.

Brass for Silver

THERE is no coinage system. The medium of exchange is lumps of silver. The silver is taken to silversmiths and beaten out flat and then cut up. This is sold to the Chinese for brass tokens, which are used in commerce.

At the present time a coinage system is being introduced into the country, but the natives prefer the methods of their ancestors, and there is no doubt that some wily traders would like to see the system of exchanging brass tokens for silver continued for ever.

Mr. Hutton and his wife live on the top of a high mountain. Transport to the coast is by a tributary of the Yang-tse-Kiang for 1000 miles, and a further 1000 miles down the mighty river to the sea. The river journey takes three months, the boats being pulled along the stream by haulers, who walk along the banks.

Mr. Hutton's daughter, Faith, who is 14 years of age, is being educated at a High School in China proper, 2000 miles away from her parents, whom she sees once in every three years.

A typical maid of the Black Miao tribe, with a sample of the beautiful embroidery work done by native women.

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The clever boning of this Lady Ruth Wrap-round 1567 gives perfect back and front control, so necessary to preserve good figure lines. Notice how the front reinforcement finishes in double suspenders which prevent uncomfortable 'riding up'. Sizes 24-32 ins.

A 1567

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Designed originally to cure stammering and stuttering, "The Magic Alphabet" will also correct any speech defect such as Halting, Lisping, or Nervous Hesitation, while it is an infallible cure if the bugbear of FEAR has got you, or if you suffer from

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I WILL

And the opening chapter of a new life has begun. He desires, above all things, to make her home life happy, to make her home duties interesting and attractive, and his mind naturally turns to all sorts of labor-saving appliances and comfort-promoting conveniences. But not every new hope is realised and not every new ambition is achieved, and many a young married woman has found that, whilst every other room in her home is comfortably equipped, the laundry lacks even the first essentials for convenience and comfort. In other words, it has no gas copper.

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Hundreds of women have brought their laundries up-to-date and added years to their lives by taking advantage of this unique scheme, and every young married woman who takes a pride in herself and in her home, and does not want to be tied to the washtub at least one day a week, should tell her husband about this wonderful offer.

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AS YOU will note, the tie is an attractive feature of this springtime jumper. This knotted tie smartly trims the jumper—and brevity is the soul of it.

ARE *You* TALL *and* SLENDER?

. . . Then this snappy pullover with its folding collar is meant for you!

The sports-loving girl, the hiking girl, or the girl who just loves to don slacks when an occasion presents itself, will find this pullover a smart necessity.

Easy to knit with these concise directions as a guide, you can buy your wool and set to work—at once!

SMARTNESS and comfort combine for your pleasure. It's the simplest garment imaginable to knit with these instructions before you.

Materials Required: 10 skeins "Sunbeam Super" 4-ply silk and wool shade No. 8, 2 pairs needles Nos. 8 and 11.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder 21 inches, bust 32 inches, length of sleeve seam 20 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; m., moss.

Tension: 6 sts., 1 inch; 7 rows, 1 inch.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 98 sts., k. 1 row into back of sts., work in rib of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches, change to No. 8 needles, p. 1 row, increase 1 st. at end of row. Work in moss st. (k. 1, p. 1 to last st., k. 1) for 9½ inches. Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, decrease 1 st. each end of next 3 rows, decrease 1 st. each end of alternate rows 3 times. Work even until armhole measures 7 inches. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows, cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles cast on 98 sts., k. 1 row into back of sts., work in rib of k. 1, p. 1, for 3 inches. Change to No. 8 needles. Next row, p. increase 1 st. at end of row. Work in moss st. for 9½ inches, cast off 6 sts. at the beginning of next 2 rows, decrease 1 st. at each end of next 4 rows, decrease 1 st. each end of alternate rows 4 times. Work even for 2½ inches. Next Row: Work 32 sts., cast off 7 sts., work 32 sts. Next Row: Moss st. 30 sts., k. 2 tog. (put remaining sts. on st. holder). Work in moss st., decrease 1 st. at neck edge every row until decreased to 24 sts. Work even until armhole measures 7 inches, cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge 4 times. Work other shoulder to correspond.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles, cast on 60 sts., k. into back of sts., work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 3 inches, change to No. 8 needles, p. 1 row. Working in moss st., increase 1 st. each end of every 10th row until increased to 80 sts. Work 8 rows, then decrease 1 st. each end of every row until decreased to 24 sts. Cast off.

COLLAR

Join Shoulders: Using No. 11 needles, pick up and k. sts. around neck (36 sts. on each 3 needles), work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 9 inches. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew in sleeves, sew side seams. Fold collar in 3 folds.

WHEN *Spring* LOOKS IN . . .

You'll Find This Little Model a Veritable Treasure—Knit It!

You have knitted hard for winter, and now your needles will fly in the creation of dainty decorative garments for spring days and cool summer breaks.

Choose any shade that harmonises with your own coloring... consider soft, lupin blue if you are a blonde—it's a lovely shade to flaunt—and delicate coral if you are a brunette.

Materials Required.—5oz. 4-ply Viyella yarn.

Needles.—1 pair each sizes No. 10 and No. 12.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 16in; bust, 32in; sleeve seam, 5in.

Tension.—Stocking stitch, 7 stitches to 1 inch; 10 rows to 1 inch.

Abbreviations.—St. for stitch; k. for knit; p. for purl; tog., for together; m. for make; ins. for inches.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 110 sts. K. into the back of the sts. on the first row. Work in stocking stitch for 50 rows.

Next Row: K. 2, *drop 1, k. 3 *, repeat * to * to end of row, ending k. 3. Pull the dropped sts. down to the cast on row.

Next Row: P. 3, * m. 1, p. 3 *, repeat * to * to end of row, ending p. 2.

Work 8 rows of stocking stitch.

SHAPING FOR ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts., k. to end.

Cast off 5 sts., p to end.

Next Row: K. 30 (place the remaining 50 sts. on a st. holder), turn, p. back, purling the last 2 together.

Next Row: K. 2 tog. at beginning and end of row.

Next Row: P. taking the last 2 tog.

Continue taking 2 tog. at the armhole end until 5 sts. have been decreased, and taking 2 tog. at the neck edge on every 3rd row. When the 5 decreasings have been made at the armhole edge, decrease 1 st. at this edge every third row (the same row as the neck decreasings) 3 times (end of armhole decreasings). Now continue taking 2 tog. every 3rd row at the neck edge only, until 34 sts. remain on the needle. Then decrease at the neck edge every 6th row until there are 29 sts. on the needle, finishing on a k. row.

P. to within 9 sts., turn, k. back.

P. to within 19 sts., turn, k. back.

Cast off.

Work the other half front to correspond, but k. the p. rows and p. the k. rows.

With No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 80 sts. in the cast on sts.

Work in a rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 21 rows.

Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until the shaping for the armholes is reached, then:—

Cast off 4 sts., k. to end of row.

Cast off 4 sts., p. to end of row.

Take 2 tog. each end of every row for 4 rows, then take 2 tog. each end of every k. row 4 times. Continue without decreasing until work measures 7 ins. from the first armhole decrease, ending on a p. row.

P. to within the last 10 sts., turn.

K. to within the last 10 sts., turn.

P. to within the last 20 sts., turn.

K. to within the last 20 sts., turn.

P. to within the last 30 sts., turn.

K. to within the last 30 sts., turn.

P. to end of row. Cast off.

With No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 80 sts. in the cast on sts.

Work in rib as for front.

Join the shoulders.

SLEEVES

Pick up and k. 71 sts. round the armhole and work in stocking stitch for 30 rows, ending on a p. row.

Next Row: * K. 3, drop 1 *, repeat * to * to end of row. Pull the dropped sts. down to the cast on row.

P. back.

Work in rib of k. 1, p. 1 for 10 rows with No. 12 needles. Cast off.

TIE

Cast on 15 sts., and work in stocking stitch for 40 ins., ending on a p. row.

Next Row: * K. 3, drop 1 *, repeat * to * to end of row. Pull the dropped sts. down to the cast on row. Cast off.

Press well and sew round the "V" neck.

Press the jumper, sew up the sides and press the seams.

A CUDDLESOME DOLLY

. . . . for your little babe to play with!

This enchanting baby doll is particularly appealing, very soft, and absolutely safe for the smallest babe to play with and take to bed. After too strenuous hours of play on the floor or in soiled, loving hands, she may be washed in soap and water and laid out to dry.

Directions for making may be had immediately on application. Please enclose 3d. in stamps, and stamped, addressed envelope.

SMOKERS' COUGH

We have received letters from many people telling us that they have found nothing more effective for clearing up smokers' throat than the use of Heenzo Cough Diamonds. These wonderful cough Jubes are medicated with Heenzo. They act as a prophylactic as well as soothing inflamed membranes of the throat and chest. Heenzo Cough Diamonds cost only 1/- per tin, and money cannot buy a better medicated jube.

WARNING TO PARENTS

DON'T GIVE CHILDREN ANY COUGH REMEDIES CONTAINING POISONS

The advance of pharmaceutical science has shown that it is no longer necessary to use such dangerous drugs as paregoric, laudanum, opium, chloroform, morphia, or any other opiate, in the compounding of an efficacious remedy for chest and throat ailments. This has been clearly demonstrated in the success of Heenzo. It has been consistently proved that although Heenzo does not contain any dangerous drugs it will banish chest and throat ailments as quickly as any remedy containing such drugs. Heenzo is an ideal family remedy, because it is absolutely pure, and can be given to even the youngest child without fear of upsetting the digestion.

NURSE HANDLEY, J.P., of Kogarah, N.S.W., writes:—"I must compliment you upon having placed on the market such an excellent throat and chest remedy as HEENZO. I have lately put it through very thorough tests, and am pleased to say its efficacy is unquestionable. With all confidence, I recommend your HEENZO to anyone who needs a thoroughly reliable cough remedy."

MATRON COLES, of St. Margaret's Hospital, Adelaide, writes: — "I subjected HEENZO to a thorough trial, both personally and with patients. It is an excellent cough remedy, and is a blessing and a saving to mothers with large families."***

Feel a Bad Headache Go in Few Minutes

A Discovery That's Bringing Fast Relief to Millions

Now comes *amazingly quick* relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia . . . the *fastest, safe relief, it is said yet discovered.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, here, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost immediately.*

When you buy, though, see that you get the *Genuine* BAYER Aspirin. For Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always say "Bayer" and insist because "Bayer" means "Better."

Does Not Harm the Heart

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Our FASHION SERVICE and *Free Pattern*

THIS week's free pattern is an adorable frock for the young schoolgirl. Front and back panels are in one with the yoke. Side material is fashioned with pleats.

Pattern for a child 8 years: Material required, 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide; contrast ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

FOR SPRING DAYS

WW665.—Include in your wardrobe a three-quarter costume of lightweight woollen fabric that will carry you into the spring. Skirt is a plain two-piece model. Coat collar may be plain or trimmed with fur. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¼ yards, 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

BECOMING MODE

WW666.—A specially becoming frock of black marocain relieved with a touch of white. Skirt is cut with a slight flare at the sides, and the front panel continuing up under the belt. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHARMING FOR JUNIORS

WW671.—Choose a smart wool crepe with a chic little collar of contrast. Skirt is a plain six-gored model. Pattern for 12-14 years. Material required, 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, ¼ yard 30 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SMART UTILITY FROCK

WW667.—A flattering style for a house frock, with the front fastening in a novel design. Skirt features inverted pleats attached under the tabs of the blouse. Material for 36-inch bust, 3¾ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

COWLED BLOUSE

WW669. — Quite the latest vogue in blouses is that with the cowl effect. Cowl sleeves are pleated into the armhole and fit tightly at the wrists. Material for 36-inch bust, 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches.

ON SLIMMING LINES

WW668.—An attractive frock for the tall and slim. The neck is boat-shaped in front, and cut in deep "V" at back. The transfer, N1312, can be used to give the newest decorative touch to the delightful sleeves. Price of the transfer is 4d. (See needlework page for further details of transfer).

CLASSICAL SHIRT BLOUSE

WW670.—There is a delightful freshness about a tailored shirt blouse. Front is finely tucked where it joins the shoulder yoke. Neck is encircled with a high stand-up collar. Material for 36-inch bust, 2 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FOR THE SCHOOLGIRL

WW672.—A clever little style with scallops used as a trimming. Fastening is provided down the left side of the front panel. One-piece sleeves fit the wrists with a dart. Pattern for 6-8 years. Material required, 1¾ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

SIMPLE AND DRESSY

WW673.—A dressy yet easy-to-make frock. Material is fashioned with inverted pleats where it joins the yoke. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material required, 1¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 9d.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

In return for this coupon, free patterns are available for one month from day of issue at the following addresses:
The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch., Watt St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and 1d. stamp for postage to:
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, at the above addresses.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 11/8/'34.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly on personal application, or by post, at the prices indicated, at:
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt St.

How long will your Husband put up with this?

Cranky, fagged out, nervy, irritable . . . surely you must realise that always feeling off colour gradually wears a husband out . . . and after all is it fair to him? Yet you go on day by day when the remedy is just around the corner at your nearest Chemist or Store. There is definitely no excuse these days for such complaints as LASSITUDE, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BAD BREATH, etc., if you take your regular dose of SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS.

SCHUMANN'S CLEANSES AND PURIFIES

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts, which are made from the active ingredients of the Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe, thoroughly cleanse the system, flush the kidneys and strengthen and train the bowels for complete and normal functioning. You can always depend on Schumann's and you can always be well if you regularly take a half teaspoonful in a long glass of warm water.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SCHUMANN'S

At all Chemists and Stores

Schumann's
MINERAL SPRING
Salts

"Purifies but does not Purge"

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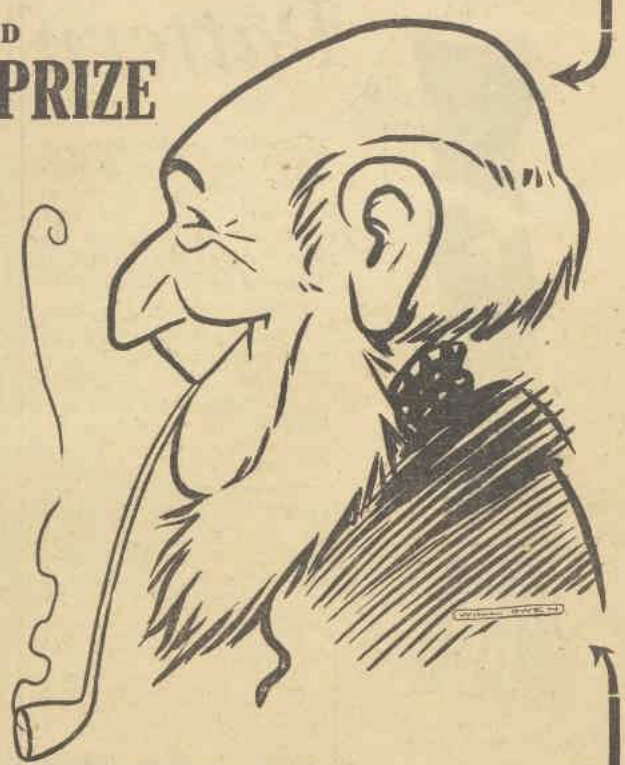
DRAW ME

AND

WIN A PRIZE



PRIZES

1st Prize .. £10
2nd Prize .. £5
3rd Prize .. £3
4th Prize .. £2
5th Prize .. £1
6th Prize .. 10/-

RULES OF THE COMPETITION

1. Anyone is eligible to compete, except employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching and Professional Artists.
2. All sketches must be received by 28th August, 1934.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of the envelope should be marked plainly—"Competition."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with State.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8in. high by 6in. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the competition, together with a list of the prize-winners. The Australian School of Sketching cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a postal note value 1/6 (one shilling and sixpence). Please do not send stamps or coins.
9. Sketch and postal note MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE. Competitors are particularly requested NOT to send their sketches in one envelope and postal note under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (1oz. for 2d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the Australian School of Sketching as final and conclusive.
12. The Australian School of Sketching reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1/1/- (two guineas) for each sketch.

CAN YOU SKETCH? Then here is a chance to win £10 easily. This Drawing Competition is being held to advertise the Australian School of Sketching. Everyone can compete except Professional Artists, employees and students of the Australian School of Sketching.

BEGIN NOW! Copy this Sketch in pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. Sit down now and try. First of all read the rules of the Competition. You can draw on any paper. Prizes will be awarded to the best drawings. All drawings will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition. Don't miss this. Someone will win £10. Why not you. Send in your sketch to-day.

THE AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL OF SKETCHING
London Bank Chambers, Martin Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

A LOVELY SKIN RADIATES TRUE BEAUTY

Beautiful women attribute their complexion to these creams

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream is the choice of thousands of beautiful women who insist on a superior cream for skin protection and make-up. This cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, and dust and imparts an alluring softness and beauty to your complexion. It is the perfect foundation for your powder and make-up. For cleansing and nourishing your skin, there is nothing that equals Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream; and Vivatone is the ideal skin freshener.

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Obtainable at all chemists and leading stores at
REDUCED PRICES
Large tube 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/-

We should not be too hasty in bestowing either our praise or censure on mankind, since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns.—Fielding.

Why will any man be so impertinently officious as to tell me all prospect of a future state is only fancy and delusion? Is there any merit in being the messenger of ill news? If it is a dream, let me enjoy it, since it makes me both the happier and better man.—Addison.

Both in individuals and in masses violent excitement is always followed by remission, and often by reaction. We are all inclined to deprecate whatever we have overpraised, and, on the other hand, to show undue indulgence where we have shown undue rigour.—Macaulay.

LUNCH-TIME ROMANCE

Continued from Page 7

THEN, at the end of the fortnight, came a letter from Chris saying that she was coming up to see him. There was something important she wanted to consult him about. Could he meet her at Waterloo station—she hadn't long to spare—and take her out to tea somewhere not too far off, as she'd have to get back the same night?

"I'm so worried, dear old boy," wrote Chris in her large, clear, yet impetuous, hand. "I want you to help me."

"Another crisis in the Lower Fourth, I expect," thought Richard, who had been "consulted" on these pressing problems before. And had she taken his advice? No, she hadn't. She'd argued, and haggled, and talked about the queerness of masculine psychology, and ended up by telling him that it had been lovely to get another point of view on the business, and now she saw her way much more clearly. But she'd done whatever it was she'd made up her mind to do right from the start!

However, he was glad to think they would be meeting now, instead of waiting till Easter. He'd be able to make up his mind for good and all when he saw her. And if she still seemed to him the dearest girl in the world, well, he'd leave off enlarging his mind. He'd leave off seeing Goldilocks. It didn't work, that sort of thing. It only unsettled you.

If, on the other hand . . .

"Well, then I suppose I should have to do the only decent thing," thought Richard. But it was a depressing prospect. He'd always prided himself on being a faithful sort of chap.

Christine looked very fresh and invigorating as she got quickly out of the train, and Richard, who was trying to imagine that he was now seeing her for the first time, felt strangely relieved. The flush in her cheeks intensified the blue of her deep-set eyes—boyish eyes, sailor's eyes, Richard had often told her. The long tweed coat suited her tall figure. Her crisp, springy flaxen hair showed up well against her brown sports hat. It was jolly to hear her voice again, abrupt, always a little breathless.

And there was something different about her, Richard told himself, as they talked over their tea, later on. She was gentler, less sure of herself. She seemed to be hedging away from something though—why didn't she come to the point and tell him what was worrying her?

Richard decided to let her take her time. She'd lead up to it before long, he knew. Meanwhile, he was very happy. For with every moment he grew more sure that, after all, he hadn't made a mistake. That girl, Goldilocks—why, there was nothing to her, when you come to think it over. Just a cooing sort of voice, and a pretty face, and a way of agreeing with what you said. But what sort of a wife would she make? Could she cook, or keep house, or make do on a small income, or look after you if you were laid up? He very much doubted it.

And besides, thought the virtuous Richard, when a girl's capable of falling up with a perfectly strange man in a restaurant without the slightest provocation, how are you going to trust her after she's married? No, he'd been a fool, and this dear Christine of his, this downright, open-hearted, staunch Christine, was the sort of girl for him.

MEANWHILE, Chris was telling him about the measles epidemic in the lower school, and the time she'd had helping the matron, and the new doctor they'd called in because their proper one was laid up.

Richard was saying, "Jolly good of you," "Jolly rough luck," and "So I should think," in quite the right places.

"And really," said Chris, "I've been so busy that I haven't had time to think things out quite clearly. That's why I wanted to get away from it just for a little. You see, dear, I can't help knowing that you—that you're not sure about yourself."

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Richard, most indignantly.

"Oh, Richard, you know what I mean. Your letters haven't been a bit the same. You've been—well, sort of trying to be affectionate and all that. They didn't ring true. Richard, I believe our engagement's been a mistake. Don't you think we'd better be honest and—and end it?"

He'd never loved her so much as when she looked at him with those sailor's eyes a little misty in their braveness, and that arrogant young chin of hers puckered up like an unhappy child's. He'd never seen her like that before. He felt chivalrous, and fine and tender.

"My darling," he said, "why do you say such mad things? Our engagement a mistake! How could it be?"

"It could," she said unsteadily, "if I'd come to be—not sure of myself, too."

"You!" he repeated. "Chris, you surely don't mean?"

"Oh, I don't know what to think," she cried. "I'm all wretched and unsettled. You see, Toby—Doctor Grayson, I mean—was so awfully good to me. He saw how run-down I was getting with helping Matron and doing my class work, too, and he took me out in his car—and we had a wonderful talk—and then your letters were so different, just then, and——"

"I see," said Richard very slowly. "I see."

THE tables were turned; and he was underneath; and very small and squashed he felt.

"I don't know what to do about it," Christine said simply. "I want to be fair with you, Richard; you know I'm most awfully fond of you, but if you don't feel you want me——"

"Look here, Chris," said Richard, in a very throaty and determined voice, "that's all rot about my letters cooling off. Why, I've—I've never thought about you more than I've been thinking lately. I—I've had you on my mind night and day. You've been imagining things. It's me you want to marry, and you know it is." And then the bluster went suddenly out of his voice, and, because he was terribly, desperately afraid of losing her, he said in a very humble way, "I know you're miles too good for me really, Chris."

"Oh Richard!" she exclaimed, with twinkling eyes, "that doesn't sound a bit like you!"

"Never mind what it sounds like," he urged. "You will marry me, won't you, Chris?"

She nodded. "If you're quite sure you want me," she said, "I will."

"All the same," she said to herself, on the way back to Bournemouth once more, "his letters have been funny. Perhaps it was his liver. I'll have to make him take more exercise, poor dear. Anyway, I'm glad I put in that bit about the doctor. It certainly did the trick. Though I don't know what his wife would say!"

(Copyright)

Miss 1934

I suppose a girl likes to marry a thrifty man, but it's terrible being engaged to one.

HOST HOLBROOK says: No sugar is used in brewing my vinegar. I call it Holbrooks' Pure Malt Vinegar.***

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

FORTY *Can Be* a GLAMOROUS AGE

Superseding even that of the magical twenties—if . . .

SO much has been written about women who have gained, as the years passed by, a certain charm that outshines even that of youth. Yet the majority will sigh and hanker after the magical twenties. This discontent, this fretting, this neglect, stamps itself upon their faces, figures, and manners—and banishes charm and beauty.

By EVELYN

I REMEMBER watching the famous Delysia in London—now in Melbourne—her face oiled and head covered, rehearsing. The remark of a newspaper critic beside me substantiated my thoughts as I watched her, fascinated: "Even here Delysia's amazing charm puts her juniors in the shade.. They are literally gawkish in comparison." Charm is a wonderful thing . . .

It is not an idle statement to make, but women of 40, and even 50, need not look more than 30.

The woman of 40 can take life in her two hands and mould it to her wishes.

She must be constantly on the alert, however, to see that her thoughts are constructive and not destructive. If she is perpetually down in the "dumps," dissatisfied, subject to fits of temper, or constantly discouraged with life, bitter, sarcastic—her face will reflect these emotions.

Massage for Beauty

SHE should seek out the finest and most experienced expert in facial massage and face masks, and take a course. For her own sake she should not deny herself this expenditure. Many women are so self-sacrificing.

Under the guidance of such an expert she will learn how to apply make-up correctly.

Where it is not possible to visit a professional she can massage herself—following the directions I have given from time to time.

Beauty at 40 demands, as I said, diligent care and watchfulness, not alone in the correct application of cosmetics, and careful massage, but in matters of hygiene as well.

Health Care

GOOD health is another all-important beauty background. All the creams and powders in the world will have comparatively little effect if you are constantly ailing.

Plan to include in your daily routine the right amount of outdoor exercise—walking, gardening, golf, tennis, or croquet—a carefully balanced diet, especially if you are overweight for your health and age, enough sleep, which might well mean an extra half-hour in the afternoon; also one or more of the various body-toning baths, if you would keep your skin aglow, youthful and beautiful.

Beauty Baths

AND now let me tell you about some of these beauty baths. If your complexion looks sallow, and if you are inclined to have blackheads or pimples, a daily hot and cold shower is most helpful, because it stimulates the general circulation.

Good circulation is the answer to many of our ills—including sluggish-looking complexions.

If you are not too strong try a tepid bath in a warmed room, followed by a half-hour's rest or sleep.

If in average good health you will surely thrive on a cool or even cold sponge down in the morning.

Never soak in hot water. A quick wash in hot water is best, followed by a cold sponge or shower, a quick towelling to dry yourself, and a brisk all-over friction with a rough towel will make you feel extraordinarily fit, and keep the figure firm.

A firm figure, not a hard figure, is one of the greatest blessings a woman can have. It makes her feel young, look young, and wear her clothes with grace and distinction.

Regular Exercise

EXERCISE, this bending and twisting, is sometimes a vexed question with women. Some overdo it, some underdo, some exercise not at all.

Too much is inclined to make the woman of 40 lined and nervy.

Be moderate—but exercise night or morning.

The eyes need attention. Careful bathing and gentle, systematic massage will do wonders.

Artificially brightened hair, too, is apt to make the skin look hard. Be careful in your choice—if you must resort to artificiality.

Skin tonics and creams should be chosen with due regard to purity. There are many reputable makes on the market, however.

Witch hazel, tincture of benzoin, eau-de-Cologne, all come under the heading of astringents. Ice-cold water is cheap—and it is good.

TO PRESERVE the skin, Diana Cotton, Gaumont-British player, appearing in films released by Fox, slaps her face with a pad of cotton wool moistened in skin tonic.

Weekly Diet Hint

BECAUSE men, on the average, are taller, more muscular, and more active than women, it is true that they require more food each day to keep the body machinery going. On the other hand, when the two sexes are compared while at rest it is found that men and women of the same height and weight require about the same number of food calories daily to maintain health. Whatever increases are necessary are brought about by increase of muscular or brain exertion.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: I have a little girl of pre-school age, whom I fear is not developing mentally. My husband and I have been fearful to admit it, even to ourselves, but we can no longer blind ourselves to the fact. What should we do about it.

NO mother—and no father either, for that matter—likes to admit that the child of her own flesh and blood can possibly be mentally defective.

And yet, the earliest possible recognition of mental defect is absolutely essential if these handicapped little people are to be benefited at all.

Is it not better, my good parent, to face facts as they are rather than to delude yourself with fond hopes that the child's evident defectiveness is merely a passing phase, and that sooner or later she will outgrow it!

And the best of it is that fathers and mothers often worry themselves half to death, after their own common sense makes them suspicious of their little one's continued backwardness, only to find, when once they have plucked up sufficient courage to consult an expert, that some simple thing is the cause of all the trouble, one that can readily be remedied.

If a baby's teeth are exceptionally slow in appearing, or if he cannot walk or talk by the end of the second year, why wonder and worry? Why not take the child to a capable doctor or to a hospital clinic and determine whether or not everything is all right?

* * *

WHEN the child goes to school inherent defects are likely to become more noticeable to the parents than they are before that time.

If a child cannot keep up with the other children of his age, after due allowance is made for the newness of the surroundings, it is always best to have a talk with the teacher, asking her especially to observe the boy or girl so that you may compare notes with your own findings made at home.

Sometimes it is some physical ailment that is preventing the child's mind from developing at a normal rate. Sometimes something is wrong with the child's diet, sleep or habits. Sometimes the so-called glands of internal secretion are at fault. Sometimes, alas, the brain itself is not functioning properly and special, individual care and training are indicated.

Nowadays there are psychologists who make the mental testing of children a life work. They know what the average child at various ages is capable of doing, and they can tell when the mental faculties are not working as they should.

Such tests do not take very long to perform, and your doctor or teacher should be able to tell you where such service may be obtained. Indeed, it is a wise plan to have your child tested mentally about every other year or so, in addition to having him looked over physically each birthday. Very often a slight mental handicap can be overcome readily if only it is discovered early enough.

* * *

OFTEN we note that a child's memory is not very good or that he has great difficulty in learning to read or write, or to do arithmetic. It is dangerous to ascribe such backwardness to the fact that you never were clever at numbers yourself, or that the particular defect is a family trait and of no consequence.

Don't take chances with your child's mind. It is a tender piece of machinery that requires study and care. Be fair to your child as well as to yourself, and do not let your love beguile you into a do-nothing policy.

EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

HERE is a splendid exercise for slenderising hips and thighs, and imparting fresh vigor to the whole body. It is called the "scissors" movement. Lie flat on your back with hands resting lightly on hips, and chin up. Move your legs together in the air, making the same movement as scissors. Do this early in the morning when first you get up.

STOP COLDS & "FLU"

Take a VINCENT'S A·P·C

ONE powder or tablet taken at bedtime, and followed by a hot lemon drink will ward off the attack and prevent complications. Repeat every six hours if necessary. This is the treatment used with great success during serious influenza epidemics. Genuine Vincent's A.P.C is prepared on the scientific hospital formula. Avoid imitations—they may be injurious.

12 for 1/6
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GENUINE VINCENT'S A·P·C POWDERS and TABLETS

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent's Chemical Co., Sydney.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE SAY "VINCENT'S"

Cerebos Salt

Keeps fine and dry in any climate

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PAM LEARNS HOW TO STOP LADDERS

SOME WEEKS LATER

Under the microscope—threads of a silk stocking washed with common soap. Rubbing has damaged the silk—started a ladder.

Washed in Lux—this similar stocking stays perfect as new. No rubbing with Lux—no soda in it—so delicate strands are safe.

START giving your stockings safe Lux care. Lux washing makes them last much longer, keeps their new "fit" and actually prevents many ladders. There's no need to rub with Lux—so no harm to the delicate threads. No soda in Lux either. Safe and gentle, Lux saves you money and makes your stockings more flattering to your legs.

Order a packet of Lux to-morrow. Stores everywhere sell Lux in large and small packets.

★ *No rough red hands from washing-up if you use Lux in your washing-up basin.*

SAFE LUX WASHING—PREVENTS MANY LADDERS

3.214.31 A LEVER PRODUCT

This WAY OUT

Continued from Page 8

"VERY well, then. You had better stay in bed to-morrow; plead indisposition; send for me. The day after, you will be worse, and so on. In four or five days I will give you the draught, which should prove efficacious in about twenty-four hours. I have in mind a rare poison I came across in China some years ago. It is practically impossible to distinguish the resultant symptoms from those of heart failure. That, however, is my affair . ."

Garrick appeared uninterested.

☆ ☆ ☆

Blanche paused, her hand upon the door of the quiet, firelit bedroom.

"Try to get some sleep now," she suggested in her gentle voice. "I don't think there is anything else you want at present."

From the great oak bed, with its elaborate carvings and delicate, shadowy tapestry, Bernard Garrick watched his wife with a certain grim humor. She was being so kind, his little Blanche! Forcing herself to his service night and day, with unwearying patience that little guessed how soon it was to be rewarded. These last four days had been as near Heaven as ever he hoped to get. However much her soul and body might shrink from him Blanche hid it rigidly from the sick man. He had known that she would conceive that to be her duty.

"Bernard," she said diffidently, coming back to his bedside, "don't you think Dr. Marsh ought to have a consultation?"

"Oh lord, no! Marsh is all right. He knows his business. There's nothing much the matter with me," he answered quickly.

"So he says, but he doesn't get you better," she retorted. And then, with a sudden rush, the words came out:

"I don't like Dr. Marsh, Bernard! He frightens me! He's—uncanny, somehow. Those pale eyes, that either stare at you, unwinking, or else persistently elude you!" . . . she shuddered; and for an instant the suspicion crossed his mind that she had overheard their conversation that night in the study. He dismissed it instantly. Their voices had been uniformly low, and Blanche was no eavesdropper.

"Marsh is all right," he reiterated. "He's a queer devil, and cold, to all appearances. But we understand one another. . . Now, run away, Blanche, and rest, or you'll be ill, too. You look knocked up as it is."

"I am all right," she answered coldly, but she turned at once and left the room. He sighed deeply. How swiftly she had retreated at the first touch of intimacy in his voice! Did she imagine he was about to rise up and clasp her in his arms?

The thought possessed him. He dwelt upon it deliciously, dallying with the idea that came to him—incredibly!—for the first time since he had planned his wife's release. Yes! Just once before death he must hold her slenderness in his arms. He must kiss that pale, perfect mouth and tell her secret things of his heart. . . The thought possessed him like a flame. .

AT the foot of the stairs, Blanche paused. The butler approached her noiselessly, a white packet in his hand.

"This has come from Dr. Marsh, madam."

"But Dr. Marsh was to call personally, at eight," Blanche replied quickly, taking the parcel.

"He sent a message, madam, to say that he had been called out to an urgent case, and would come on here as soon as possible, but, in case he was prevented, he sent the master's medicine."

"Very well, Blake."

Mrs. Garrick went upstairs again and opened her husband's door.

"Dr. Marsh has been called out, and in case he can't come to-night, here is the medicine," she remarked, placing the bottle upon the small side-table.

"What—oh, that's my headache mixture, I expect," answered Garrick. His heart stirred swiftly at the sight of the pinkish fluid in the bottle. "I'm glad that's come. . . Let's hope I shall now get—peace! . . ."

He turned on his side again and closed his eyes. It was bitter, bitter to look upon that vial of death, when all the life he desired stood beside it. . .

The house was intensely quiet, as Garrick raised himself and switched on the light. He glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock. Then he really had slept. He listened greatly for any sign of life about the place. There was none. Not even a ray of light from underneath the door of his wife's bedroom. The time was come! . . .

He lifted the bottle and handled it for a moment. Shaking it for signs of sediment, pulling out the cork and smelling the contents. Reading the directions with minute care. Playing with death. Procrastinating. Wishing vain things, shirking. . .

He laughed suddenly and poured the stuff into a medicine glass, holding it critically between his eyes and the light.

This was not the first time he had looked on death. Bernard Garrick was none of your bloodless business men who rely solely on brains to get them up the ladder. Brains he had in plenty, and the wit to use them; but he had made of business a gorgeous romance, a jolly, roaring adventure that had taken him into strange quarters of the world; up against the very muzzle of peril. His life lay behind him like a many-colored quilt, composed of strangely interlocking sections. Forming a brave pattern that had but one flaw—Blanche! Blanche, his greatest venture. His only failure. . . .

He lifted the glass to his lips; laid it down again and lit a cigarette.

After all, it was a poor way to go out. Like this, in a soft bed and a blue funk! A negative sort of business, lacking poetry . . . Better, surely, to have put up some sort of fight against the failure of his marriage. If necessary, to have beaten Blanche into submission, as they did in the books! He had heard women liked that sort of thing. It was not death he minded, but the manner of it. This soft slinking out of life. This tame giving up. . . For other men, the sword-thrust, the clean crack of a rifle, the wild onrush of an infuriated animal. For Bernard Garrick, a little drink and—a woman's happiness.

Yes. He must concentrate upon that. Blanche. She would be happy at last. Surely that shed a certain glamor over the sordidness! Some light down the dark way he must tread alone!

HE threw away the glowing end of his cigarette and once more took up the little glass. . .

As he drained the last drop, the door of his wife's bedroom opened and Blanche stood in the dark aperture, blinking at the strong light, only half awake. Her long hair fell to her knees, black and luminous, like a dream of night. Her eyes were stars. Her mouth was a sleeping rose. She was wonderful, exquisite. . .

"Oh, you are awake!" she cried. "I've been in two or three times, but you were in a splendid sleep."

"I—I was just taking the medicine," he said stupidly, drunk with her beauty.

"It's splendid stuff," she replied. "I took some an hour ago. My head was racking and I'd no aspirin. The pain's gone already!"

The glass fell from his fingers and shattered on the shining surface of the floor.

"You—what!" he whispered.

"I took some. For my head," she faltered. "Oh, what is it, Bernard? What's the matter? You look—dreadful. Oh, get back to bed at once. Bernard! Get back!"

He crossed the room in three strides. His great hands closed upon her thin silk-clad shoulders.

"Blanche! My God! . . . My God! . . . It's poison! . . ."

"Poison?" Her white lips formed the words soundlessly. She stared at him in terror, thinking him mad.

"Poison!" he repeated dully. "Oh, God! What a ghastly muddle I've made! I wanted to set you free—and I've dragged you down with me instead. . . ."

Her little hands tore at him, shook him in their frenzy.

"Free?" she panted. "What do you mean, Bernard? Don't look like that! Wake up! Tell me!"

He pulled himself together with a tremendous effort, relaxing his powerful grip of her.

"I couldn't bear it any longer—your hating me," he explained brokenly. "I got you by a trick, but I loved you, Blanche; oh, believe that! The other one wouldn't have made you happy for long, out there in the wilds; you weren't made for hardships. I tried to make you happy, but I failed. So then I thought of this. It seemed the only way out . . ." His voice trailed off miserably.

"'The other one?'" she breathed. "Do you—oh, you can't mean Arthur, the boy from Canada!"

He nodded.

She gave a sudden, hysterical laugh.

"Oh, my dear! Arthur never meant anything to me, nor I to him. We were friends. He's been married over a year."

He scarcely heard what she was saying.

"What did you call me just now?" he said in a dazed voice. "Say it again! Beloved, let me hear you say it again!"

She came close to him and clasped her hands behind his neck.

Please turn to Page 35

New Way to Banish UGLY HAIR

SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF BRITISH SCIENTIST

To-day in 3 minutes you can say goodbye forever to all unwanted hair and have smooth white arms and legs free from the slightest trace. Wenlo-White, a remarkable substance recently discovered by a British Scientist, destroys the keratin in the hair and hair roots. The hair just falls away as if by magic. Wenlo-White is now contained in the NEW VEET—a delightfully perfumed white cream. **Look on the label for NEW VEET.**

FREE: By special arrangement with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3679 SS (Dept. 38), Sydney, N.S.W.

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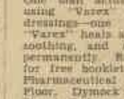

DONT WASH Your DOG THIS WINTER

Owing to constant danger from chill. Dry clean him with "K.F." and kill all fleas at same time.

"K.F." Kills Fleas Improves the coat, non-poisonous and non-sickening

'KF' KILLS FLEAS

Only 1/3 Tin ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, or send 1/3 in stamps to Houghton & Byrne, 7 Bridge St., Sydney; 200 Flinders St., Melbourne; T. & G. Building, Brisbane; 17 Pagе St., Adelaide; 409 Murray St., Perth.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

"WELL, I NEVER!"

"Fancy seeing you golfing again!

"You told me only a while ago that you were suffering from BLOOD PRESSURE so acutely that nothing could save you from a sudden collapse!" "Well, Smith, I'll tell you. Here I am, better than ever. You know my Doctor, the Collins St. Specialist, recommended ARTERIOL TABLETS, DR. NEUBAUER'S GENUINE GERMAN REMEDY FOR BLOOD PRESSURE, and they have worked wonders. They are the unfailing remedy for giddiness, enlarged heart, sleeplessness, lack of energy, irritability, and hot flushes, etc., etc. You try them."

Obtainable from ALL LEADING CHEMISTS, or C. WINTER, 63 Wellington Street, Kew, E.4., Vic.

Price: 3/6 Trial Size; 12/- 5 weeks' supply; 22/- 10 weeks' supply.

The *Lady* PASSENGER

Continued from Page 11

"IT'S a traveesty on ceevilisation," the voice said, "that chits of gurrls should masquerade as men. They smoke, and spit, and strut in trousers, and cut their hair short till its harrd to tell the difference."

"But there is a difference!" the mate said innocently.

"Man, d'ye think I'm daft?" the engineer said.

"Wait till you see her," the mate said.

"Aye, and I'll gie her a piece o' my mind."

In his cabin Blue chuckled. "Will you, old thrust-block?" he murmured: "You wait."

Captain Duncan came on board about 2 o'clock, and at once gave orders to cast off. There was trouble with a line, which made him angry, and when the mate told him the passenger was in her cabin and would stay there till he told her to get up, he said:

"What passenger?"

"The lady passenger."

But the old man chuckled when the mate had left him. This was a double joke—one on the officers, and one on Blue. He would show these landlubbers what discipline was.

The blowing of the whistle awoke Blue about 4 o'clock. From the movement of the ship he judged they were at sea. He looked out of the window, which gave a view of the waist, below the bridge. It was a dull, cold-looking day. Bed was a good place.

"That was boat drill, miss!" the steward said when he brought afternoon tea. "Did you hear the whistle? In case of emergency you're in my boat. No. 3 starboard side, just up there above us. I'll look after you."

About 10 o'clock that night Blue's serenity was disturbed by a knock. It was the mate.

"Sorry to disturb you, miss; the captain wants you in his cabin."

"Oh."

"Yes. A bit late, but orders are orders, miss!"

"Thank you, Mr. Hooks. Will you please ask the captain what I shall wear?"

The mate looked puzzled.

"He might be fussy!" Blue went on. "Please ask him."

The pleased look fell from Mr. Hook's face. Perhaps it was jealousy that made him grunt something unintelligible. But he went.

Instantly Blue jumped out and locked the door. He quickly got into the underwear and dress of the lady who would be deploring their loss at Cossnock. He was hardly back in bed, after unlocking the door, when the mate returned.

"He says wear your big overcoat. If you ring when you're ready, I'll show you up. There's a private companion to the old man's room."

Blue had to titivate himself a bit and put on two heavy green ear-rings which he had found in the suitcase. When the mate saw him his eyes brightened. This girl was a good-looker, judging by what was to be seen of her above the high collar of the big coat.

"The passenger, sir, Miss Simpson," the mate announced as he stepped back and let Blue enter the cabin before him. It was a large room and comfortably furnished. The captain, in his uniform, was seated at the extreme end of the room away from the door by which Blue had come in. He lifted his eyes and said in a friendly, and, to the mate's jealous ears, a rather familiar tone,

"Hullo!"

Ten seconds later he sprang to his feet and said, in quite a different voice, "Hullo!"

Blue had thrown off the coat. What the captain saw now was a vision of loveliness—of a black-haired, dark-eyed girl in a black dress, with green ear-rings. Her face was powdered—Blue had put plenty on, and rather over-rouged cheeks and lips.

"What the hell's this?" the captain said, staring.

Blue smiled his sweetest smile. He had been rehearsing at his mirror.

"I'm the lady passenger, sir."

"Good God! I only said that to put them off the scent. There was a man to come on board. Who are you?"

Please turn to Page 36

BOARDING-HOUSE . . . *for* GOLDFISH

From Our London Office

SOMETHING new in boarding-houses has been started here. It caters for goldfish, and the most popular boarder is Reginald.

Most of the fish have been supplied by children who tried to keep fish at home.

Goldfish who live in pairs seem to have an unhappy habit of parting company, one dying and the other being left alone. Then tactful mothers suggested that the survivor should be given to someone who had another to keep it company. This led to the opening of a special boarding-house for widowed goldfish.

Every day a procession of children calls to see how their pets are getting on. Reginald's former little mistress brings all her friends with her, and his daily visiting list is a record.

This WAY OUT

Continued from Page 34

"BERNARD! Oh, my love, we have both been blind!" she whispered. "It was only at first I was frightened. Afterwards, when you were so good, so gentle, how could I help loving you; but you seemed so cold; you never came to me, never made a sign——"

She was in his arms. His mouth found hers in their first, sweet, bitter kiss. Life surged in their veins, tingled in their touch, lit torches in their eyes . . . yet every moment death crept nearer, nearer. . . .

"I don't think I mind, like this, Bernard," she whispered. "I am content!"

"I'm not!" he suddenly shouted. "I want to live! We're both going to live if there's one chance in a million. This stuff—Marsh said it took twenty-four hours to work. There may be time." He seized the telephone in one hand; his other never lost its hold of her. . . .

"Kensington 19848. Hello! Hello! . . . Kensington 19848. . Hello . . ." He jaggled the instrument violently, cursing at the delay.

Then, across the silence of the night, Big Ben boomed. Twelve o'clock! He crashed the receiver back. "Of course; too late!" he muttered "Blake must go in the car and fetch Marsh. Stay here, darling."

As he threw on his dressing-gown, the door was quietly opened and Dr. Marsh entered the room with his quick, light tread.

"Sorry to be so late," he announced, "there was a bad smash-up in Kensington High Street and it was all hands to the pump."

"For God's sake," cried Garrick, "don't stand jawing there! Blanche took the poison by mistake. We've both taken it, and we don't want to die. It was all a ghastly mistake. I'll explain after, but get to work now, man. There must be an antidote."

"At the crucial moment," said Marsh calmly, "I discovered that my theories would not hold water. I still believe in the liberty of the individual, but I confess that I——"

Garrick leapt across the room and gripped him by the shoulders

"Shut up! Go and fetch something! Send Blake! Don't you understand? I told her the damned stuff was headache mixture, and she drank some! Marsh, for God's sake! . . ."

Dr. Marsh readjusted his pince-nez.

"It was headache mixture," he replied.

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HOW TO TAKE 'ASPRO' TO BEAT THE 'FLU

THIS IS HOW IT'S DONE

TAKE 2 'ASPRO' Tablets immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 Tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research, and quick relief is obtained, because, after ingestion in the system, 'ASPRO' is a solvent of Uric Acid—a powerful germicide—an antiseptic—is anti-pyretic—anti-periodic and anti-fermentative. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. Always have it in the home ready for any emergency.

'ASPRO' the FAMILY DOCTOR

20 Gladstone Street,
KOGARAH, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

I am writing to let you know what a boon your 'ASPRO' Tablets have been and are still to my wife, child, and self.

During the time I had RHEUMATIC FEVER your 'ASPRO' reduced my temperature, thus preventing the fever from entering my head. For INFLUENZA and NERVOUS HEADACHES they always give me instant relief.

We are never without a large packet of 'ASPRO' Tablets in the house, as they are the family doctor.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) WILLIAM POLGLASE.

Read This Letter

3 Eulalie Avenue,
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2nd March, 1934.

Dear Sirs,

It gives me much pleasure to send you a note of appreciation in regard to 'ASPRO' tablets. I find them an excellent medicine and a stand-by for the prevention and relief of INFLUENZA, COLDS, and CHILLS.

I am happy to state that since 'ASPRO' was recommended to me I have made them a regular part of our household requirements, and it has saved us from illness and the consequent loss of time and money. In this changeable climate your tablets have proved a great help to the whole family.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) C. G. F. WELSTEAD.

If YOU Have a SORE THROAT USE 'ASPRO' THIS WAY

When you have a sore or relaxed throat, try a gargle made with 'ASPRO.' Prepare the gargle by crushing three 'ASPRO' Tablets and dissolving in half a glass of water; stir well before using. Do not let the mixture stand over night. Repeat the gargle every two or three hours as required, but make it fresh each time. The reason why 'ASPRO' acts as a soother and an effective antiseptic for sore throats is because of its germicidal qualities. There is no need to worry if you swallow some of the mixture when gargling—it won't do you any harm, but will soothe the inflamed membranes of the throat. 20E./34.

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STUDENT FAGGED WITH STUDY — MASTER ADVISES HIM TO "TAKE CLEMENTS TONIC"

"I was studying for exams, and, forced to 'burn the midnight oil' somewhat, I soon began to get slight nervous troubles, while I was always more or less tired. A master advised Clements Tonic and I was surprised at the effect. It has toned me up wonderfully and I find I can work easier." — M.G.C., Auckland.

I ADVISE all students who 'swat hard,'" adds Mr. C., "to keep a bottle of Clements Tonic handy always."

Clements Tonic is a natural and never-failing restorative in cases of overwork and over-worry. Quickly, safely, it calms frayed nerves—brings deep and restful sleep without the aid of harmful drugs and opiates. It revives failing appetites, feeds the blood and nervous systems, and, by assisting metabolism, makes your food of value to you. Sparkling, vigorous health follows naturally.

In more than thirty years hundreds of thousands of people have proved its sterling worth. Try it yourself—feel fit and vigorous again!

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

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CLEMENTS TONIC
"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

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• *This pair of Lady's Golf Shoes is over 4 years old. Uppers have retained new appearance after regular polishing with Kiwi Dark Tan. Owner, Mrs. J. R., Melbourne.*

• Kiwi Black or Tan Polish will
• make a good shoe last . . .
• and give a good shine to boot

BLACK POLISH — KIWI The Quality Boot Polish — TAN POLISH

The *Lady* PASSENGER

Continued from Page 35

BUT the vision only looked at him with pathetic eyes, as if she sought his protection on this ship full of rough men.

"Sit down, please, Miss—" he paused for the name.

"Simpson." Blue almost whispered the name.

"Miss Simpson." The captain grabbed at the name as a man overboard grabs at a lifebelt. "And did your luggage come on board?"

"Yes, thank you. I got it all right."

As he said this Blue winked at the captain, whose expression changed to amazement. Could his eyes have deceived him? This shy, sweet creature would never have winked at him. But one never knew. And then he recognised the overcoat.

"What," he asked, his jaw dropping in sheer amazement, "d'ye mean to say——"

"Yes," said Blue calmly. "And you did it.'

"I?"

"Yes. You or your men. Wasn't it carrying a joke too far to pinch my bag and leave me a lady's suitcase with these in? That's why I asked you what I was to wear. They even took my old suit away."

This was, of course, an exaggeration of the facts, but no one was likely to question its accuracy.

"Well, I'm damned. I'll have to see into this."

Blue shook his head.

"Too late. Every man believes I'm a girl. They're fighting for me already."

"Fighting?"

"Yes. And I'm to lock my door at nights."

Suddenly the captain laughed.

"Well, you took me in. But for the coat I would not have guessed. So carry on. But I make one stipulation. Every evening after dinner you'll come here with me and stay till midnight."

"But, captain, the scandal." Blue was the startled girl once more.

"I don't care. I'm not going to let that mate and old Mac think they can beat me to a lady's favors."

"What will be the inducement, the entertainment, seeing that I'm not a lady—not a perfect lady, I mean."

"Just a few drinks and a yarn. I think you're a man who can tell a few tales. Not as young as you look, or as good, either."

"Thank you. But don't let me miss any fun. Play up to me. I'm sure the mate is in love with me, and the Scotch engineer sounds good. I overheard him at lunch calling me names for wearing my hair cropped."

"It's a bargain. What'll you take—er—Miss Simpson?"

"A double whisky, please, and no water."

Fate had ordained that at this moment the engineer was about to step into the cabin from the deck, when he heard these words spoken in a girl's voice. He hurriedly apologised and backed out, leaving the two inside chortling with laughter.

THE captain put Blue to bed that night. They had had a good old time, though the skipper drank little. But he had not been able to pump Blue. He helped Blue to get out of the strange garments with many a soft curse and smothered laugh. Once he said, half to himself:

"By gosh! I wish . . ."

At which Blue rejoined—

"Don't worry, Admiral. Don't they all? Be sure and hang everything up, old boy. The steward, y' know."

Next morning when the steward came in with tea Blue was only half awake.

"Never locked your door, miss," the kind fellow said.

"Didn't I? What an escape."

"Well, I ain't kiddin' you, miss, about 'em.'

Late in the afternoon, Blue heard rifle shots on deck—five in quick succession. Silence, then five more. Sounded like a Winchester, he thought. When the steward brought afternoon tea, Blue asked about the shooting.

"Oh! that's Mister Mac, the chief engineer. He shoots at whales. Reckons that if he could hit one in the eye it would die. Ever seen a whale's eye, Miss? They're big and soft as a woman's. I'd hate to shoot one."

Sentiment overcame him. He went out quickly to hide the tears.

Presently, Blue got up and dressed. He stuck to the black dress because it had a higher neck, and he was afraid of showing a scraggy neck. He hated scraggy necks. And he shaved very carefully, because it was going to be harder to make up for daylight than for the captain in his cabin at night. He kept the earrings on. They gave such a feminine touch. He wore a white scarf and silver grey stockings, and snakeskin shoes with a tint of cream. These shoes were his big problem, as they were a bit small for him. But he stretched them on the dress hanger and managed to get into them. While feminine eyes might have seen many blemishes, to men on a womanless ship, he looked a vision from Heaven. Many saw him as he went aft, but none spoke to him. And he got away behind the after deckhouse, looking over the wake, and lit a cigarette. There was no sign of the engineer. But he had hardly got his cigarette going when a soft voice—that is, soft for a big, rough man, said:

"Ye'll no be jumpin' overboard, noo? This is a dangerous place for a body to be with sooicidal tendencies. Almost as bad as the crank-pit o' my engines."

Blue looked at him out of the corners of his eyes.

"Would you jump in after me?" he asked.

"Lassie, that I would," and his big paw of a hand came to rest on Blue's shoulder.

"Oh!" exclaimed the "lady passenger," adroitly slipping away from the hand. "Where's your rifle? Look at that whale!"

The whale was at least half a mile away.

"D'ye think I could hit it?" Mac asked.

"Why not? Or let me try?"

"Nay, nay, it's not for a lassie lik' you to use a gun."

In quick succession he fired five shots into the sea, aiming at the sunset. He looked disappointed at missing.

"Quick, give me the gun," Blue suddenly shouted. Before the amazed engineer could remonstrate, he had snatched the weapon and fired two shots rapidly at a white shark that had broken water in the calm sea alongside the wake.

The shark turned over and, leaping convulsively, gave up the ghost. And then Blue remembered his role. He burst into hysterical tears.

"Oh! take me away. How could I do that? The poor shark!"

"It was a wonderful fluke, Miss, wonderful. Noo, come away."

He led Blue to a deck chair set outside his cabin, where he always sat and watched for whales.

"Noo," he whispered, "Wull ye tak' a wee droppie?"

"Well, just a teeny one," Blue said archly.

But, remembering what he had seen and heard in the captain's cabin on the previous night, the chief poured out half a tumbler of neat whisky and filled it up with water, to disguise its strength. Perhaps he had a motive in this. Blue sipped the whisky delicately. The mate was on the bridge, glaring down at them, the second mate passed and looked longingly at them and once, when the captain looked along the deck, Blue winked. Captain Duncan hurriedly looked away.

Blue went to table to high tea, which was the evening meal. He had found a necklet of large green glass beads. They might have been emeralds for all the mesmerised men knew. The third was on the bridge. Mac had given up his seat at the right hand of the skipper to Blue. He sat on Blue's right with the mate opposite. The captain led the talk, it could hardly be called conversation, and the second steward, who waited on them, flitted about like a butterfly, or like a hen when her duckling takes to the water.

SUDDENLY the second mate screwed up courage to ask Blue if he would take some butter. Blue had been wondering where the butter was, and he thanked the second. But when the engineer passed the dish of greasy, soft stuff, to him, he said, looking at the skipper:

"Er—is this butter?"

"Yes, what the—— I beg pardon. Yes, it seems to have wilted a bit. Steward!"

"Yessir."

"Didn't I tell you to put this butter in the freezer?"

"Yessir. But I thought . . ." Then, as an inspiration, came:

"It's been up in the wind all day, sir."

Blue giggled, and the chief looked guilty, for he had refused to let the steward put the butter in the freezer.

"Come on," the captain said, breaking the awkward silence. "We'll have our coffee in my room, Miss Simpson. Will you join us, Chief?"

"How lovely," said Blue, rising, forgetful of the skirt till a hard pull told that somewhere he was blundering. With a rapid sweep of his hand he found his skirt was gripped in the great paw of the chief engineer. He whacked it hard, and it let go.

Please turn to Page 33

SAVE THE CARDS FROM MONKEY BRAND

Wait till you see these animal cards—you won't be happy till you've saved the whole set of 32. Get Mother to buy Monkey Brand—she'll like it from the first tablet. Monkey Brand for scratchless cleaning!

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The ART of Making GOOD COFFEE

. . . and serving it in a variety of ways . . . using it also to delicious advantage . . . in cakes, custards, jellies, sauces . . . and even fritters!

Though coffee is fast growing in popularity as a stimulating beverage in this country, very few really know how to make good coffee. These expert directions, given by our cookery expert, will have a wide appeal.

By....
MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to Leading
HOSPITALS

A CUP of well-made, steaming hot coffee, with its appetising aroma—how welcome! In this article are given recipes for making all kinds of coffee as well as the cake shown here. You may ice and decorate the cake according to your fancy.

ON hot summer evenings iced coffee is good, and with whipped cream on top is delicious.

ALTHOUGH the coffee tree is a native of Abyssinia, it thrives in all tropical countries. When first introduced into England coffee sold at four guineas a pound, with a duty tax of 4d a gallon when made into a beverage.

Arabian coffee is considered the best. Here is produced a smaller and rounder bean, with a more agreeable smell and taste. It is grown chiefly in Mocha and Arden, hence the name, Mocha coffee.

To have coffee in perfection it should be roasted and ground just before it is used. If it is necessary to grind more than is required, it should be kept in an air-tight jar, as it readily absorbs odors from other substances which spoil the flavor.

Coffee is often adulterated with chicory, which imparts a slightly bitter flavor of the volatile oil it contains. The addition of chicory may be detected by adding cold water to the supposed coffee. If present, the liquid will darken quickly, and the chicory sinks while the coffee floats.

Coffee is more stimulating than tea. Taken in moderation, it quickens the heart action, acts directly on the nervous system. It also acts as an antidote for opium and alcoholic poisoning. Severe exposure to cold can be better endured by coffee-drinkers. But coffee must be taken in moderation, as an excess causes palpitation of the heart, insomnia, nervous prostration, and it retards digestion.

Coffee, like tea, has no nutritive value, and is useful only as a stimulant. The milk or cream added makes it a nourishing beverage.

Three-parts Java to one part Mocha is a popular coffee-blend.

Enamel or earthenware coffee pots are preferred. Tin is not a safe metal for a coffee pot, as the tannic acid acts on the tin, and is apt to form a poisonous compound.

Coffee is ground coarse, medium, or fine, and the grinding depends on the way it is made.

For filtered coffee have it medium ground. For boiled, medium or coarse.

BOILED COFFEE.

One cup coffee, 1 cup cold water, 6 cups boiling water, 1 egg, pinch salt.

Scald the coffee pot. Wash the egg, break and beat slightly (shell included), add 1 cup cold water. Add the coffee, put into coffee pot. Pour on the boiling water. Place on the stove and boil three minutes. Cover spout of pot with a cloth or soft paper to prevent escape of aroma. If the coffee is not boiled it will be cloudy. If boiled too long the flavor is spoiled. Stir and pour a little into a cup to free spout from grounds. Return to coffee pot. Add 1 cup cold water. Place in a warm spot for 10 minutes to settle coffee grounds. Serve at once. If any is left over, strain at once and reserve for jelly, ices, or blanc mange.

FRENCH OR PERCOLATED COFFEE.

One cup freshly ground coffee, 6 cups boiling water.

(Special coffee percolaters are on the market for making coffee. They have a fine strainer to hold the coffee, without allowing grounds to mix with infusion).

Place coffee in strainer in the coffee pot, and stand in a warm spot. Gradually add the boiling water, and allow it to filter through. Cover between the additions. If desired stronger, refilter. Serve at once with sugar and cream.

A COFFEE sandwich is almost indispensable. Make according to the directions given on this page, and decorate it for further effect.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE.

One cup coffee, 3 cups boiling water.

Percolated coffee is preferred, using less water. Serve in after-dinner coffee cups, with or without cut sugar.

COFFEE WITH MILK (Cafe au Lait).

Strong black coffee, milk.

Use three parts milk to one part coffee. See that both coffee and milk are served hot. It is usual to pour the two liquids into the cup at the same time.

TURKISH COFFEE.

One tablespoon freshly ground coffee to each half pint of water.

Bring the water and coffee to the boil; when it rises in the saucepan lift aside for one minute, return to the fire and boil. Repeat this process three times. Then pour into a coffee pot, adding 2 tablespoons cold water to settle. Serve with sugar.

ARABIAN COFFEE

One tablespoon coffee, ½ pint water, sugar, pinch salt.

Put the coffee into a saucepan, cover with lid and heat the coffee, shaking the saucepan all the time. When thoroughly heated, add the boiling water. Return lid to saucepan. Stand in a warm spot 5 minutes, add 2 tablespoons cold water. Strain into another saucepan, add sugar, and reheat. Serve with more sugar if liked. This is served very sweet and hot.

RICH COFFEE CAKE.

One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 cup cold coffee, 3½ cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon mace, cloves, and allspice, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup currants, 2 tablespoons brandy, ¼ cup finely sliced citron.

Measure dry ingredients, mix and sift baking powder, flour, and spices; beat eggs together well. Prepare the cake tin (it is as well to line it with two thicknesses of paper). Beat butter to a cream, add sugar, cream well; add eggs, a little at a time, then coffee, flour and fruit, separately. Lastly, add brandy. When well mixed, turn into the prepared tin and bake one and a quarter hours. When done it will shrink from the sides of the baking tin.

COFFEE JELLY.

Half cup cold water, 1 cup boiling water, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiled coffee, 2 tablespoons gelatine.

Soak gelatine in the cold water, dissolve in the boiling water, add sugar and coffee, vanilla essence if liked. Turn into a mould and chill thoroughly.

COFFEE FRITTERS AND COFFEE CREAM SLICE.

Three-quarter cup coffee, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup cream, 1 egg, stale bread.

Cut bread into slices, half an inch thick, remove crust, and cut into strips ½ inch in length. Mix together coffee, sugar, well-beaten egg, salt, add cream. Dip bread in mixture, then in egg glazing and crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on paper. Serve with coffee cream sauce.

Coffee Cream Sauce: Yolks of three eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, and four tablespoons sugar, beaten together. Add one cup of strong coffee, cook slowly in a double boiler until it thickens. Cool and fold in ½ cup stiffly-beaten cream

COFFEE MOUSSE.

One cup strong coffee, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ cup cream, vanilla essence, 1 cup milk, 2 dessertspoons gelatine.

Soak gelatine in three tablespoons cold water. Heat the coffee, add sugar. Stir on fire until at boiling point, add gelatine. When dissolved, add milk, essence. Stir well, and turn into a basin to cool. When cold, but not set, add the partly whipped cream, whip until it commences to set, turn into a mould. When chilled turn on to a dish, and garnish with whipped cream.

COFFEE SANDWICH.

One lb. flour, ½ lb. butter, 6 eggs, 1 small cup milk, 1 lb. sugar, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 2 tablespoons coffee essence, or strong black coffee.

Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add eggs one at a time, mixing well. Then add milk, and lastly, flour sifted with soda, and cream of tartar. Mix well, then divide into well-greased and lined sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate to hot oven until the cakes shrink from sides of the tins. When cool join together with the Mocha cream filling, and ice with icing flavored with strong coffee essence. Decorate with walnut halves.

COFFEE CUSTARD.

Half pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons strong coffee.

Beat eggs and sugar together, add boiling milk, a little vanilla essence and coffee essence. Pour into a buttered baking dish and stand in a vessel of water in a slow oven until set. Serve either hot or cold.

All these recipes have been tested by Miss Shepherd in her own kitchen.

BEST Recipes

"NEVER venture, never win"—and if you don't send in to us your favorite recipe you won't have a chance at the £1 prize which we are offering each week.

Whatever recipe you send in—pudding, meat, or sweet—will have a chance.

This week's prize-winners show a pleasing variety:

SAVORY ASPARAGUS PUDDING

A bundle of asparagus, ½oz. butter, ½ cup flour, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon finely-chopped bacon, salt and pepper.

Beat butter to a cream, add flour, salt, pepper, bacon, well-beaten eggs, asparagus cut into small pieces, and enough milk to form a stiff batter. Place in buttered pudding basin and steam 2 hours. Pour melted butter over it to serve.

First Prize of £1 to A. Jack, 16 Maturin Rd., Glenelg, S.A.

BELGIAN CAKE

A quarter-pound butter, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, jam, nuts.

Beat butter and sugar, add egg, mix well. Then add flour, mixed with baking powder, and salt, turn on to floured board, divide in half, and pat one half into a sandwich tin spread with jam (or dates if preferred), and press the other half on top. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Press them down with flat of hand. Bake 35 minutes in moderate oven.

An 8-inch sandwich tin is best for the above amount.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Gloster, Post Office Box 24, Goondiwindi, Qld.

GINGER PUNCH

One cup orange juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 1-3 cup pres. ginger, ½ cup sugar, 1 quart cold water.

Chop ginger, add water and sugar, and boil 15 minutes. Add fruit juices, cool, strain, and dilute with crushed ice. Makes enough for eight persons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to N. Jaensch, Merriwee, Vic.

A NOVELTY IN CHEESE STRAWS

Two ounces butter, 4oz. plain flour, 6oz. grated cheese, yolks of two eggs, salt and cayenne.

Rub butter into flour, mix cheese and seasoning, bind into paste with the eggs. Lightly flour a board and roll out, instead of cutting into strips in the usual manner. Divide into six portions and spread each with one of the following: Anchovy paste, Marmite, finely-chopped olive and walnut, finely-chopped gherkin, finely-chopped sardine and apple, curry powder moistened with a little melted butter. Roll each of these pieces up as for a roly-poly, and cut into rings. Bake in a moderate oven, about 15 minutes. If kept in tin will remain fresh for several days.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Everden, 690 Crisp St., Albury, N.S.W.

MIRA PLUM

Delicious and Wholesome; made from choice dark red Plums, is a favorite Jam with young and old.

ONE OF THE FINE RANGE OF

Rosella

Jams and Jellies

TRUTH ... *or* LIES?

EASY BAKE MANUFACTURERS,—
I made a batch of bread with your "Easy Bake," and it was really beautiful, and had a delicious flavour. For the future I intend using only "Easy Bake," as it is far superior to any other yeast I have tried. Please send me by return a ½lb. packet, for which I enclose one shilling and ninepence in stamps. And oblige, Yours Faithfully, Mrs. J. S. MACQUEEN, Cowell St., Gladesville, N.S.W.

Skinner's Old Mill, Rubicorn, via Alexandra, Vic.
28/7/'34.

Please send me by return mail 10/- worth of "Easy Bake" pure yeast compound, for which I enclose 10/- Postal Note.—Yours truly, Mrs. ARCHIE PAYNE.

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BAKING COMPOUND (Reg.)

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Scones, Muffins, Buns, Cake, &c., and DELICIOUS HOME-MADE HEALTH BREAD containing the essential Vitamins "D," "C" and "B." Easily understood directions with each packet, also FREE—International Recipe Booklet.

1/- trial packet will convince.
1/9 ¼lb. It keeps for twelve months if kept airtight. Sufficient for 60lbs. of flour.

FREE

Prize Stock Breeders, Poultrymen, Dog Breeders, Bird Fanciers, Racehorse Owners, and Turkey Breeders. With each 5/- order of Easy-Bake we will forward a secret stock-fattener, bone-builder, and weight-increasing formulae, which was acquired from the St. Louis Veterinary College, U.S.A., and not known in the Commonwealth. We will forward the names of Wholesale Druggists who will supply the ingredients. Make it up at home. A gallon costs a few shillings. You will be astounded at results. No results, money refunded.

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Mothers, think carefully..!

Before Buying Lower Priced Baby Powders . . .

You can, we know, get tales that cost less than Johnson's Baby Powder, but really it's not worth the risk.

Many lower-priced tales contain ingredients that can be definitely harmful to a baby's tender skin. Earth and clay fillers that clog the skin pores and so lead to serious skin eruptions.

But not so Johnson's Baby Powder. This finest of all talcs is prepared from the purest ingredients in specially constructed rooms.

That, too, is why Johnson's Baby Powder has the recommendation of doctors and nurses throughout the world. They know that the protection and comfort of a baby's skin is so dependent on the purest quality found only in Johnson's Baby Powder.

Think carefully before you buy a cheap talcum for your baby and you will realise it is far better to follow the recommendation of these doctors and nurses, and so use only such a pure talc powder as Johnson's Baby Powder.

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● A product of Johnson and Johnson—world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Tek the Modern Toothbrush, Modess, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, etc.

D10-34

The *Lady* PASSENGER

Continued from Page 36

"B . . . monopolist," the chief muttered, as he slowly followed, only to see the skipper with his arm round Blue. He was "playing up" to Blue all right. Mac went grumbling to the deck.

Early the following morning, Blue had a bad dream. Perhaps, too much whisky caused it. But he woke and believed himself in a strange room. He switched on the light and looked fearfully round. What was this? A woman's clothes. He leaped out of bed and, with the unerring accuracy of the subconscious mind, which ruled him then, he went to the locker where he had thrown his clothes, his own clothes. He dressed and went outside.

The saloon was in darkness. On deck he felt the cool wind and was revived. He heard the steady voice of the lookout. Yes, he remembered now. So he went back to bed and to sleep, not forgetting to hide his clothes again. But the ship was soon in a ferment. The watchman had seen him and reported.

"Either a ghost or a stowaway, sir."

"Dam' nonsense," said young Wood, who was on duty. "You'll be saying you saw the lady passenger next."

At last the news reached the captain, who was turned in, but kept an ear cocked.

"Search the ship," he ordered. "I'll go and see the lady passenger."

"Well I'm damned!" Woods muttered. "The least chance he gets he's after her."

Blue was asleep, but a rough shake woke him.

"Have you been on deck?" the captain asked. He knew Blue had had a good many drinks. Blue looked round. The walls of the cabin were spinning and he fell back. He had forgotten everything.

"No, not a step, and no visitors, either, that I remember."

"Nice kind of a lady you are," the skipper growled. "That'll do. They've gone mad on top. Watchman says he saw a man walking about."

Blue sighed, and looking up saw the other man regarding him intently.

"Look here, who are you?" the captain asked.

Blue sat up and pulled the captain down till he could whisper.

"What?" the captain exclaimed.

Blue nodded.

"On your honor, don't tell."

"Should think not, good-night." The captain looked at the girl's clothes on the walls and floor, and went out hastily.

The City of Willochra dropped anchor ere the dawn had crept over the Wellington hills.

"Doctor will be out soon," the steward told Blue. "Best be up, miss."

The launch came alongside, and the doctor came on board. The ship's company was mustered on the main deck.

"All here?" he asked the mate.

"All the crew, doctor. We did sign on a purser, but he did not turn up."

"I'm here," said a voice.

All eyes turned to stare at Blue. He was wearing his own clothes, but all his smartness was gone. Unshaven, and with bleary eyes, his collar awry—he had deliberately made himself appear thus—he looked like something the night had bestowed on the ship. Nobody would have recognised him as the "Lady Passenger." And now he saw another side of the mate's nature.

"Here," he shouted, "where'd you spring from? You have been stowing away."

"No, sir, I've been on board all the time. I'm the purser."

The mate considered. Certainly a purser had been signed on.

"I'll look into this," he went on truculently. "And," his voice rose into a roar, "don't you wink at me! You're for the police, my lad! I'll explain to you later, doctor. He is on the papers O.K., but we've never seen him all the voyage."

"Is that all?" the doctor asked. "Seems to be the list."

The mate led him away to tell him of the "Lady Passenger." She would come up to the captain's room and see him.

THE doctor had sat chatting with the skipper for 10 minutes, when he saw a glint in the old man's eye, and, looking round, observed that a pretty girl had entered. He rose as the captain did.

"Allow me," the skipper said. "Doctor White, Miss Simpson."

The doctor bowed, and Blue sat down a little wearily.

"Captain," he said, "if any of those buckos of yours discover the deception, there'll be murder on this ship."

"Isn't that in your line?" the skipper grinned.

"Will you please tell the doctor everything? I want to go ashore with him. They'll be waiting for me."

"Will you go in that dress?"

"Yes; may as well keep up the disguise now. A good idea, in fact."

The look of mystification on the doctor's face was almost funny. When he was told the circumstances he raised his eyebrows in polite surprise.

"The police boat is coming out; should be alongside now. They've been watching for you since they got a cable that you were coming."

And then steps were heard and a police inspector entered. With the whole crew looking on, the Lady Passenger went down the side gangway with the inspector, got into the launch, and was taken away.

It was the second steward who enlightened the crew about it. As he and they hung over the rail watching the receding launch, he said:

"Ye see, I heard 'em talkin' in the Old Man's room, and it's been a mix-up. For a start," he looked hard at Waters, the night watchman, "there weren't no stowaway."

"Weren't no stowaway," Waters burst out, "an' I seen him as clear as day."

"No. Now listen. There's been murders here, two people killed, and it's gang work; everybody has been threatened; and so we come along with our Lady Passenger. But there wasn't no Lady Passenger."

"What? Then who's that in the launch?"

"I'm comin' to that. That Lady Passenger is the bloke wot signed on as purser"—he turned to Waters—"your stowaway, if you like. And that bloke that's dressed up as a girl," he paused and made them draw nearer, "that bloke is the hangman. They wanted an outsider, an absolute stranger that could hop away again after he done the job. Two hundred quid they're payin' him to hang two men. And he's the hangman."

(Copyright)

HOST HOLBROOK says: I have sliced olives ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?***

As they play DANGER threatens!

Kiddies never realise the unseen danger of germ-laden dirt. Let them play—but keep them safe. Let the wonderful health-element in Lifebuoy's lather be their safeguard.

LIFEBUOY washes away germ-danger

A LEVER PRODUCT

BLOOD TESTS PROVE IT

Famous Tonic Revitalises

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The first blood tests showed that these fagged-out patients were deficient in haemoglobin and red blood corpuscles. It is the haemoglobin—carried throughout the blood stream by the red corpuscles—that distributes oxygen from the lungs, and nutriment from the digestive organs, to build body cells and clear the system of poisons. The restorative value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is their power to increase haemoglobin. After a month's treatment with these pills the "blood-tested" patients showed remarkable gains in haemoglobin and red corpuscles. They felt and looked much stronger, more energetic. Their health was once more normal.

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AFTER ACCIDENT SHE PUT ON WEIGHT

Kruschen Took It Off Again!

A woman sends the following account of the consequences of a motor accident in which she was involved:—

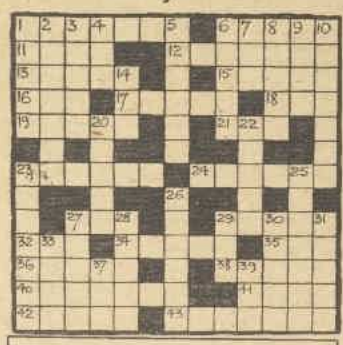
"A year ago I had a very bad motor accident, which left me more or less a cripple. Having to lie in bed so long, and being unable to move, I began to put on flesh. When I was able to walk a little again, I found I was 10 st. 4 lbs., and being just under 5 feet you may guess how I was placed. So I thought I would try Kruschen Salts, and I must say they have done me a lot of good in every way—but chiefly in keeping my weight down. In three months I lost 8 lbs. Then I left off taking the Kruschen, and I soon went up to 10 st. 2 lbs. again. So at once I got more Kruschen, and am again steadily reducing. My weight last month was 9 st. 8 lbs."—(Mrs.) W. H. M.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which, if allowed to accumulate, would be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

A cube makes a cup of delicious chicken broth for one penny. At all grocers. . . . Made by the makers of Anchovette — Harry Peck & Co. Ltd., London. . . .

CHICKUBE CHICKEN BROTH CUBE

Our Weekly Crossword



CLUES ACROSS

1. Supernatural occurrence.
6. Raised platform.
11. Verbal.
12. Type of warship.
13. Ventilation holes.
15. Penetrate.
16. Species of deer.
17. Sprightly.
18. Ancient King of Judah.
19. Showy.
21. Royal Army Reserve.
23. To quote.
24. Site of the Battle of Hastings.
27. "Part of a circle" (Geom.)
29. Passes from place to place.
32. Vase.
34. Conceiteu.
35. Pinch sharply.
36. Part of the human body.
38. Thick.
40. Archaic form of pouns.
41. Apportion.
42. Containing many reeds.
43. Lasted.

CLUES DOWN

1. Shifted.
2. An island.
3. As distinct from the files.
4. High (Mus.).
5. Imperial power.
6. To show contempt.
7. Metal.
8. Fragrant oil of roses.
9. Proceeds.
10. Irregular in movements.
14. Speak.
20. Dwelling.
22. Historical record.
23. Having sharp corners.
25. Stage player.
26. Light open vehicle.
27. Bird.
28. Containing gas.
29. Nourished.
30. Internal.
31. Rate of progression.
33. Thick cord.
37. "40 winks."
39. Bird.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Eatol, matin, ire, one, son, ego, ore, N.S., aside, O.K., tolu, alts, egotist, unau, eels, ne, rural, it, den, NNW, eye, ell, car, egret, smear.

DOWN: Event, tin, or, lees, mood, an, ina, nickz, sho, gittern, rot, augur, easel, ina, ite, undue, nee, liv, steer, unit, awns, ner, ere, le, am.

Pictures Worth Framing. *Reproductions on art paper of illustrations appearing on the front page of The Australian Women's Weekly may be had from this office for 2/-.*

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STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 5

HE sidled round the oak, and I followed, with a hand on my pistol and Geoffrey's knife in my sleeve.

I shall never forget the scene, which seemed to belong to the dark of the Middle Ages, to the stealth of the Holy Office, to that frightful gallery of horror where the wicked have sat in judgment upon the good.

Only one torch was alight, and this was so held by Dewdrop that its beam fell on Helena's face. To this the eye naturally turned, and in an instant the rest of the room was black.

She was sitting upright on a bench, with her back to the panelled wall. The neck of her dress was torn and had fallen from one of her shoulders, leaving this naked except for a pink silk strap. Her eyes were lowered to avoid the glare of the torch, but her beautiful head was high, and for all the emotion she showed she might have been sitting in church. If anything, her air was listless: she did not seem to be breathing, she sat so still.

The sight of her captive and desolate hit me hard.

The beam of the torch was blinding, and I shut my eyes and sank my chin on my chest. I wanted to be able to see where Pharaoh was. Rush was beside me, he had lingered a moment to take up the wedge and to lock the major door, but now he was standing beside me—I could hear the reptile licking his beastly lips. And Dewdrop, a pace or two distant, was holding the torch. But I had not distinguished Pharaoh, and Pharaoh was first on my list. Then the man spoke again, and I knew that he was standing or sitting on the farther side of the room.

"As always, I'm perfectly frank. My hand is upon the treasure. It's simply a question of testing these walls and this floor. But I can't get it out of the castle—at least, not as much as I want. I don't like to use the drawbridge. I believe even your bucolics would find that strange. But I know there's another way out. You took it with Mr. Spencer five nights ago."

There was a little silence. Then:

"Go on," said Helena quietly.

"You will tell me that way," said Pharaoh.

"And then?"

"We shall work till dawn, removing as much as we can."

"And then?"

"We shall clear up and go," said Pharaoh. "And you will be free. I hardly think you'll want anybody to find us—in possession of so much gold."

"'Clear up and go,'" said Helena. "What do you mean by 'clear up'?"

"I mean what you think I mean. There's a nuisance I've got to abate."

"If you were honest, you'd say 'a score to settle.'"

"I prefer the term 'nuisance.' Still, that may have to wait a little. At dawn we shall leave the castle, and you will be free."

Helena took a deep breath.

"I see," she said. "And now I'll tell you something. You've got a long way, but a long way is never enough. You know that you're near the gold, but you don't know how to reach it. It's very well to talk of testing these walls and this floor, but that's a job for a mason, and you know it as well as I. But if the gold was here, as you admitted just now, you couldn't get it away. More. So long as you stay here, you're safe, for no one will open this room. But the longer you stay here, the slighter your chance of escape. You've only the Rolls and my men will very soon find that, looking for me. And to-morrow, as you surmise, order will be restored. Quite good order, I warn you: Mr. Bohun will see to that. If you wait till then, therefore, you will have to cut your way out. You'll have no gold to carry, so that should be easy enough: but once you are out you'll have no sort of transport, and the park will be full of my people, looking for me. Of course, as I say, if you stay here, you're perfectly safe. But you've neither food nor water, and nothing that you can think of will make me talk."

"What, nothing?" said Pharaoh.

"Nothing," said Helena, calmly. "You've no one here to torture, and I'm not afraid for myself. For the moment I'm up against it: but you are up against time."

It was clear that she meant what she said: her fearlessness was sublime: there were things in Hell undreamt of in her philosophy.

The fellow toyed with the screw.

"It certainly looks," he said, "as though we shan't be able to finish to-night. Still, these things shouldn't be rushed. And you know I can't help feeling that twenty-four hours in this chamber will help you to change your mind. The quarters are close, aren't they?"

"SO much," said Helena, calmly, "may happen in twenty-four hours."

I heard Rush swallow uneasily.

"Will happen," said Pharaoh. "Will—outside in the world. But here . . . Is that door shut and locked?"

"Yes," said Rush.

"As I was saying, here we are out of the world, and time will stand still. Outside—well, the warden will rage and your people imagine vain things. Mr. Bohun will organise. Mr. Spencer will grin like a dog, and run about the——"

"Mr. Spencer's the rock you've split on from first to last."

"In a sense that's true," said Pharaoh. "I frankly admit I'm more accustomed to dealing with knaves than fools. And he's been very fortunate so far; but I don't think his luck will last. It's all my fault," he sighed. "I've only myself to thank. But he made such an excellent lever that against my better judgment I let him live. But there—we all make mistakes. To be perfectly honest, I went to the forester's cottage because I believed he was there. I didn't need you, you know. I already knew of this room."

"You seem to need me now."

"Quite," said Pharaoh, "quite. But that's because your brother has gone. As a host—well, his hospitality left nothing to be desired. I find you more exacting. Never mind. About Mr. Spencer. You know I did give him a chance. I actually wrote him a note, containing some good advice."

"People like Mr. Spencer don't take any notice of threats."

"Perhaps the gods love them," said Pharaoh. "They always die young."

"Mr. Spencer has spoiled your game—and he isn't dead yet. Mr. Spencer has forced your hand, and he's singed your beard—and he isn't dead yet."

"I assure you," said Pharaoh, "it's only a matter of time." A gust of passion suddenly shook his accents. "If he goes to Tibet, I'll get him." The gust died down, and he laughed. "Stupid," he murmured. "Let's say I don't like his face."

"You don't like him because you fear him."

"He may prove inconvenient. Unabated nuisances sometimes do."

"It isn't his tongue that you fear. You fear his hand."

"But you don't, do you?" flashed Pharaoh. "It's astonishing how you've fallen for that young calf. And it isn't as if you were plain. Mountebanks weren't meant for Madonnas. And so many better men would be happy to share your cottage and sleep in the room above yours . . . But there you are. There's no accounting for tastes. And at least you've seen something of each other . . ."

Please turn to Page 41

WHAT GORGEOUS WHITE TEETH YOU HAVE!

Remarkable Cleansing Technique Speedily Obtains Results Impossible Before.

Why are your teeth stained and tarnished? Why do they decay? Science has discovered the reason and developed a technique that cleans teeth shades whiter in a few days and keeps them sound.

Millions of germs attack your teeth—some cause stain and tartar—others lead to decay—others are the source of gum diseases. The only way you can clean teeth and keep them sound and white is to use a dental cream that kills germs as it polishes teeth white.

Kolynos does that. This double-strength dental cream is unique in action. Its foam gets into and cleans every tiny crevice—kills millions of germs and washes them away—erases stain and tarnish—polishes teeth as they have never been polished before, right down to the beautiful natural white enamel without injury.

Start using Kolynos to-day and in a few days your teeth will be lustrous and shades whiter.

KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE THE USUAL TIME—BECAUSE YOU USE HALF AS MUCH

KOLYNOS REGD.

the antiseptic Dental Cream

Things That Happen

TOLD BY READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents brought to your knowledge may be of interest to others. Tell them to The Australian Women's Weekly and mark your envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true, and must not have been published before, or submitted to other journals. Payment for every item used in this section will be posted to contributors immediately after publication.

A New Note

I CANNOT help admiring the enterprise and originality of a young woman "working" a suburban district.

Her method is to place into letter-boxes a printed appeal in which she describes herself as a young lady who is an experienced typist, book-keeper, cashier, saleswoman, and motor-driver. Having been unemployed for many months and receiving no financial relief, she invites householders to buy from her at her next visit two or more boxes of matches. She must, she adds, sell 150 boxes a day to make a living wage, and she prefers to work rather than wait for better times.—L.E.B.

❖ ❖ ❖

Only a Loan

A BACHELOR in our district was in the habit of visiting neighboring houses just before meal time.

He had been to a farmhouse quite often, and one time the wife of the house was determined not to ask him to dinner. They delayed the meal, but still the bachelor talked on. After some time he gave the baby a two shilling piece, and the wife, feeling some sense of obligation because of it, asked him in to dinner.

After a good meal and much talk the bachelor said to the baby, who was amusing himself with the money, "Well, my little man, I think you've played with that long enough." So, taking the money our friend departed.—S.L.

❖ ❖ ❖

Penalty of Neglect

THE wife of the local country school teacher was absent from home, and the husband was having a gay time during her absence. Returning from a dance at 3 a.m., he was astonished to see a light burning in his house. He concluded that his wife had returned, and, being afraid of a lecture, he passed the house and went to the home of a friend. He awakened him and told him of his predicament. It was decided that the friend should accompany the husband home, and that they would tell the wife that they had been listening-in to the Test match.

Very respectfully they entered the house to find that no one was there. In his hurry in going to the dance he had left the lamp burning.—E.B.C.

❖ ❖ ❖

Fares, Please!

WHILE I was sitting in a tramcar at a city terminus waiting for it to start, a girl got in and sat opposite. She held a two-shilling-piece in her hand in readiness for her fare, and gazed absently ahead of her. In the meantime a man who had been playing a violin on the pavement proceeded on a tour of collection, and, standing on the footboard of the tramcar, mumbled a request to the girl. The girl, under the impression that it was the fare-collector, dreamily handed over her two-shilling-piece with her eyes still fixed vacantly ahead. She "came to" with a start on receiving a profuse burst of thanks from the fast disappearing and equally surprised musician.—B.E.H.

HOBT BOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetiser.***

THE SECRET OF HER CHARM

She too, in those days of long ago, entrusted her beauty to Cashmere Bouquet. Gentle Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap kept her complexion exquisite; the romantic Cashmere Bouquet fragrance contributed to her charm.

TO generations of women the name Cashmere Bouquet has meant peerless quality . . . unique ability to beautify. And the new Cashmere Bouquet Beauty Creams in their jade-capped opal jars, completely conform to this tradition. Women are enchanted with the exquisite quality of these creams; more than pleased with the moderate cost.

Cashmere Bouquet Foundation Cream is definitely non-greasy to prevent skin-shine; perfect beneath powder. The Cleansing Cream keeps skin softly white, keeps pores fine. Always after Cleansing Cream use the Tissue Cream; it nourishes tissues, charms away wrinkles and lines.

Colgate's

Cashmere Bouquet

Cleansing Cream Tissue Cream Foundation Cream

Other Cashmere Bouquet products that will appeal to you are Toilet Soap, Face Powder, Lipstick, Rouge (Crême or Compact), Talcum Powder, Dusting Powder, Brilliantine (Liquid or Solid).

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TERRY and TEDDY — TERRIBLE TWINS

By Harry Eyre Jr.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. Marshall.

ONE Saturday Fred and Wunderlust went driving, and had some engine trouble as they were passing through Cosomo. Now, Cosomo was a small town situated half in Mushroom Grove and half in the County of Versile.

THE OLD MAN

"What a queer place this is," said Fred eventually, "just look at that old house over there."

Wunderlust then turned and examined it. "It's certainly old——"

"Thank goodness, there's a garage on the other side of the road," interrupted Fred.

Wunderlust then left Fred looking at the old house while he went and told the mechanic what he thought was wrong with the car and then returned to Fred.

"I think it will take a fair time to fix the car," he said, breathing heavily, "so we may as well have a look over this strange town while we're here."

Wunderlust and Fred then walked over to the old house.

* * *

"GOODNESS!" said Wunderlust, finding a clean spot on one of the dirty windows, "Look! There's an old man in there." Wunderlust then moved away and allowed Fred to glimpse the old man.

"Why don't you come in?" said a squeaky voice; "it is much nicer inside than out."

Fred and Wunderlust, although a little surprised at the invitation, walked in at the door which the old man held open.

"It's not very often I have visitors," went on the old man; "people are afraid of me, I think. You see, I look so mean."

"Er-er-er, look!" whispered Fred to Wunderlust, pointing his finger above the old man.

"Goodness!" said Wunderlust, spying a crocodile suspended in mid air.

"Ah! I see you notice my friend the crocodile," went on the old man. "I make crocodile shoes and crocodile bags, and he is my pattern. If you will kindly leave your address, and, of course, let me measure your foot, I will send you a pair of my precious shoes."

Both Wunderlust and Fred had their measurements taken, and then bade the old man good-bye, little thinking that they would ever see the shoes.

In a couple of days, when they had almost forgotten the incident, a big parcel arrived at Mushroom Grove, and it contained the shoes and also a little note with these words, "Don't send me any money; just come and see me again. I am a very lonely old man."

Wunderlust and Fred smiled and immediately made arrangements to go and see him the following Saturday.

Connie's Letter

MY DEAR PALS—

Here is a good game for you to play when the weather is wet: One of you pretends to be an old sailor, and goes to each of the other players in turn saying: "Here comes a poor old sailor from Botany Bay; what have you got to give me to-day?" Now, in answering him, none of you must use the words No, Nay, or Black, White, or Grey. Anyone who laughs, does not reply at once, or uses any of the forbidden words must pay a forfeit, or take the place of the old sailor.

INTRODUCING Barbara Joyce, of Bondi, N.S.W.

The best letter for the week comes from Eileen Cornish (12), Forest Gate, Beacon Hill, Brookvale, who wins the 5/- prize.

Here is a short extract from Eileen's very interesting letter:

"Jenolan Caves are all very beautiful, but the one I thought the most beautiful was The Temple of Baal Cave. Here, in the centre of the temple hangs a gigantic stalactitic formation in the form on an angel with folded wings."

Well, good-bye until next week.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,

Connie.

My Home Town

By MAVIS CARTHEW

I LIVE in a place called Rendelsham,
It's a small but pretty spot,
I love my home-town dearly
And wish to leave it not.

I love the walks in the country,
I love the flowers and trees;
I love the little, chirping birds,
And the song of the busy bees.

The sweet scent of the wildflowers,
The stately gums so high,
All remind you of Dame Nature
As you are passing by.

The golden wattle in the spring time,
Blooming on the hills so near,
If I thought I'd have to leave my home
I'd shed many a sad tear.

Prize of 5/- for this clever verse to Mavis Carthew, Rendelsham, S.A.

LONG, LONG AGO. Prize of 5/- to Enid Nicholls (14), Finders Downs station, via Tilsonburra, N.S.W., for this original sketch in black and white.

INTRODUCING Francis Trezise, of Fivedock.
—Dorothy Welding.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS

Found, a book by a small girl with a blue cover.

Lost, a handkerchief by a boy with red stripes.

Found, a pencil by a girl with a sharp point.

Lost, a bicycle by a boy with three wheels.

Found, a purse by a lady with a clipp.

Lost, a coat by a man with a pocket in the left side.

Prize Card to Helen Goddard, 21 Ferncourt Av., Roseville, N.S.W.

There was an old woman of Prague,
Whose ideas were horribly vague,
She built a balloon
To examine the moon,
That deluded old woman of Prague.

Prize Card to Helen Farmer, Bag 101, Morgan, S.A.

Bill: My father gets a warm welcome everywhere he goes.

Tom: How's that?

Bill: Because he is a fireman.

Tramp: Yes, Mam, I lived on water for six weeks!

Old Lady: Oh, my poor man, where?

Tramp: In the Navy, Mrs.

Prize Card to Frank Armstrong, 192 Belmore Rd., Blakehurst, N.S.W.

FOR FUN & FANCY

TOM: Know the story of the three eggs?

Joe: No, what is it?

Tom: Too bad (two bad).

Prize Card to Mary Dubois, Mt. Keira, via Wollongong, N.S.W.

Tammy: There's a girl at our school, mamma, whom they call "Postscript." Do you know why?

Mamma: No, dear.

Tommy: Because her name is Adeline Moore!

Prize Card to Bob Castle, Malmsbury.

The director of the local Zoo was away on holidays when he received the following note from his chief assistant: "Everything all right, except that the chimpanzee seems to be pining for a companion. What shall we do until your return?"

Prize Card to Molly Russell, c/o Post Office, Dalby, Qld.

Doctor: Well, Mr. Jones, how are you feeling this morning?

Mr. Jones: Very much better, thank you, doctor. The only thing that worries me is my breathing.

Doctor: Um—yes; we must see if we can get something to stop that.

Farmer: Yes, sir, that is the best little pig I have, and his name is Ink.

Visitor: Why do you call him Ink?

Farmer: Because he is always running out of the pen.

Prize Card to Enid Noble, 8 Napoleon St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

Mother: Oh, Elsie, that is the third cup you have broken this week. I think I shall have to call you "Dawn" in future!

Elsie: Goodness! Why is that, mummy?

Mother: Because you are always breaking. Ha, ha!

Prize Card to Charlie Osborne, 25 Cochrane St., Paddington, Brisbane.

A SAD FAIRY TALE. Prize of 5/- to Betty Pearce, 73 Woolwich Rd., Woolwich, N.S.W., for this clever drawing. Color in nicely with paints or chalks, and send entry to Pal Connie, Box 1351E, G.P.O., Sydney. Prize of 5/- will be given for prettiest effort received before August 20.

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STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 39

TO this day I do not know how I held myself in. I sought to fix my gaze on the truth that my turn was coming; that I was going to kill Pharaoh and ram his foul contumely down his rattling throat.

I could just distinguish the man, but the resolute beam from the torch went far to distract my eye. I could make out that he was sitting astride a chair, about six paces from Dewdrop, close to the wall. There was furniture standing between us, a massive writing-table against which Dewdrop was leaning, holding the torch.

For fear of missing my man, I dared not fire upon him from where I stood. Reach him I could not, without crossing the beam of the torch, and, remembering our brush in the forest, I feared lest his swiftness of action should once again save his life. Though the others were at my mercy, it would have been more than folly to strike them down.

I must bide my time—somehow.

"I told you I had no scruples." The voice was cold and harsh as the Vardar wind. "Am I to demonstrate this?"

Helena shrugged her shoulders.

"That's a matter for you—not me. I find it sufficiently obvious, but perhaps you like gilding your most refined gold."

"I have two questions to ask you. You know what they are. To obtain the accurate answers, I am ready to go all lengths. Not a long way. All lengths."

"I believe you," said Helena calmly. "The trouble is you've got as far as you can."

"Let us see. Your brother was a mine of information, as you may believe. Among other things he told me the following curious fact. When a son or a daughter of Yorick is ten years old, a leopard, the badge of Yorick, is tattooed upon their skin. Is—is that true, Lady Helena?"

Helena moistened her lips.

"Yes."

"He said—it may not be true, but he said they were always tattooed beneath the left breast. In your case, I think, an expert was brought from Japan. It was thought, very properly, if I may say so, that so exquisite a canvas deserved a master's brush . . . . May we see his handiwork, please?"

Helena sat as though stricken—turned into stone.

Pharaoh proceeded mercilessly.

"If you would like assistance, you've only to say the word. We're none of us lady's maids, but Rush has the reputation of being a lady's man."

The sweat was running on my temples. My blood seemed to burn my veins. The compression within me was tumultuous. All my being seemed swollen with a fury that knew no law.

As I tried to measure my distance I found that I could not see, for my eyes had been fixed on Helena and now could not pierce the darkness which veiled the rest of the room.

And then I heard Rush moving . . .

Had the fellow moved forward that must have been the end of this tale. But he only passed behind me, to stand between me and Dewdrop—I suppose to be nearer his master—the suddenly favored courtier approaching the steps of the throne.

Helena was trembling. A little hand went up to cover her eyes.

"I'll make you an offer," she said.

Her change of tone was piteous. She spoke with an obvious effort, as one whose spirit has been broken, as one that had had nothing, from whom had been taken away even that which she had.

"I'll make you an offer. I nearly made it just now. If you'll go now I'll show you the secret way. Tomorrow night I'll meet you with five thousand pounds in gold. And after that I'll pay you five thousand a year—I promise it—for every year that you let Mr. Spencer live."

It was clear that a child was speaking, a terrified child. Offer, promise, figures were things grotesque. Her suggestion was below comment, of course. But Pharaoh had his foot in the opening quick as a flash.

"That's better," he said. "Much better. You've gone, shall we say, a long way. But it's not far enough. I'm sure Mr. Spencer's worth ten thousand a year."

The man was playing with her—playing the fish he had hooked.

Helena's voice was shaking.

"I've no right to give any more. The money's not mine. That's more than I ought to take for my personal use."

It was awful to hear such naivete issue from Helena's lips. So perhaps Red Riding Hood spoke to the wolf.

"I am not concerned with your right. To insure Mr. Spencer's life will cost you ten thousand down and ten thousand a year."

Her palms clapped fast to her eyes. Helena threw back her head.

"All right," she said. "I'll pay it."

The words seemed torn from her throat.

"One thing more," said Pharaoh. "It will not be convenient to meet you to-morrow night. I take the first premium now. Show me that cellar, or strip. I don't care which you do, for I guess you can open it naked as well as clothed."

I THINK a full minute went by before Helena moved, but it seemed like hours.

Then very slowly she rose and turned to the right, Dewdrop following her with the beam of the torch. Clear of the bench she stopped. Then her hand went up to a sconce which was clamped to the panelled wall. For a moment it rested there. Then without warning she laid hold of the bracket and pulled it down.

I heard no sound, but a panel below the sconce moved, and, when she turned, I saw the shape of a door which was standing ajar. This was low and narrow, some twenty inches wide by some five feet high.

So Helena severed one of the threads by which her life was hanging.

Slowly she returned to the bench, and the beam of the torch followed her.

As she took her seat, Pharaoh rapped out an order.

"Put a light on the lady, Bugle."

I think my heart stood still; but fortunately I had a torch and the wit to do as he said.

"Rush and Bugle stand fast: Dewdrop with me."

He crossed to the gaping panel, with Dewdrop directly behind him, lighting his steps.

As he pulled open the door I saw the stonework beyond.

Then the two stepped through the cut and began to go down.

I stood waiting for their footfalls to fade. And I knew then that my moment had come.

Rush was speaking and wagging his dreadful head.

"Sheba's the goods," he murmured. "Look at that mouth. Here. I'm goin' to 'ave a close-up. Gimme that —— torch."

Please turn to Page 42

Do You Know . . .

That the blue flag of iris—the democratic nobleman of the fields — was adopted by Louis VII, the pious Crusader, as the emblem of his house. The "fleur-de-Louis" in time became "fleur-de-lis." It was the flower of chivalry.

"I HAVE THREE VERY PRACTICAL REASONS."

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2. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS supply very valuable food elements and they contain all the precious vitamins and proteins from the whole wheat grain.
3. ARNOTT'S FAMOUS SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS are delicious and exceedingly popular; try them spread with butter and creamy candied honey, with butter and cheese, or jam.

Always ask your Grocer for Arnott's, and be sure you get them.

For economy and convenience buy whole tins.

ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND BE SURE YOU GET THEM

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If you have bad luck at games, love, business—you should carry a pair of Mystic Brahma Highly Dynamic Lodestones. These lodestones are carried by occult Oriental people as a powerful charm—one to prevent bad luck, evil or misfortune and the other to attract much good-luck, love, happiness and prosperity. Posted by return mail, 4/6 pr. Enclose stamped addressed envelope. Your money refunded within 7 days of purchase if not fully satisfied. V. B. Bassett, Room 10, 3 Castlereagh St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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relieved at once!

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TIGER SALVE 2/-

STUFFINESS.—I cured myself completely. Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, Spitting. Will gladly tell sufferers. Write: F. ROBINSON, Suite V31, Park Av., Auchenflower, Queensland.***

Less than a minute to blend & boil

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GRAVOX MAKES NO LUMPS

GRAVOX The Ideal GRAVY MAKER

Made by KLEMBRO PTY. LTD. RICHMOND, VICTORIA

STORM *Music*

Continued from Page 41

WITH all the goodwill in the world I did as the beast desired—because I wanted my two hands free and one of his full.

Between us we bungled the business, and the torch fell down and went out. I let him grope and find it. As he stood up, grunting, I took him fast by the throat and drove my knife deep into his heart.

He made no sound at all, but the two of us fell together, for he went down on his back and I went down upon him because I would not loosen my grip on his throat.

He gave one frightful convulsion, twitched, and lay still. And then I knew he was dead . . .

For a second I lay there listening. Then I got to my knees and sought for the torch. When I had found it, I switched it on to the bench. This was empty.

So then I turned the beam on to myself.

"Helena," I said, "it's all right. I've done the swine in."

She did not answer, so I got to my feet and threw the beam round the room, expecting to find her. She must be there somewhere, for she would not have sought the cellar and Rush had the key of the door . . .

And then all at once I knew where Helena was.

She had fled for the staircase-turret when Rush and I, between us, had dropped the torch. Rush had locked the door of the hall, not the door of the secret room.

I took a step towards this—and stopped in my tracks.

The doorway by which I had entered had disappeared. In its place the unbroken panelling reflected the light of my torch.

As I stood, staring, Pharaoh's words came into my mind, "It's cleverly done, that door; you've got to be curious to find it . . . and an expert to find its lock."

HELENA was safe—for the moment. So much I saw. (As a matter of fact, she was saved; but at that time I did not know that no one within the room could open the door she had shut). And Rush was dead, and Pharaoh and Dewdrop knew nothing of what had occurred. In the twinkling of an eye my position had been reversed. A moment ago it had been desperate; but now it was very strong. In a word, I had the ball at my feet. When Pharaoh and Dewdrop returned they would walk into my arms. And that one by one, for the cut through which they must pass would only let one through at a time. If I could not make an end of the two, I deserved to be shot.

I began to survey the shambles.

The chamber was spacious, and had been used, I judged, for prisoners of high degree. There were no windows at all and the only air was admitted by a fireplace of chiselled stone. The furniture was handsome, but very stern and might have been that of some abbot, sworn to subdue the flesh. The seats were more stalls than chairs and there was not a cushion between them of any kind. Indeed, the only comfort lay on the floor; and there lay luxury, for the carpet was twice as rich as any I ever trod and, since it was laid upon stone, a horse might have pranced on its pile without being heard.

I stepped to the cut through which Pharaoh and Dewdrop had passed.

As I had supposed, this gave to a winding stair—no doubt of a considerable depth, for though I strained my ears, I could hear nothing at all.

Determined to leave nothing to chance, I proceeded to lay my ambush with infinite care.

Pharaoh must find nothing wrong—until too late. To all appearance the room must be as he had left it. The bench, however, could be seen from the head of the winding stair. I must therefore suggest to Pharaoh that his captive had merely moved. This was easy enough. Next to the bench stood the fireplace, which jutted into the room. On the other side of this was a chair with its back to the wall. If my torch were trained upon this, Pharaoh would receive the impression that his captive had changed her seat, for the chair was masked by the fireplace and could not be seen from the cut. The only question was how to support the torch.

For a moment, I stood thinking. Then I perceived that, unless I were to flout Reason, this office must devolve upon Rush.

Anyone leaving the stair with a torch in his hand would be almost sure to illumine the opposite side of the room. The corpse must therefore be moved, in any event. And if I could gird it into the semblance of life. . . .

In two or three minutes the grisly business was done, and Rush was seated upright in a high-backed chair, with an arm along one of the chairs and the torch in his hand. His belt and mine and some cord I had found in his pocket had done the trick. His head had proved troublesome, but I took a stick from the grate, buttoned this into his waistcoat and propped it like that.

The effect was hideous, for the corpse was poking its head. But that was beside the point. At the first blush not even the man's own mother would ever have known he was dead.

Here I should say that, before I had set Rush up, I had taken away his pistol and Helena's master key.

Once again I took care to listen at the head of the winding steps—and heard no sound.

To pick my own position was easy enough. I had only to take my stand behind the panel door that belonged to the cut. This was wide enough to conceal me, yet not wide enough to embarrass my falling on.

I decided to use a pistol, for the bullet was swift and sure and at quarters so close I could not possibly miss. For all that, I took the knife, too, and, since I had no belt, I pierced the band of my trousers and made this into a frog. Regarding the two, I preferred Rush's pistol to Barley's, which must have come out of Salzburg and seemed to be cheaply done. But Rush's weapon exactly resembled my own.

And then at last I was ready, with the knife at my hip and a pistol in either hand. . . .

Looking back, I find it strange that I, who ten days before had never, that I can remember, so much as knocked a man down, should have made these dreadful preparations without a qualm. That I had already done murder troubled me very much less than the loss of my belt. Indeed, my only concern was lest by some improvidence on my part the butchery which I purposed should not be fulfilled. It might be said that I was but making ready to save my life; but I cannot plead that excuse for that consideration never once entered my head. But that was not of valor. I think the plain truth is that I was possessed. What I had witnessed in that chamber had fired within me a furnace of roaring hate. I was going to kill Pharaoh and Dewdrop exactly as I had killed Rush—not because I had set out to do it, not because that was the reason why I was there, but because they had ravished Virtue—broken a lovely spirit by abusing its lovely flesh.

I had to wait full five minutes before I heard a sigh on the winding stair.

With my ear to the crack beside me, I listened with all my might.

The sigh grew into a murmur, and the murmur into that unmistakable sound—the regular scuffing of feet that are mounting a flight of stone steps. The footfalls were hasty. The two were mounting apace.

Why this was I could not imagine. Why should they run? The stars were fighting against them. But for their haste, I should not have heard them so soon.

The rapid, regular shuffle began to grow clear. . . .

Unless they were moving as one, the shoes of one of the two were rubber-soled, for only one set of footfalls came to my ears. In this case—

And there I saw the glow of a torch.

Two steps more, and I heard their heavy breathing. . . .

The stars against them? All the company of heaven had ranged itself on my side. The two would be spent and breathless. . . .

Dewdrop began to speak before he had entered the room.

"Bugle an' Ruth to go down, Pharaoh thayth——"

As he stepped through the cut and I fired, I saw my mistake.

Dewdrop would lisp no more, but the deafening roar of my pistol had carried a message to Pharaoh which not even a child could misread.

I could have done myself violence. It was not as if I had not been warned: I had been told as plainly as any fool could have been told that Dewdrop alone was mounting the winding stair. I had only to pocket my pistols and take my knife. Torch in hand, out of breath, my victim could have made no resistance. . . .

As it was, by using my pistol, I had thrown away the most valuable weapon I had—the element of surprise.

It was true that, had I stabbed Dewdrop, Pharaoh would still have waited in vain for Bugle and Rush. But though he would have been angry and would at last have come up to see for himself the reason for their delay, he would never have dreamed of danger. But now he was warned.

To be continued

The Road to Megalong

I KNOW a road I'd love to own,
And keep it locked away,
To have it just for you and me,
To dream the hours away.

This road I know runs down and down,
Round hairpin bends and turns,
At times the sun just hides away
Above the trees and ferns.

The sunlight shining through the leaves
Weaves patterns on the ground,
A waterfall in miniature,
Has music in its sound.

'Neath cloudless skies of wonder-blue,
And valleys deep and green,
You think it is some fairyland,
In dreams you may have seen.

The sunset sees the western clouds
Slowly turn to pink and grey,
And the distant range of mountains
Darken at the close of day.

You only need to close your eyes
To hear Pan's pipes at play,
And see the elves and fairies dance
On lithesome feet, and gay.

By mossy banks and frowning cliffs
This roadway winds along,
And, Oh! the scent of bushland, on
The road to Megalong.

—J. S. NOONAN.

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IMPROVE *Your* GAME

No. 3: *Rowing*

STEPPING INTO the four, care must be taken to place the foot firmly in the centre of the boat, maintaining the balance with the hands on the oar.

READY TO ROW. Half-forward on the slide, and head erect—note the firm shoulders and straight arms.

—Women's Weekly photos.

COMING OUT for the catch. Note that the knees have opened to allow the body to swing through, and the arms remain rigidly straight.

THE FINISH of the stroke. The pressure is still exerted by the legs against the stretcher, while the oar has been taken in to the body. The wrists have yet to be dropped to turn the oar in preparation for the next stroke.

OUR *Sportswomen* WIN *Laurels* ABROAD

First Joan Hartigan; Now Clare Dennis and Lesley Thompson

By RUTH PREDDEY

Australia should be justly proud of the sportswomen sent abroad this year.

Following on the many successes of Miss Joan Hartigan, during her tour of Europe, there is the further exhilarating news of the outstanding success of Clare Dennis and Lesley Thompson at the Empire Games.

ONLY three Australian women have had the honor of representing Australia abroad in the field of sport this year

Firstly, Miss Joan Hartigan was chosen by the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, as the sole woman tennis representative from Australia. Her victories have astounded even her most ardent admirers.

The two women chosen to represent Australia at the Empire Games were Miss Clare Dennis, already a world's champion swimmer, and Miss Lesley Thompson, our outstanding diver.

Miss Thompson has filled the second place in the high diving championship. She was only beaten by three points for first place by Miss E. Macready, of England.

Divers are more or less in an unenviable position, for they have to rely solely on the opinions of the judges as to the place they fill in the finals.

Her Best Race

In Australia the divers mostly concentrate in perfecting the flight, whereas in the present case the Empire Games judges appear to be keener on the running dives. It was unfortunate that Lesley Thompson should have stumbled slightly in doing one of these dives, otherwise it is quite possible that she may have gained those extra few points to make her an Empire champion.

This is Lesley Thompson's first visit away from Australia, and to come second, amongst such a select band of performers, is something of which she might be justly proud.

Clare Dennis, the record-breaking Australian breaststroke swimmer, has added another victory to her records in breaking the British existing record, previously held by Miss C. Wolstenholme, of England, whose time over the 200 yards was 2min. 54 3-5sec. In the first heat Miss Dennis clipped 2 2-5sec. off this record.

Miss Dennis was a member of the Australian Olympic team that visited America in 1932, and prior to her entry into the present Empire Games was the holder of two world's records, and six Australian records for breaststroke swimming.

Miss Dennis' best time for the 200 yards in Australia is 2min. 55sec., so that her performance in England is the best race of her career.

On Monday she further enhanced her reputation by winning this race, and at the same time broke the existing Empire Games record of 1930 by 3 3-5sec. It was an easy win for Clare and, although she broke the British record by 1 3-5sec she was not extended enough to enable her to establish a new world's record.

As she missed this only by three-fifths of a second, it augurs well for her success at the next Olympic Games meeting, and it is quite probable that by then she will establish records that will stand for many years.

THE first Australian to have the honor of winning a championship during the present Games was J. P. Metcalfe, the hop, step, and jump expert from the Sydney University.

At both the Olympic and Empire Games meetings, the competitors generally take part in the march past prior to the commencement of the first event. On this occasion, Canada headed the march, as they were representing the country where the last Empire Games were held. Then came Australia, led by Duncan Gray, the cyclist, who had taken part in two Olympic Games, and was considered, therefore, the veteran of the team. Although Australia had only 12 competitors in the field, they were the sixth largest team representing their country.

It is the generally accepted idea, both at the Olympic and Empire Games, that the flag of the country which a competitor represents shall be hoisted to the top of the flagstaff immediately they win a championship. Metcalfe on Saturday had the honor of being the first Australian to send the Commonwealth flag fluttering from the flag-post.

The team will leave England on August 18, and are expected to reach Australia about September 20

Noel Ryan's success adds further lustre to Australia's fame.

Already Australia's Empire Games team has established a record for any Australian touring team that has partaken in the Empire or Olympic Games.

MISS LESLEY THOMPSON is probably the smallest diving champion the judges at the Empire Games have ever seen. This diminutive diver is a school teacher in private life, and comes from Victoria.

On the other hand, Miss Clare Dennis, of Sydney, although only seventeen years of age, is very tall.

THE New South Wales Women's Croquet Association held their annual meeting last Tuesday, and surely set up a new record in taking but *one* minute to elect their office-bearers for the forthcoming year. With the exception of two, all the affiliated clubs wrote nominating the present officers again for the coming season.

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WOMEN *First* ... with *Indoor Cricket* SCHOOL

In one respect, at least, the women cricketers in Sydney are ahead of the men, inasmuch as they have acquired room space in the heart of the city for the laying down of three wickets, on which cricketers and prospective cricketers may practise and be coached.

The wickets will be laid in a similar fashion to that of the English school which Alan Fairfax started, and which has been such an outstanding success.

THERE will be wickets for the fast bowler, and a special wicket, laid down with cork and matting, on which the slow and spin bowlers may practise.

These indoor wickets should prove a popular and profitable concern for the women's association. It is expected that quite a number of the men's clubs will avail themselves of this opportunity of practising, too.

Special lighting has been arranged, so that neither the batsman nor the bowler will be hampered by the glare.

The official opening will take place on Friday, August 17, at 4 p.m., when some of the prominent women cricketers will give an exhibition of play.

* * *

THE annual meeting of the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association will take place on Thursday night, August 9, at the Y.W.C.A.

In view of the visit of the English women's cricket team to Australia in November, this meeting and the election of officers will be one of the most interesting in the annals of women's cricket.

Many new and interesting innovations will be put forward for the entertaining of the English team while it is here.

Already many invitations from the various country centres have been received, and it is expected that many more will be extended before the first match is played here.

The Australian Women's Cricket Council meeting which was to have been held in Brisbane on August 14 has been further postponed until August 28. Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Cricket Council, has to undergo an operation, and in consequence the meeting has been postponed.

Bowlers' Tour

THE president, executive, and members of the New South Wales Women's Bowls Association started this week on an extensive tour of the North.

They visited Torpey Place Bowling Club at Hamilton, Lambton, Newcastle, South, Stockton, Raymond Terrace, Cessnock, Kurri, and Wyong.

Hockey Tourists' Long Trip Across Australia

SIXTY-FOUR women hockey players from S.A., N.S.W., Victoria, and Tasmania travelled by the Transcontinental train last week, en route for Perth, where the interstate hockey contests will take place this week.

With time to spare at the various stations, they staged hockey matches which amused and interested the aborigines who, in return, treated the hockey players to an exhibition of boomerang throwing.

To take part in these matches in Perth, the New South Wales team will have covered over 5000 miles by rail.

New Dressing-room For Sportsgirls

FOR some time the N.S.W. Amateur Sports Council have been agitating for dressing-rooms for women who play sports in the Domain. With the backing of the Parks and Playgrounds Committee they have been able to induce the Government to allow portion of the old Mint building to be converted into a dressing-room with lockers and showers complete.

This accommodation for the players has now been completed, and on Thursday, August 16, at 4 p.m., Mr. Hugh Main, Minister of Agriculture, will hand this room over to the care of the N.S.W. Women's Amateur Sports Council. Exhibition games of hockey, vigoro, and baseball will be played during the afternoon.

Victorians who will be available for selection for the Australian team for the Tasman Cup are: Mrs. Sloan Morpeth, and the Misses Shirley Tolhurst, Mona MacLeod, Leslie Bailey, and Betty Kernot.

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of all the marvellous, new—

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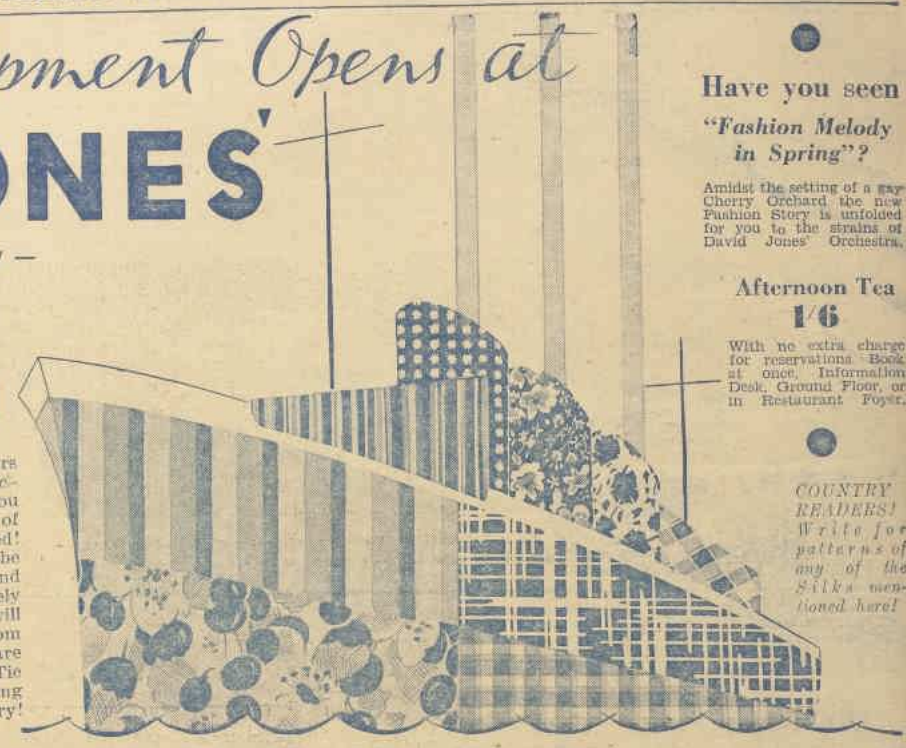
McCall Patterns, illustrated above: No. 7887, Price 1/3; No. 7894, Price 2/4; No. 7876 Price 1/3.

We could rhapsodise for hours if we could find enough adjectives—and the space to tell you about the thrilling array of gorgeous new Silks just opened! But words really fail to describe them adequately—come in and see for yourself all the lovely Florals in gay patterns that will catch your eye as you step from the lifts! Fruit designs that are different — Monotones in Tie designs! You'll want Spring to hurry . . . hurry . . . hurry!



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Afternoon Tea 1/6

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Now Fashion says it's smart to be Blue—we don't mean you to be glum—but gay and sparkling in rich Navy! Trim it with contrasts or tones—but . . . your hat . . . your frock . . your bag . . . your shoes—must be Navy Blue!

Blue shoes feature **WINDSWEPT** Stitchings!

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Illustrated above, right: Handsomely embroidered Art. Silk Kimono with contrast bands at neck, and cuffs.

Illustrated above, left: Gaily-coloured Art. Silk Kimono with printed design and wide coloured border at hem.

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